



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



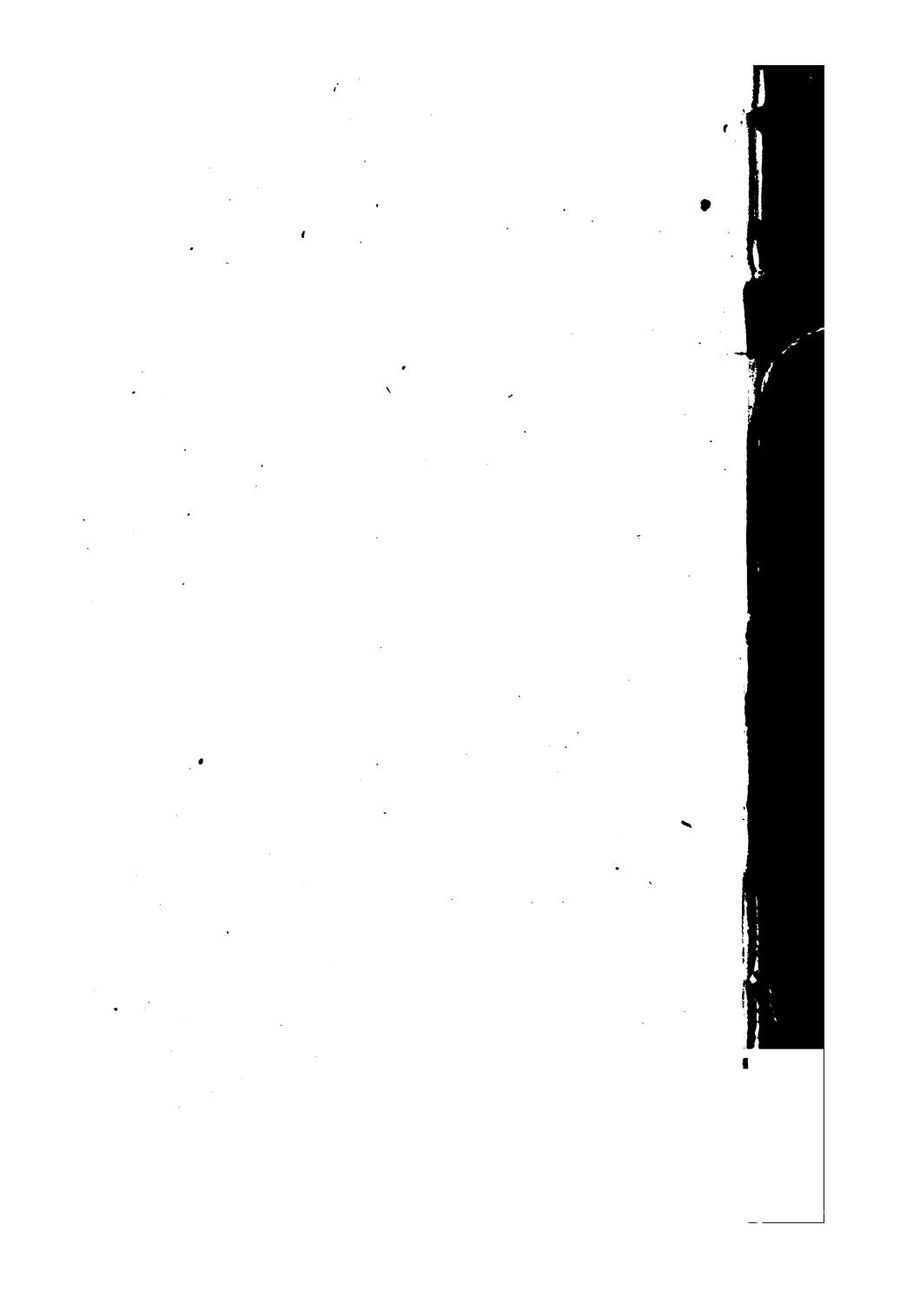
3 3433 07489365 6

No object

NC-11
McConnel







McConnel, John Ludington

G R A H A M E:

OR

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

A ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALBOT AND VERNON."

"True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact."

FESTUS.

LC

NEW YORK:
BAKER AND SCRIBNER,
145 NASSAU STREET AND 36 PARK ROW.

1850.

P

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

263833B

ASTER LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1946 L

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
BAKER AND SCRIBNER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

~~~~~  
C. W. BENEDICT,  
*Printer,*  
201 William st., N. Y.

## P R E F A C E.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out."—HENRY V.

LONG prefaces add to the size of a book, without adding to its interest, and have the farther disadvantage of being scarcely ever read. Mine shall, therefore, be short.

The purpose of the following story will be sufficiently manifest upon the perusal; and I am not without hope that "some soul of goodness" may be found in it, by all who have courage enough to "distil it out." Those to whom its first aspect is dreary should remember the words of Carlyle :

"Even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments; also, many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys."

To those who object to the character I have here drawn of Simon Bolivar, I have only to say, that this is the result of the best information I can get. I would be sorry to pull down, or attempt to pull down, any hero rightfully enthroned; but every imposter, while he is believed, robs some true man of his due meed of praise.

Finally, I hope I shall not be called hard names because I am not pharisaical. I reprobate immoral teaching as much as any man alive; but I am not willing to encourage a severity of judgment, which may lead the judges to forget the law in their compassion for the object of its penalty. Besides I cannot forget that

"The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try."

Sept 20 Dec 1942  
S. J. Ward



# BOOK FIRST.

---

## CHAPTER I.

"I will remember this most grave advice,  
And think of you with all respect?"—FESTUS.

"And so have I a noble father lost.—HAMLET.

IN the vicinity of the chief town of one of the northwestern States, at the head of an avenue of alternate elms and locusts, stood, and I believe yet stands, a stately mansion of stone. The elms were evidently planted by the winds—though their very slight deviation from a direct line, would, at first, lead us to think they were arranged in a double row in order to form the avenue we see. They are the relics of a primeval forest, which once covered the slope at the western or upper extremity of which, stands the house. With the exception of this avenue, and an occasional old monarch of the forest, the wood is now gone; and, where once the shade of the oak, the walnut and the elm presented the aspect of unbroken solitude, are now fields of grain and waving meadows. Stretching away towards the East, the fields are terminated by a line of high timber; and along the skirts of this meanders a shallow stream, crossed here and there by little bridges. Following the line of the main road, which runs nearly parallel to the stream, the eye falls upon a large and bustling city. At the period of our story the place was smaller though not less noisy; and its smoke and hum presented a striking contrast to the air of secluded calmness worn by the quiet country, scarcely one mile from its clamorous precincts. In the opposite direction the view is variegated by a thousand points of agricultural beauty; and the eye almost loses itself in the mazes of numberless enclosures along the northern road. Sweeping gradually up towards the west, the line of timber meets a dense grove at the northwestern extremity of the valley. Here the road passes through a "gap," and standing on the porch of the mansion above mentioned,

the eye follows the path and rests upon another scene precisely similar, but only partially seen through the "gap."

The house itself which claims our more particular attention, stands considerably above the level of the valley, and commands a view of the city in the south, now pressing upon the enclosures of the place, and encroaching rapidly upon the peaceful agricultural district which lies away to the north. Its front is a mixture of various orders of architecture, all harmoniously blended by the natural "composite" of twining flowers and luxuriant vines. The columns of the porch which rest upon a smooth stone floor, and support a massive projection, are almost covered by these leafy parasites; and the façade, upon which are chiselled many allegorical and mythological figures, is only visible through this verdant covering. At each end of the porch stands an ancient elm, and directly in front, is a row of willows and walnuts, the former only showing design in their arrangement. Between this row and the gate at the head of the avenue, lies a circular garden, crossed in various directions by narrow walks, and encircled by a graveled carriage-way which leads up to the door.

The grounds in the rear of the house give evidence of high cultivation; while the taste of their arrangement, and the liberal plan upon which they are laid out, betoken elegance and wealth. Beyond these, stands what was once a tangled forest; but now every briar and useless shrub are gone; and over the sward, wander cattle and horses, scarcely disturbing the squirrel as he barks upon the elm, or the partridge as it runs over the grass and hides in the occasional clumps of bushes left for its retreat.

At the period of our story, the summer sun was near his setting; and his declining rays came in straggling beams through the thick foliage upon the shade beneath. The scene was bright and beautiful, but calm and still. An air of rebuked quietness rested upon all around; the footsteps of the few persons moving about the house, were soft and stealthy—voices were only heard in guarded tones, and the faces of the inmates wore a sombre look, like that which attends the apprehension of impending evil. There are times, when, as we enter the house of affliction, ignorant of the cloud which overhangs its fortunes, we can feel in the very atmosphere, that sadness is there; and though we see no face and hear no voice, there is even in the unnatural stillness, an eloquence which surpasses all grief—when a shadow falls across our hearts, and we know that the form of Death is standing by the bedside. Involuntarily our steps become softer; if

we speak, the tones of our voices are guarded, and we conform, without knowing why, to the stillness around.

In a room overlooking the slope of the hill towards the southwest, lay a man, whom a cursory glance might have led us to suppose very old. His locks were silvered, apparently by the hand of time; but the thick, and now tangled mass of hair which lay upon the pillow was luxuriant as in early youth. His forehead was wrinkled, but not horizontally; deep vertical lines ran between his eye-brows, like furrows, and indicated that thought and passion and sorrow had been busy with his soul. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes sunken and faded; yet it was evident that time had had but little agency in producing the wreck. Altogether, it was a face of which we see many, that bear the marks of early manhood and of advanced age, so mingled as to startle us with the contemplation. Not more than forty years had yet passed over his head; and yet the impress of three score and ten was set upon his features.

He lay in a posture of perfect repose, but it was the repose of exhaustion; the thin, attenuated hand was extended upon the sheet, as if its owner had not strength to withdraw it to his side. There was a twitching of the thin lip and a trembling of the eyelid, which told of the approach of Death, and at the same time, of the agitation of deep thoughts. The curtains of the bed were thrown back, and his glazing eye was fixed upon the deep forest without, through which the now slanting sunbeams were struggling with a still lonely light.

By the bed-side sat a woman whose appearance and character were those of a nurse. She was above the medium height, well formed, and had once been handsome. She bore a matronly, but melancholy and subdued expression upon her calm face. Sorrow and trial had left their marks upon her features also; but they had softened, not hardened her heart, as they too often do, and her benevolent though undisturbed manner denoted warm feelings, chastened by the hand of affliction. She sat gazing into Grahame's face, with a look of deep solicitude, as if she wished to do more for the dying man, but had exhausted her resources in vain.

Early in life, and while yet full of the romance which belonged to her age, she had been married against the wishes of her parents, to a young man, whose honied words and apparent devotion had won her heart. Time and familiarity with the object of her unhappy choice, soon made her error plain, and in bitterness of spirit she mourned over her obstinate precipitancy. But it was too late—the die was cast, and she was bound by the strongest of earthly ties, to a

profligate and worthless inebriate. For several years she had clung to him, with a devotion which only a woman can feel ; proud and high-spirited, she shrank from an acknowledgment of her folly, even if now it could have ameliorated her fate. Dragging out a weary existence, the object of the unceasing tyranny of him, for whom she had braved all the evils which had befallen her, her youthful beauty faded, her step became heavy and her eye dim. At last, when the lapse of years, marked by the most poignant misery, had deprived her of the freshness of youth, and its hopefulness, her husband died. She found herself widowed and in want. Her parents were dead ; and if they had still been alive, she would have shrunk from going back to the home she had made desolate by her disobedience. Without friends, without what would have procured her friends, money or respectable connexions, she found that the character of her husband affected his widow. In this situation she had met Mr. Grahame, the man over whose last hopeless moments she was now watching. He had just lost his wife ; and, although he had but lightly valued her in the late years of her life, he now found a blank in his house, which he could not think of filling up, by a repetition of what he had learned to consider the great error of his life. It was not therefore so much benevolence, as another and more selfish feeling, which induced him to take the widow into his house. He had married before he was of full age, a young lady of varied accomplishments and great beauty. But he had not been happy,—perhaps because he had mistaken a feeling for a sentiment. And he was so absorbed in his grief for the blighted hopes of his youth, that no feeling, other than a selfish one, could enter his heart towards any one, except perhaps his son. But she was not the less grateful to him—he had given her a home in the days of her desolation ; and with a devotion which she took every opportunity to exercise, she had served him faithfully for many years. She was now seated by his death-bed ; and with a grief which was not the less deep, because it was noiseless, she watched his fretful countenance.

As she gazed, a young man—of perhaps nineteen or twenty years—softly opened the door, and walked noiselessly across the room. Above the medium height, strongly, but lightly built, he presented a model of activity, strength and grace. Self-possessed and easy, though subdued, he crossed the room to the bedside, and took the hand of his father, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. His hair and eyes were of the same dark brown, which had distinguished those of his father when at his age. His resolute mouth and chin were more remarkable for the energy which they displayed even when in repose, than for beauty or perfect

symmetry ; but when he spoke a light flashed across his face, and played around his mouth, which changed the whole character of the expression, and was in perfect keeping with the tones of a voice low, deep, but flexible and impassioned. About the arched eyebrow, too, there was something cold and stern ; and when passion moved him, it fell over his eye, though slightly, still enough to give it a darker expression. He had, however, early learned the lesson of self-command, as it is taught by those who think their passions are governed, when only *one* of them, (anger) is attempted to be curbed. His mind had generally a perfect ascendancy over his feelings ; and even at this early age, he thought that nothing could destroy his self-command, or banish his presence of mind. We shall see in the course of this narrative how fallacious was the thought ; but at present, our business is with a scene where no such lesson will be taught. Nothing is more dangerous to the young or to the old, than the belief that because they habitually practice self-command, therefore they can trust themselves in any scene, without danger of yielding to the temptation of passion. And we shall but vainly endeavor to enforce the lesson, if we do not show that Henry Grahame was mistaken in his estimate of himself, and that, although he could govern his feelings and be calm in a scene like the present, yet his boasted self-command might betray him at a far more important moment. As he reached his father's bedside and took his hand with no sign of emotion, the nurse arose without a word, and glided softly from the room. The father, upon the brink of the grave, was with his son, just entering upon existence.

"I sent for you, Henry," said the father, in a voice low, deep and untrembling, "in order to give you my last words. You are my only child, and to you descends my name, and all I have that is good. I pray God you may not inherit my errors also!" His eyes were bent upon his son, with a bright, though melancholy fire.

"Must you die then, father?" Upon the son's lips might have been seen a slight tremor, but no other sign of emotion. It was evidently a scene for which he had been long prepared, and for which he had nerved himself, not to give way to useless emotion.

"Doctor Burnham tells me so," replied his father; "and without his words, I feel it—I need no warning. I go, Henry, without a regret; you are now old enough to need my counsel but little, if at all—and there is nothing else to bind me to earth." His son's eyes filled with tears, but they did not fall.

"I know what a trial it is to you, my boy—but you bear it nobly :

I knew you would, Henry." And the old man took his son's hand between both his own, pressed it and continued—

"I have lived but a sad, lonely life, my son; and with the exception of the first year of my marriage I have scarcely lived patiently. I have been very, *very* unhappy, Henry; and perhaps my sorrow has made me selfish, has made me forget my duty to you. But now it is too late to repair the error, and I can only do in words what I should have done actively. It is to try to save you from some of the errors of which I have been guilty, and the consequent misfortunes I have entailed upon myself, that I have sent for you now."

"I know what you would say, father," said Henry, with a trembling lip.

"Yes, Henry, we have often spoken of it; and I hope you have not forgotten the lesson I have endeavored to teach. All my misery, the fleeting of bright dreams, the blight of crushed affections, the death of warm sympathies, all, all have been the fruits of one error. Henry! do not forget it—let the last words of your dying father remain with you forever." He looked earnestly into his son's face, and his eye was once more bright and eager.

"Do not speak more of it now, father; you need better, calmer thoughts. Do not let that thought distress you at such a moment as this, dear father—be assured I shall never fall into that error—whatever other follies I may commit, I will avoid *that*." He spoke quickly and earnestly, as if afraid to trust his voice long—yet it trembled but slightly.

"God bless you my son!" The old man's eyes were bent upon Henry with an affection which he had not exhibited even in the years of his bereavement, when his child was his only consolation; when the misery of exaggerated feelings pressed most heavily upon him. Gradually his gaze fell to the floor, and in a low abstracted tone, he continued, "Marriage is said to have been instituted by God; but, if so, it was for his own wise purposes—to blight the freshness of early affection—perhaps by loosening the cords which bind us to Earth, to draw our affections to Himself. But there are other means to happiness hereafter, than misery here—there are other paths to Heaven, I would fain believe, than that which leads through scenes of misery on Earth. Happiness here, I hope, is not incompatible with bliss there.

"But, Henry," he continued, raising his eyes, "if there be *one*, bright and lovely, whom you love, to whom you are drawn almost irresistibly, as you may feel,—as I felt—do not, Oh! do not blight the freshness of affection, by following the counsels of passion! Do

not, Oh! do not cast away every chance of happiness by burying that affection in a premature grave! Passion, mere sensual passion, is the only excuse for marriage. You can love and be happy—but the moment you break the spell, the moment you degrade the spiritual into the sensual, the moment you make love a matter of identical interests, the moment you harden a sentiment into a duty, its attraction is gone—you neither love nor are beloved. Avoid it, Henry—avoid it, as you love your dying father—avoid it, as you value your own happiness. Will you, my son?"

The father's voice trembled, and his eyes burned with eagerness; he held his son's hand, and pressed it between both his own. "Will you avoid it, my son?" he repeated.

"I will, father."

"Thank God," gasped his father, and he sunk back upon the pillow from which he had partially risen. He dropped Henry's hand, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and in one deep breath, his soul passed to the world of spirits. His hands slowly unclasped, his eyes gradually closed, his face settled into its former calm; and, as the spirit fled, you could have discovered no change from the quiet repose which marked his countenance half an hour before.

Henry placed his hand gently upon his father's heart—it did not beat, it was still forever. Withdrawing his hand, he covered his face for a moment, and seemed struggling to master emotions which were too powerful to be quelled. A single tear found its way between his fingers and fell upon the bed; but when, after a few moments, he again looked up, his face was calm, though grave and sorrowful. It was evidently a blow which he had anticipated, and prepared his mind to receive. He gazed a few moments into his father's face, and then arranging his limbs, now fast stiffening in death, he pressed the eyelids down, covered the face with the sheet, and turning, slowly left the room. In the hall adjoining the room, he met Margaret, the nurse. She looked inquiringly into his face, as if afraid to speak. He understood the look.

"It is over," he said; "he is gone." Passing her, he walked dejectedly but calmly into the forest, in the rear of the house.

Seating himself at the foot of a giant elm, and resting his face upon his palm, he looked upon the broad red sun, now just dipping his ruddy disc beneath the horizon. Calmly the orb went down, and pouring a flood of rich and glowing light, over hill and wood and plain, closed his pilgrimage for the day. Henry gazed long and earnestly upon the thousand varying hues of the fading light, as it played

along the broken fringes of the floating clouds upon the western sky, and wished that it might be his fate, thus calmly and serenely to fade from existence. He sat long, earnestly gazing upon the moon, which now became visible as the brighter radiance of the sun disappeared; employed with varying thoughts of the few short years of his life, he strove to nerve himself for the responsibilities which now rested upon his inexperience. The death of his father was a terrible blow to him; his mother had died while he was very young, and he had thus been thrown early and continually with his surviving parent. Absorbed in the contemplation of evils, which he morbidly attributed to one step, his father was open and affectionate to him alone. He had thus wound himself into every fibre of his son's deep, earnest nature. But Henry strove to strengthen himself against such thoughts; he felt that noisy grief was worse than useless, and striving to honor the counsels of firmness which his father had inculcated, though he had never practiced them, he looked forward rather than back, and prepared himself to meet the trials which his father's morbid philosophy had taught him to expect, in a world to him yet untried. As the twilight deepened into night, he rose from his seat, and full of reflections but ill-suited to his years, slowly returned to the house of death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The second day after his death, Grahame was buried. When Henry returned from the gloomy scene, he threw himself upon a sofa and strove to overcome the emotion he found it impossible to suppress. In the crowd he had appeared calm and collected—but here in the solitude of his own home his firmness gave way, and he wept. Let us hope that these may be the last tears he may have reason to shed, and drawing the curtain, leave him alone in his bereavement.

---

John Grahame was a young man of varied attainments, but of limited ambition. The reputation for genius which he enjoyed, was not, as it too often is, groundless; the evidences he had given, even in very early years, of great ability, led his friends to entertain hopes of his future distinction. No pains had been taken to conceal this opinion from him, whom alone it could possibly injure. With his resilient and energetic mind, he had also strong, almost ungovernable passions—passions, which were, as they always are, in proportion to the strength of his native intellect. The reputation for superior talents produced ill-advised indulgence from his parents; and combined with the homage which so often enervates even strong minds, this indul-

gence, at the precise period at which the youth most needs control taught him by no means the lesson of obedience or self-command.

With these traits, he had also a kind of dreamy sensitiveness, which made him shy whenever his feelings could possibly be wounded ; a character which, while it probably saved him many violent scenes, at the same time prevented contact with men from softening the more dangerous elements of his nature. This feeling, also, destroyed all ambition to mingle in the rough pursuits of active life ; while an ample fortune, left him by his father, who died while he was yet young ; encouraged the entertainment of a favorite idea—a retired, peaceful life, of uninterrupted quiet ; and with the romance common to persons of his age, he connected with this quiet, a partner whose congenial affections and strong sympathies should smooth the few difficulties to be met in such an existence.

While yet young, with all these fancies in his brain, and consequently totally unfit to enter the married state, he united himself to a young lady, whose romance was of an entirely different character. She cared little for the Arcadian happiness of which he dreamed—she could see no charms in retirement which was not merely temporary. She was strong-minded, ambitious and wordly—he was careless of distinction, romantic and dreamy.

Soon after their marriage their opposition of sentiments and character became apparent. She was impatient of *his* inactivity, he was shocked at her want of tenderness. She began to feel contempt for his effeminate fancies, and he began to fear her energetic and ambitious spirit. Mutual hard-feeling ensued, as ought to have been foreseen, followed by estrangement and misery to both. It would not be true, were we to say they did not love ; she loved him devotedly, else she would never have married him ; and though the ambition of her spirit had been leagued with her affections, to make her expect more of one of his high talents than love alone could crave, yet, independently of that feeling, there was a love deep and strong. But when the first gush of sentiment was gratified, her strong character began to demonstrate, that in a life as earnest as was her's, something more than mere dalliance was necessary to happiness. Her husband mistook his dread of her wild energy for aversion ; and at the very moment when he perhaps loved her more than he had ever done before, he persuaded himself that marriage had destroyed an affection, which, without it, would have been eternal. In the fifth year of their marriage she died, broken in spirit, disappointed and miserable. He survived her many years, but was never tempted to contract another

alliance. His son, then but two years old, needed a nurse, of which his mother's death had deprived him. Her place was soon after supplied in a great measure by Margaret. Grahame feeling now that his son would not suffer by his loneliness, gave himself up to the gloomy thoughts which soon became almost his only companions.

He reflected long and earnestly, but not thoroughly. He felt his error in having harbored a dream so empty as endless bliss, even if fostered by affection ; and in the bitterness of his heart he cursed his folly. But, with a mistake by no means uncommon, he thought that if he had abstained from the indulgence of his desires for domestic felicity, he would have been endlessly happy in the love which he fancied marriage alone had destroyed. Sensitive, visionary and romantic, he was wedded to his dream ; clinging resolutely to it, he flew to the first theory, however untenable, which promised at once to explain his misery, and preserve the illusion. He became, therefore, inevitably almost, if not quite, a monomaniac ; and as soon as his son was, in his opinion, old enough to receive and appreciate his counsels he imparted to his young mind the lessons which he believed he had himself learned from experience. He placed before him all the vexations and annoyances which go to make up the sum of married misery ; he descanted, in energetic terms, upon the evils of close familiarity and uncongenial tempers. All the lessons which his own hard experience had suggested, he enforced and colored, to warn his son from a step, which, he honestly believed, was inevitable ruin. Mistaking the exception for the rule, as many a wiser man had done before him, he pointed out the numerous instances of conjugal differences, which unfortunately every community affords ; and with earnest words, he conjured him to avoid it as he would a death of shame.

We have seen him upon the bed of death ; occupied with the future happiness of his son, he sincerely believed that he could not more effectually guard him from all evils, than by warning him against his own *particular* errors—never reflecting that, in avoiding this one, he would be inevitably drawn into what even on his own estimate of marriage, could be no other than infinitely greater evils. We shall see the result.

## CHAPTER II.

"The chief of Lara is returned again."—LARA.

IT was a pleasant evening, in the latter part of the second spring after the death of the elder Grahame. The many windows of a stately mansion, in the western portion of the growing town of C— shone with a brilliant illumination ; while the numerous forms passing constantly to and fro across the blaze of light, indicated the assemblage of many of the gay sons and daughters of that somewhat pretentious community. The merry laugh, the low humming of conversation, and the occasional bursts of music, proceeded from a brilliant company assembled within the elegant and hospitable residence of the Hon. Mr. Charles Talifer. This gentleman was the member of Congress from the district, and independently of his high position, combined in himself all the qualities which belong to the character of an accomplished gentleman ; but as this is the only occasion upon which the reader will approach his *presence*, this general description must suffice.

It was early—scarcely more than nine o'clock, an hour which the frequenters of such scenes call early—but already the tastefully-decorated rooms were crowded, and the constant arrival of new guests betokened even a greater press. Mr. Talifer stood in the wide hall, welcoming each comer as he passed, in the mellow tones which harmonized so well with his polished manners ; while his matronly, though somewhat sharp-visaged, wife was all courtesy and smiles.

"I expected, Charles," said she, as she passed her husband in the hall, "we would have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Grahame this evening : he has not yet made his appearance, has he ?"

"Did he not send an apology ?" her husband asked.

"I think not—indeed I am sure he did not."

"Then he will not fail to be here," said a gentleman who had entered a moment before, with a lady on his arm.

"Is it Henry Grahame of whom you speak ?" inquired the lady—a rosy-lipped girl, with nothing, however, of the semi-grossness which

the epithet seems to imply. "I thought he was still in South America."

"He has returned—only yesterday, I believe—from an absence of near two years," replied her partner, a handsome, though somewhat elderly man, of whom we shall see more in the course of our narrative. As he spoke, they were ushered into the large room, where now the major part of the guests were assembled.

"See Eliza Preston on Mr. Calton's arm!" exclaimed a rather faded beauty, who concealed her ill-nature under an exterior of laughing *non-chalance*. "She sixteen and he forty at least! She has a taste for the antique." It was shrewdly suspected that Miss Overton had once had "a taste for the antique," herself. But Calton, "old bachelor" as he was, had been insensible to her blandishments, and had married, much to her chagrin, a beautiful girl of eighteen, to whom he was sincerely attached. She had died in the second year of their married life, leaving him one child, a boy, to console him for his loss. Eliza Preston was the daughter of a man who had held several high positions in the political world, but had, some years before the opening of our story, retired to private life, a wealthy and much esteemed man. She was one of those who, by a combination of happy qualities, possess not only the esteem, but the love of all who know them—excepting, perhaps, a few of those characters found in every community, whose vanity and envy, like those of Miss Overton, prevent their admiring any one who outshines them. Externally, at least, she was highly honored by all—by some for the wealth and position of her father, by others for her *naïve* but self-possessed simplicity and truthfulness, and by a class still more numerous, for the grace and beauty of both form and face. She was slightly below the middle stature, but possessed a form symmetrically proportioned and beautifully developed, a bright and expressive, though deep, brown eye, a clear, though slightly brunette, complexion, and graceful, modest and easy carriage. Her face was not of the cast usually called *critically* beautiful—every feature, taken separately, was not faultless in itself, nor did the countenance wear an expression of either conscious beauty or insipid perfection. A *simplicity* was never seen upon her face—on the contrary, there was a mild, though strong, womanly soul, beaming out like an angel eye, and a voice, harmonizing with the tone of her appearance, which thrilled to one's soul.

"Did you ever know Grahame?" Mr. Calton asked.

"I have seen him," she replied; "when I was at school about the time his father died—never before, nor since."

"You could not well have seen him since," said he ; "he has been absent from the country during the whole period."

I shall have opportunities enough of knowing him, hereafter."

"To-night, but probably not often afterwards," said Calton. "He is at home only for a short time ; and, I believe, will return to his travels as soon as he can settle up his father's estate."

"What countries has he visited ?" she inquired, "that are so attractive as to prevent his remaining among the friends of his youth?"

"I do not know all the journeys he has made," said Calton ; "I met him in Rio Janeiro, a year ago."

"He left that place," he resumed, after a pause given to the recollection of the events which led him abroad, "for St. Helena, and I have heard of him but twice since—once at the Cape of Good Hope, and once in Peru. He is a strange traveller, going hither and thither, just as his fancy leads him, having no principle or system upon which he proceeds, except one—to avoid the old countries of Europe. These, however, he visited while younger, with his father."

"Were you with him long in Rio Janeiro ?"

"We travelled over a part of Brazil together, and were in company about three months. This seems a short time for one of my cautious temper, to form an attachment ; but it was quite long enough to create a sentiment which I shall always cherish ?"

"He must be worthy, indeed," said Eliza, "else he could never have drawn so warm an expression from you."

"And why from *me* particularly, my dear ?"

"O ! you are so cautious—all lawyers are, it is said—but tell me more about Mr. Grahame—why you feel so warmly towards him."

"He saved my life," said Calton, "and the lives of our whole band, when nothing but the greatest coolness, courage, and self-abandonment could have availed. He did it too at the risk of his own life, which was not in danger before ; and in doing so, thought he did a simple every-day duty, that called for no expression of gratitude. His courage and modesty, however, are not half his excellent qualities ; he has mind and soul, with all the words can signify—humanity, generosity, genius, warm sympathies, with all that is beautiful and good."

"He seems to be a person whom one might love," she murmured, rather than said, in a voice almost inaudible.

Calton looked inquiringly at her for a moment, as if he had not quite understood her ; then, raising his eyes, he observed the subject of their conversation, who had entered a few moments before, passing

towards the upper end of the room. Time had effected but little change in his appearance, though his cheek was somewhat bronzed, and the expression of his face was more settled. He had been travelling since his father's death, as the reader knows; but his journey had apparently had but little effect upon him. A kind of sadness hung about his features; and there was a stillness in his demeanor, which partook equally of melancholy and repose.

Calton beckoned to him, and as he approached, introduced him to Miss Preston. Whispering to him, "You will find her your *ideal*, I think." He took advantage of the opportunity and left them alone. Grahame started, and looked as if he would have retreated, but Eliza's voice arrested him.

"We have just been speaking of you," she said; "Mr. Calton has given me a glimpse of your meeting in Brazil. I see he has left me to get a more extended account of your adventures from yourself."

"If anything could induce me to recount them," said Henry, "it would be the interest of one like yourself. But they are not worth the narrative."

"But ought you not to allow *me* to judge of that?"

"I could not hope for a favorable judgment," said he; "and besides, Mr. Calton is a much better historian than I can ever aspire to be."

"He says," she continued without otherwise noticing his objection, "that your taste has led you rather to avoid old countries, than to seek them; why is it so?"

"I visited Europe, said he," seating himself beside her, "when I was quite young, and under circumstances which were calculated to make my recollections somewhat gloomy."

"This would have been an inducement to me, to visit the same scenes again; for the purpose of dispelling the cloud."

"Perhaps it might have been to me, too," replied Henry, "if I could reasonably have entertained a hope of being able to do so; but I could not. And, besides, I had never visited those countries where I have spent the past two years, and I had a strong curiosity to see lands comparatively young."

"I have myself often indulged a fancy," said Eliza, after a pause, "that there was far more interest in what is called "a new country," than in one which the foot of our race has so long marked. I have thought that the wildness of unexplored forests, the expanse of untrodden steppes, the heights of unvisited mountains, and the loneliness of great rivers, in a country where the white man had seldom come, would have a deeper, more exciting, if not a higher interest, than

the tamer scenes of historic lands. Is it not so? Does not history disenchant the scenes it attempts to hallow?"

"I have found it so," replied Henry; "but I scarcely expected to meet sympathy for such a feeling in a heart, whose enthusiasm, one would expect to be in favor of the olden times, the periods and scenes of history."

"And why not?" she asked quickly. "Is not the antiquity—natural if not historical—of the wild climes of which we speak, at least as high as that of European lands? And does not the fact, that we have no record of their events, no chronology of reigns and wars and conquests and dynasties, rather heighten than diminish the mysterious interest the imagination takes in the obscure! A scene which is not "hallowed," as it is called, by history, or historical events, is grander because more solitary, more interesting because more mysterious, more purely natural because more free from the efforts and successes of men. For my part, I would rather wander in a wild American forest, and listen to the many-toned voice of nature, and reflect upon the countless ages, through which that voice has been the only sound there, than look from the crumbling battlements of any historic castle, upon the fairest scene which the old, thread-bare history-world contains." She spoke warmly, and the color mounted to her cheek, and the fire of her eye brightened; but as she met Henry's eye fixed upon her with an undisguised interest, the color deepened, and she shrank back, as if she had exhibited a childish enthusiasm.

"You are an enthusiast, I perceive," said Henry, still gazing upon her warm cheek, with an interest he did not attempt to conceal; "but it is an enthusiasm with which I have a strong sympathy. Many a time, when I have been reclining upon the side of some old mountain, solitary and alone, gazing upon the extent of natural grandeur about me, or floating upon the waters of some lonely river, and watching the thousand glowing forms of beauty on every hand, have I condemned the pedantry and folly of our travellers. They fly to Europe to visit and describe scenes, a thousand times described before, to gape at statues and pictures, which they do not appreciate, and drag their listless steps over battle-fields, whose interest is not one tithe of that which rests upon the glorious antiquities of our own continent, about which they have scarcely read a line."

For an hour, or perhaps more, they conversed upon this, and kindred topics. Henry, in his deep, earnest voice, when his aversion to personal narrative had insensibly given way, described in low, musical tones, many of the scenes of his wanderings. He spoke eloquently

of the subtle observations of his searching eye—poured forth a flood of dreamy reflection, and seemed to have lived in spirit alone, in the many passages of adventure in which he had really borne an important part. He withdrew himself studiously into the back-ground, his only object being to pour, as it were, into the earnest eyes which were fixed upon him, the thought and feeling so long hoarded in his heart like gold. The dance, with its merry groupings, the melody of the music, the gay enjoyment of the elated company, all passed unheeded ; and when, at last, he stopped, suddenly conscious of the lapse of time, she raised her eyes to his, in a brief look of involuntary earnestness, and in a low voice exclaimed :

“ How I wish I could visit those scenes !”

“ They would be scarcely fit for one so delicate as you,” said he ; “ but if can persuade your brother to go, you might accompany him, at least, in a portion of his travels.”

“ I have no brother,” she said, and her eyes fell in sadness to the floor. Like all persons in her situation, a brother, older than herself, was the embodiment of an earnest wish—one, too, which she dwelt upon with the warmth that belonged to her enthusiastic character.

“ May I not be your brother ?” he asked, smiling ; “ I am about to return to the very scenes you wish to visit.”

She looked at him inquiringly, as if she did not understand him, and then smiling, though sadly, she replied :

“ You ought not to mock me—I am really in earnest.”

“ Mock you !” he exclaimed, but a shadow passed across his face, and heaving a deep sigh, he continued ; “ we must devise some means, for you shall not be disappointed, in the fruition of such a wish, if I can prevent it ; I have too strong a sympathy with it in my own breast, not to appreciate your enthusiasm.”

Several persons approached, and taking advantage of the interruption he left her, and passed towards another part of the room. He lingered but a short time, however, and although it was yet early, left the house. In this early retirement, he was not alone ; Eliza left the room soon after him. There was now no attraction there for her ; she felt it, but did not yet understand the feeling. Reader, do you ?

“ Why do you leave so early ?” asked Calton, as he handed her into her carriage and stepped in after her.

“ I am tired of the noise and bustle, and want to be quiet,” said she.

“ Why, I thought you enjoyed such scenes of gaiety !”

“ I do, usually—and indeed, I do not know why I do not to-night,—for I was never more pleasantly entertained in my life.”

"*Apropos*," said Calton, "how do you like Mr. Grahame? You were *tete-a-tete* with him for a long time?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "more, much more than I expected even after your description! He is everything I anticipated, and—*more*."

"My description, then, did him no more than justice?"

"Less, I think; his warm sympathies with everything I love,—his affection for the beautiful and good are only equalled by his fine intellect and noble sentiments. You will think me enthusiastic and perhaps childish, but his manner is so perfectly in keeping with the character you have given him—so calm, graceful, unaffected and fascinating—that I cannot refrain from thanking you most cordially for the pleasure you have procured me. He presents so refreshing a contrast to the tinsel trifling of most of the young gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, that after conversing with him, I really felt as if I ought to be *alone*."

"This, then, is the secret of your retiring so early?"

"Yes." She did not fully understand the force of the admission—else, perhaps, she might have hesitated.

"I am not the person to blame an enthusiastic opinion of Henry Grahame," said Calton, "even if you loved him." And the conversation ceased.

The carriage stopped at Mr. Preston's door, when getting out, Calton handed her into the house, and bidding her good-night, returned to Mr. Talifer's. Eliza seated herself by the window, and looking out upon the calm moonlight, thought of Calton's last words: "If I loved him!" she said—"I *do* love him!"

Hour after hour, she sat at the window, until the moon was far down the western sky. She had heard of Henry's father, of his peculiar theory—she had even heard of his son's promise, and she thought of them calmly, though sadly. She felt, and, with a frankness all her own, she acknowledged to herself, that she loved him—that in him rested the solution, the *destiny* of her existence. And yet he was bound by a promise, given in the solemnity of the hour of death, to live *alone*!"

"But he did not promise *not to love*—he can love me!" she suddenly exclaimed aloud, and her brow cleared up, and a smile beamed from her beautiful face. "What care I for marriage, if he will only love me?"

And Henry—where was he? Walking in the moonlight, back and forward upon the porch of the mansion where we first saw him; the same thoughts were passing through his mind, which were even

then agitating a young heart, but a short distance from him. His usually calm brow was now more gloomy than was its wont, and his step was slow, measured and even sad. But *his* brow, too, cleared up at last ; and with the same thought which had calmed *her* heart, he retired to his solitary chamber.

“I cannot seek to be married, but I am not forbidden to *love*.”

---

### CHAPTER III.

“What! do I love her,  
That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes !”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

HENRY had returned home with the determination to dispose of the property his father had left, and then leaving his native land, again to bury himself in the cities, and solitudes, where the last two years of his life had been passed. Circumstances had been so combined, as to give him the notion that the haunts of men who knew him were distasteful to him; and enamored of the solitude which was so well adapted to his imaginative temper, he resolved to make his stay at home as short as possible. Day after day, however, and week after week passed away, and still he hesitated. To cut himself loose from the ties of youth, from the familiar scenes of childhood, where his first and only golden years had been spent—to resign all these and cast himself upon the uncertain sea of the world, without home or abiding place, was a trial indeed. But it was not upon old memories, nor their scenes, that he dwelt—for associated with these were recollections of many clouded days, the traces of which, in his sensitive mind, were anything but golden. His life had been a calm, quiet stream—yet its current had flowed among gloomy scenes, where the brightness of all without had but deepened the shadows within. He was naturally grave and thoughtful, with a strong tinge of the ideal enthusiasm which often belongs to otherwise healthy minds, as if only to distort their feelings and warp their action. His father's settled, though mistaken, idea—his *one*, almost his *only* deeply-meditated, idea, had clouded his whole life; and though he thought it redeemed by the warm theory

of love, with which he gilded even his darkest thoughts, the misanthropic turn of his mind brought no beauty to the soul of his son. With his thoughtfulness, the latter had a strong social tendency ; but his father's incessant gloom had darkened even this, and the habit of self-communion among the solitary scenes of the wilderness had almost conquered it. Despite all this, however, he would sometimes indulge a train of thought or fancy, in which a life of unbroken happiness depended for its attraction, solely upon the close union of two sympathizing and congenial hearts. But by the constant repetition of the arguments instilled into his mind by his father, he came to look upon these fancies as mere dreams ;—as indeed they were—but dreams whose illusion is almost the only gilding life can boast.

Some one has said, that “if one man were to say to another every morning for twenty days, that the sun is black, or that the moon is a Gloucester cheese, he would not be quite so sure at the end of that time, as he was at the beginning, that it was not true.” And I suppose that the effect would be as great upon the first as upon the second—if not greater. Thus, by constant recurrence to the solution of his misery, which his hasty intellect had first settled upon, Grahame came eventually to believe that sequence in events was evidence of their connection ; he had been married, had ceased to love, *he thought*, and he became miserable, successively ; he therefore believed that the marriage, and not his unfitness to enter the state, had been the cause of the misery that followed. So, also, was it with Henry. His father's partial notions, founded as they were, upon a mistaken view of his own life, and illustrated by reference to the exceptions, not to the rule, were of course false, and even absurd. But, by dint of repetition, backed by sincerity and enforced by plausible illustrations, even the independent and unimpressible mind of his son was at last forced into a tacit acknowledgment of their truth. He had, at least, never questioned them—he had no inducement to do so, because he had never loved ; but *now*, it was with an eagerness, which he himself but half understood, that he sought an evasion of his promise, and grasped at the thought we have heard him utter : “At least, I am not forbidden to love !”

It is a spiritual soul, indeed, which can be satisfied with mere love ; the longing, without the fruition ; the pursuit, without the possession ; the fraction, without the integer—*too* spiritual for this material world. Such a soul is incomplete ; for none can be perfect, in an earthly sense, without such an interweaving of the physical with the intellectual, the material with the spiritual, as will make them inseparable, *the one a*

direct and inevitable consequence of the other. All desires are but desires to possess ; and the wish which can be satisfied by *wishing*, is an abstraction, whose existence is imaginary, a fancy which does not, and cannot, exist. Even admiration, no matter of what it may be conceived, is only the guise which desire puts on ; and, although the improbability of our being able to do so, may prevent our consciousness of the wish to have, yet the feeling is not the less there, because we know it not.

As in the case before us, that affection, (which, like all our pleasurable emotions, is but one of the multiplied forms of desire,) that can be satisfied with the return of its tenderness, without the full fruition of its dreams, is equally chimerical. Love, by its very nature, is insatiable ; and the extremest lengths to which its gratification may be pushed, but make its selfish spirit the more grasping. An affection which is comparatively spiritual, with the smallest intermixture of the material which the constitution of the human race admits, may be disgusted and outraged by the unlimited grossness to which it may be led—but it can never be wholly satiated. Marriage is, therefore, a wise institution, calculated by its full possession in some degree to answer the greediness of love, and at the same time, by the force and solemnity of its sanctions, to arrest and ameliorate the effects of the re-action.

Henry Grahame's clear head would never have overlooked these plain principles, had not the force of his suddenly-conceived affection driven him to grasp at the first escape, partial though it were, from the consequences of his father's distorted philosophy. His mind was not of that gossamer texture, which is blown hither and thither by every breath ; nor were his convictions usually mere fancies. But now, the enthusiasm, calm and quiet though it was, which his solitary life had encouraged,—which is peculiar to meditative, unpractised minds,—and which the sombre counsels of his father had rather strengthened than weakened, came forward to assist the delusion. And, after-hours of what he deemed calm thought,—but which was in reality a perturbed and hurried pursuit of the means of escape from the consequences of his cherished fancies,—he at last grasped blindly at the hope, or rather the *conviction*, that love could be satisfied by itself—that a desire, strong as death, could be quieted by the mere continuance of its own existence.

Eliza did not even reflect; she only dreamed. She felt that she loved him, she knew the obstacles to the consummation of her wishes, and with a half-consciousness of the unsoundness of her conclusions,

she almost wilfully covered her eyes to that, which her clear intellect could not have failed to see. The dream was too sweet to desire a waking. She was enthusiastic, with the warm affections which belong to the character,—a proneness to seize upon the first hope, a shrinking from the contemplation of pain or difficulty, and a clear, sanguine temperament. She, therefore, at once threw her whole soul into her love for Henry, with an unlimited trust, in these sensible days, too apt to be censured.

When she arose the following morning it was with a bright, unclouded countenance; and when she received the compliments of her father, who affectionately praised her fresh appearance, she smilingly replied—

“I had pleasant dreams last night, both awake and asleep.”

“Did you see Henry Grahame at Mr. Talifer’s?” asked her father. “I heard last night, that he had returned from his travels, and Talifer would scarcely think his company complete without him.” A slight flush passed over her face as Henry’s name was mentioned; but a quick glance at her father assured her that the coincidence was accidental, and she replied—

“He was there—and I had first the benefit of Mr. Calton’s description, and then an opportunity of judging of its accuracy.”

“And did he not suffer from Calton’s partiality? Were you not disappointed when you saw him?”

“Not at all,” said she quickly, “I hardly think he did him justice.”

“He must be interesting, indeed,” said her father, rather drily, “to exceed the idea given by so partial a painter.”

“He is,” said Eliza. But the conversation was here interrupted by the breakfast bell, and was not resumed.

Mr. Preston was a retired merchant, whose fortune, acquired when he was yet young, an adventurer at sea, had not been augmented by twenty years of business. This arose, however, more from attention to political pursuits, than from a want of the capacity to conduct his business successfully, had he given to it the requisite attention. At the end of that period, he retired from business and from politics at once, no wealthier than he had been twenty years before, but still possessed of an ample fortune. He was now “resting upon his laurels,” as he said, a widower of forty-five, but a contented and cheerful man. Blessed, as few men are, with an affectionate and dutiful daughter, who realized both in mind and person, his brightest hopes, he was perhaps as happy as if he had never been bereft of a wife, whom he had married early in life. He had been highly educated: but, until his

retirement from business, after the death of his wife, he had paid but little attention to literature of any kind. His reading and study for many years had been confined to mercantile magazines, and the phases of politics, as exhibited in newspapers. He was, however, eminently fitted for a life of quiet, literary leisure. His mind was not naturally contemplative, but acute and refined ; and when the shackles of business were once thrown off, he bent his intellect with a keen relish, to the stores of literary wealth, which his cultivated taste had accumulated for the use of his daughter. Several years of travel had familiarized him with men, in almost every situation, and liberalized his opinions. He was, therefore, free from many of the contracted prejudices which unfit most men to become the guides of the young, and which are the fruitful source of so much that is distorted and unnatural, in the feelings of those they teach. Even when absorbed in business, and occupied with the duties of a political life, he had never neglected the education of his daughter ; and now, free from all these calls upon his attention, he bent all the earnest strength of his experienced intellect to her guidance and improvement. Her education, however, was still desultory, and in most orthodox boarding-schools, would have been counted little better than none. What she had learned, she had acquired not by rule and catalogue—no programme of studies had ever been laid down, to which her mind was to conform. Her father believed that it would make but little difference *what* was learned, so it was learned *thoroughly*. He argued, and we think correctly, that education was not merely the storing of the mind with barren facts, or doubtful speculations—but an exercise of the intellect, to *draw out* and strengthen its powers, to enable it to reason, to reflect accurately, to form correct conclusions, in a word, to give it *self-reliance*. He wished his daughter to think, to reject everything which did not satisfy her reason, and to admit nothing *ex cathedra*, and in order that this system might not be dangerous, he wished her mind to grow up in its native strength, without being either stretched or cut off to fit any Procrustean system. Her character was, what might have been expected ; clear, thoughtful, enthusiastic, and singularly free from many of the false notions of prudery and bigotry, which are taught as the rudiments of education at modern schools. She may have lost something of the intellectual training, to be found there—but to counterbalance the loss, she had escaped the prurience which results from indiscriminate congregation of the thoughtless and precociously vicious, and, unlike those hot-house plants, was pure. She always dealt candidly with herself, with the single exception, that,

when her enthusiasm was enlisted, she sometimes embraced the wrong for its beauty or from generosity, and for the justification of her impulsive spirit; half conscious, at the same time, that she was led away by her own earnestness. Thus, when she thought of Grahame and the difficulties of his fate, she wilfully threw aside all thought of the clouds which overhung her prospects, and looked only upon the picture where were painted in glowing colors, the joys of mutual, pure affection. Overleaping the obstacles to their marriage, by denying its importance to her happiness, she clung to the evasion fondly and hopefully. In her trustful heart, no thought of evil ever darkened the horizon of her hopes;—she never indulged a doubt that her love was reciprocated—she did not even contemplate the possibility—but with a trustfulness which was a part of her character, she mentally exclaimed: “He certainly will love me! He *does* love me—I *know* he does, else I never would have felt as I do!”

Reasoning thus, to her eyes all was hopeful and happy.

With Henry, the case was different and yet the same. *His* trustfulness led him unconsciously to encourage his affection, without once asking himself whether it was likely to be returned. It was an emotion, which, without reference to its probable consequences, gave him the highest pleasure—a pleasure, which, after the first struggle between passion and duty, was entirely unmixed. He had succeeded in stifling the voice of warning, and the moral victory, with an effect akin to that of physical triumphs, precipitated him into an extreme of which in his calmer moments, he would have been incapable.

There was nothing of worship in the sentiment he had conceived; it was *all* affection, not restrained by awe, nor spiritualized by adoration. He loved her natural frankness, her openness of soul, her unconscious ignorance of evil, her cultivated though wayward intellect; and he never, after the first evening of their meeting, indulged one idea beyond mere love.

But this could not last. The dream in which he had been entranced must have an awakening. The time was fast approaching, when he could no longer be satisfied with thinking of her, as a star whose radiance he might admire, but whose presence he could never approach. He very soon began to feel the necessity, (for such it had now become), of communion with her. The interchange of thought, at their first meeting had worked its task; and he now felt an irresistible desire, forcing him to seek a renewal of the pleasure. The communion of spirits whose feelings are congenial, whose tastes are similar, and between whom there is that sympathy upon which love

is based, is a happiness which, having once tasted it, few can deny themselves.

Four days after Talifer's "reunion," Eliza found herself again listening to his low voice, and again earnestly, but unconsciously, gazing into the depths of his dreamy eyes. Their conversation, by what is called accident, turned upon the subject of marriage—that is, they conversed upon a topic akin to the subject which filled their thoughts, and were unconscious of the cause. It was a subject upon which Henry had perhaps thought more deeply, and yet more narrowly, than upon any that had occupied his mind. As usual he reasoned, if reasoning it might be called, from the exception of evil, which belongs to every rule of good, and condemned the institution of marriage itself, because it had brought misery to those who dare enter it unprepared. Marriage is a dangerous thing—you must not tamper with it lightly to enter its sacred limits, you should be armed with a talisman, such as is required to enter the enchanted caverns of the East. And if men neglect the precautions which are necessary, they must not be surprised if the very air which issues from the mystic region they have entered prove a poisonous gas.

"A marriage," said Henry, in the course of the conversation, "contracted under the auspices of reason, with no exaggerated fictions, no fanciful expectations, is probably better calculated to secure the happiness of the parties, than one entered into in the hey-day of romantic affection. Those who hurry into union, with their imaginations inflamed by the qualities attributed to each other—qualities which are too frequently mere figments of the fancy—generally spend the remainder of their lives, after the first flush of gratified affection, in vainly regretting their precipitancy; not unfrequently in domestic discontent and scandalous discord which, to a sensitive mind, would be actual perdition."

"But surely, there is a love which is safe from this?"

"There may be, and I believe is, a love which through even the fire of matrimony would go unscathed. But nothing, I think, can justify two persons, whose hearts are intimately blended by affection, congenial and inter-reflective, in jeopardizing the happiness they possess, by a plunge into an unexplored abyss. There are, in the married state, too many frightful shapes of discord, gibbering ghosts of hate and passion, which will scare away the gentle spirit of Love, and make the step one of a temerity wholly unpardonable."

"But you do not condemn marriage in all its forms, and to every person, do you?" inquired Eliza.

"No; not to *all*—but to all who love. There are many with whom marriage is a duty, which they owe to the community in which they live. There are others, and a numerous class, too, whose moral imperiousness, whose coldness and indifference of feeling eminently qualify them for the state. To those whose delicate and snow-like feelings cannot be touched without being sullied, I would forever interdict all marriage; and, I think in doing so, I would greatly diminish the amount of misery in the world."

"Might not the simile of the soap-bubble answer as well as that of the snow, to express the frailty of the spiritualism of which you speak?"

"I think not," replied Henry, slowly. "There are thousands of things in the world, (that are perennial too), whose existence may be terminated by a touch. The frailty, or even the evanescence, of the beautiful things of earth, in no degree diminishes their value—rather enhances it; and their fleetness is, in too many instances, rather the result of man's misunderstanding of their nature, than of their appointed decay."

"I am a convert," said Eliza, after a pause, "to the doctrine that happiness is never so bright, as in the early days of first love. But whether love, which I have been taught to consider a desire, may not, when its object is denied, wear itself out by its own impatience, and soon terminate in indifference, must be another question. I admit, however, that it would be quite soon enough to try the experiment of marriage, which is an irretrievable step too often taken in the dark, when love was found to be waning. Your theory is, therefore, the safer one—for, if persons love and are satisfied with being loved in return, they always have a path open for retreat. But if they bind themselves forever, the force of public sentiment may keep them together, long after they have ceased to love."

"Persons of sanguine temperaments and vivid imaginations," said Henry, "are too prone to deck the objects of their affections with the gaudy colors drawn from fancy, to invest them with excellencies which they do not possess; and it is, therefore, that for such persons marriage is especially dangerous. It lifts the veil, and however nearly perfect in a human sense, the character disclosed may really be, if it be not precisely as perfect as it was imagined, a reaction takes place peculiar to such dispositions; and in the disappointment, the good qualities which are really there, are too often entirely overlooked."

"And yet," said Eliza, thoughtfully, "I have known many happy marriages."



acquaintances as he passed along, approached the more closely-built regions, where the larger portion of the business of the city was transacted. Having traversed about half the length of the street, he entered a door which opened from the pavement into what appeared to be, and was a lawyer's office. Asking one of the clerks, who sat at a high desk on one side of the room, for Mr. Calton, he was shown into a back room, where sat the gentleman of that name, with whom the reader is somewhat acquainted. He was apparently about thirty-five years old, though really six or seven years older; his handsome countenance, by its solid massiveness, harmonized well with a person, which, but for its exact proportion, might have been open to the objection of heaviness. The expression of his face was calm resolution, tempered by kindly feelings and a volatile intellect. A kind of acuteness also, perhaps referable to the nature of his occupation, was visible in his eye: but there was nothing malicious in the look, though much that might have been mistaken for malice. He was seated, when Henry entered, in a large arm-chair, with a motley pile of papers scattered over the table before him.

"The very man I wanted to see!" he exclaimed, rising and extending his hand—for the size of the man, an extremely small one; "where, in the name of all the saints, have you kept yourself? Sit down—sit down,—and account for yourself." There was a slight, a very slight air of bustling importance in his manner; but, it must be recollected, that Genevese Calton was an important man, the leader of the bar at which he practiced, and not wholly unconscious of the commanding abilities which secured him in that position—as, indeed, what lawyer is?

"One would think we had not met for six months," said Grahame; "and yet it is not quite three days since we parted."

"Well, well," said Calton, "I would like to see you every day; you are not among us often, and I suppose you will not stay long now. So there is no danger of our becoming *ennuied* with each other's company. We have been too long together to fear that."

"Indeed we have," said Grahame, warmly; "but since my return, I have scarcely been off my own property; and the evening at Tali-fer's is the only one I have spent in company anywhere."

"*Apropos* of company," said Calton, "here is a note you may read, if you wish. It is very secret, very confidential, *et cetera*; but there is no objection to your seeing it notwithstanding." And leaning back he took from a drawer in the table, and handed to Henry, a very neatly-folded and highly-scented *billet-doux*, which he read aloud.

"Miss Olivia Poindexter presents her compliments to Mr. G. Calton, and will be pleased to see him to-morrow evening at eight o'clock.

"P. S. If Mr. C. will be so good as to convey the same invitation to Mr. H. Grahame, (with whom Miss O. P. is sorry to say she has not the pleasure of an acquaintance,) he will confer a great favor."

"Well," said Calton, "what do you think of it?"

"I think it is rather a singular mode of giving an invitation; but who is Miss Olivia Poindexter?"

"O! a great friend of mine! The points of sympathy between us are, we are both somewhat *passé* and both read German. She is besides a decided coquette, and has held her place at the head of the *ton*, a long time, not so much by her beauty and fashion, although she is both handsome and fashionable, as by the mere force of intellect she possesses. She does not hesitate to do things which in another person, would be at once condemned—she is even guilty of breeches of conventional etiquette, which would exclude almost any other person from society. And yet no one disputes her pre-eminence, or attempts to supplant her. The worst they ever say about her is, that she is a decided coquette; and that is true."

"The last clause of your description is not stated as a point of sympathy, is it?" said Henry.

"Not exactly"—said Calton—"though I must confess I cannot condemn it very severely, until I see it take some decidedly evil direction. But we will never agree on this subject, I know. Let us talk about something else. You must accept the invitation—never mind the peculiar style of it—it is characteristic of her. She evidently has some object, which I cannot fathom—I have only to say, be careful."

"I do not think I am in much danger," said Henry, smiling.

"Perhaps not; at all events, you will not be, so long as you continue your devotion to my handsomer, and I believe better friend, Eliza Preston. Olivia's brother has, himself, been rather 'tender' in that quarter, for a long time; you must not entangle yourself in a profitless difficulty."

"Difficulty or not," said Henry, with rather more dignity than the occasion called for, "I shall certainly not ask Mr. Poindexter where my attentions are to be bestowed."

"O ho! that's it, is it?" And Calton raised his eyebrows, in token of having made a discovery of "new facts in the case." "But," he added, after a moment's thought, which looked very *professional*, "what will you do about your promise to your father?" Henry's brow darkened. "Do not think me impertinent," said Calton, no-

ticing the cloud; "you know I would say nothing to wound your feelings, except for your own good."

Henry grasped his extended hand. "I know you would not, my friend—I know you would not. I suppose I understand you, and I owe you candor, at least. You may be assured I shall not break my promise, nor even *think* of breaking it."

"I am sorry to hear it, however," said Calton, gravely, "though I am not generally an advocate for promise-breaking. But enough of that," he continued rapidly, searching among the papers before him; "I was mistaken, and, I fear, for once, I am sorry to be set right. Here is the deed of settlement on Margaret Bowman, that you wished me to draw. Consideration, 'five thousand dollars in money, and assiduous and affectionate attendance upon my late father'—for which, &c. 'I give, grant, convey, &c.' lands as in your memorandum. The other papers, I will prepare to-morrow, and the purchaser shall be forthcoming, as soon as I can find him."

"You need be in no haste about that," said Henry, "I have changed my mind."

"What?" exclaimed Calton, in wonder.

"I have changed my mind," repeated Henry, smiling; "is that so surprising?"

"Yes—it is surprising," said Calton; "I never knew you to do so before; but what do you intend to do?"

"I intend to remain here for the present," said Henry; "and when I depart, if I ever do so, to let Providence direct my steps, as He will determine the period of my departure."

"Well, well," said his friend in his usual way, when dismissing a subject, "I know you will do what is best. But have Eliza Preston's bright eyes had any influence on your resolution?"

"Yes," said Henry, without the least hesitation; "or, at least, *she* has had a very great influence in bringing me to this conclusion."

"Give me your hand, my boy!" said Calton, warmly, "and pardon the inquisitiveness of an old friend. You may be happy yet in spite of your father's precepts. Nay, never look grave; you know he was my best friend—you know I loved him, not only for his many generous qualities, but particularly because, but for him, I would never have been what I am. But you know, also, that I never agreed with him in his peculiar opinions on that subject—though, I believe that was the only point of disagreement."

Henry gave him his hand in silence, but a moment afterwards replied:

"He may have been mistaken, though I do not think so. But whether he was or not, I cherish his memory too religiously ever to depart from his counsels; while I respect myself too much, ever to violate a promise deliberately made."

"A promise exacted in the hour, almost in the moment, of death," said Calton, "can scarcely be said to have been deliberately made." Henry avoided the discussion; and after some further conversation, left him, with a promise to accompany him to Miss Poindexter's party on the succeeding evening.

As he left the room, a slender, fair-haired boy entered. He was pale and slight, but apparently healthy, with a free, graceful carriage, long, light hair, and a face of the most perfect symmetry, amounting even to feminine beauty. There was a brightness in his eye, and a cloudless, clear expression about the whole face, which denoted the careless heart, and light spirits of childhood. He bore a strong resemblance to his father, though it was to be sought more in the expression, than in the form, of his features.

It was Calton's only child—left him upon the death of his wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached. All the affection which he had felt for her, was now cast upon his boy; full of the memory of her who had so mildly and so briefly, illumined his path, this child renewed before him, all the airy beauty, all the mild radiance of the heart he had lost. He had been married, at an age, at which such feelings have generally ceased to sway the actions—but he had delayed the step, not because of cynicism or cold-heartedness, but only because he had never loved till he met her who afterwards became to him all in all. He had nothing of the selfishness, generally attributed to men who reach a certain age unmarried—there was not a selfish trait in his character. And to this fact was to be attributed the circumstance, that, though a lawyer in full practice, with a reputation for legal acuteness and forensic eloquence unequalled when he appeared, he had reached his present age, without amassing more money, than served to purchase the single, and not very valuable, property on which he lived.

As the boy entered the room, a large Newfoundland dog, who had been lying under the table, sprang up from his posture; and in a moment, the playmates were in full glee, rolling over and over each other on the carpet, and presenting a picture of innocence and enjoyment, which soon attracted Calton's attention. Like every man of strong human feelings, he had a deep sympathy with the merriment of childhood; and with the most perfect truth, he might have exclaimed, with the poet;

"O ! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,  
Is the merriest sound in the world to me."

But, now, his heart was full of the past; and leaning his head upon the palm of his hand, he contemplated the picture before him, with a saddened though not gloomy brow. He thought of her who was gone—of the days of early love, and of the scarcely less bright days of wedded life. He thought of the period of the birth of the child before him, and of the radiant hopes of that happy day. He thought of the trying hour of death, when those hopes had been all blighted, and when, weary of life, he had gone forth into the world, a hopeless and desolate man. But better thoughts came—his child reconciled him to life, gave him an object and a duty.

Blessed is he who has a duty and does it !

---

## C H A P T E R V.

"Thre' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth were dancing."J

TAM O'SHANTER.

ABOUT eight o'clock on the evening after the conversation detailed in the last chapter, a neat carriage, with black mountings, stopped at Calton's door. Grahame stepped out and the door was opened by Genevese, who invited him to enter. Passing through the offices, the boy led him into a plainly-furnished parlor, where Calton sat writing, but evidently dressed to go out. He was, however, neither gaudily nor meanly attired; for, although no man had a higher contempt for soppishness, the extreme of studied carelessness was to him equally contemptible.

"Sit down," said he, as Henry entered; "you see I am all ready to go; but before we start, I have something to say to you,—for saying which I must plead the excuse, that I am an old man, and was a friend of your father, as I am of yourself, I am therefore doubly entitled to be an adviser."

"Say on, then," said Henry, "without apology; for, whatever you may advise, even if I do not accept it as the rule of my conduct, be assured, the reasons you give will prevent its passing unheeded."

"Well," said Calton; "we have but little time to lose, and I will come to the point at once. I have been thinking of what you said last night—and from your words, have inferred that the meeting with Eliza

Preston was almost, if not quite, the only reason you had for changing your mind as to having C——."

"I know what you would say," interrupted Henry. "It was—the only reason. Yet I repeat now, what I said then, that I have not the remotest intention of outraging my father's memory, by violating my word; given as it was, in the moment of death, and under the sanction of that solemn hour."

"This," said Calton, "is the very reason why I have taken the liberty of speaking of it. Eliza is passionate and impulsive—disposed to entertain notions about happiness, which, you will pardon me for saying I am sorry to entertain also. You are abstracting love into an ideal spiritualism, and think if you are only beloved, you must be happy."

"Precisely," Henry again interrupted him. "And if it be upon this subject you wish to advise me, I fear your advice will be of little avail. If my opinions are ever to be changed, it must be by an experience, which I see you apprehend will be anything but happy."

"I am, indeed, disposed to apprehend an unhappy experience. I hope you may never have cause to acknowledge the justice of my apprehensions—but if you do not now, I suppose the moment of conviction must await the moment of affliction. I know I need say no more—yet I would fain impress upon your mind, that, however useless, empty, or unmeaning, ceremonies, simply as such, may be, the sanctions of public sentiment and universal custom, have made them almost, if not quite, as important as the affection which is supposed to be their foundation—that all merely ideal things are *false*, and that love, unrestrained by forms, unsanctified by marriage, is always by its very nature, dangerous to purity, and destructive of happiness."

"You do not think me capable of anything dishonorable?" asked Henry, proudly.

"Indeed I do not," said his friend eagerly, "that is not what I apprehend; I only fear the consequences of a love, which is the more dangerous, because in it there is no thought of evil, and therefore no guard against ruin."

"I am conscious of no such danger," said Henry, slowly; "and though I know your counsel is sincere, I feel that it is also mistaken."

Calton was silent, and rising a few moments afterwards, he moved towards the door. They stepped into the carriage and drove away towards the residence of the Poindexters.

As they entered the hall, they were met by Harry, the brother of the young lady before spoken of, and, the head of the house. He was a

young man of perhaps twenty-five years, tall and well formed, and sometimes, as now, very handsome. There was, however, an occasional gleam from his dark eye, a contraction of the somewhat heavy brow, and a closing of the thin lips, which completely changed the character of his countenance. Anger, hatred, jealousy and deceit, were all combined in one dark, clouded expression—and this, too, even in his most graceful moments. But on the present occasion there was nothing of this; he received Calton and his companion with impressive but easy courtesy, and ushered them into the room where most of the guests were now assembled, with the polished manner of a thorough-bred gentleman. At the threshold they were met by Olivia, with whom Calton shook hands cordially, and then introduced Henry. She was, like her brother, tall and graceful, and of that order of beauty called the "striking." Luxuriant and intensely black hair fell in careless masses of Madonna plaits over her neck, and upon her cheeks. A forehead high and broad, surmounted a brow which might have been called too heavy, had it not been for the deep shade of her swimming blue eye. This last was the most striking feature in her face. There are some blue eyes whose intense depth of color and expression amounts almost to the black—and such were Olivia Poindexter's. The remainder of her face was not remarkable for anything but the feeling of internal strength which it seemed to embody, and the harmony of the resolute and yet ever-changing mouth, with the twilight stormy hue which riveted the attention upon the eyes. She was younger than her brother, perhaps two years—yet there was about her whole appearance an expression of complete *finish*, which gave the idea of more advanced age. Her manner, to use Grahame's expression to Calton, was "too mature." There was an ease which was not all grace, a polish which was not all refinement, a vivacity and wit which were not all nature. There was a flash, too, in her impressive eye, which was not all soul; passion, intense and untempered, was there also; but Henry was compelled to acknowledge, that he could see nothing of the character of the coquette which Calton's description of her had led him to expect. He was particularly struck by the air of dignity, combined with unpretending grace, with which she advanced to meet Calton, and the perfect *keeping* of her manner with her symmetrical and commanding form.

"I was almost despairing of your presence this evening, Mr. Grahame," said she, "and in proportion to my depression then, is my elevation now. Neither my brother nor myself had the pleasure of an acquaintance with you; so that I was compelled to take the informal

course I did. You are, however, no stranger to any here." There was a depth and sweetness in her voice, which at once explained whatever was before obscure, in the ascendancy she had been able to gain over the society in which she moved.

"I cannot sufficiently express my sense of your kindness," said Henry, rather more formally, she thought, than was necessary. "My protracted absence has prevented my mingling in the society of C——, as much as I desired; and now that I am here for some length of time, I am grateful for every kindness that enables me to atone for my seclusion."

"I have heard you intended leaving us again, very soon," said she, with some wonder at the implied meaning of his words.

"That *was* my intention," he replied, "but I feel—now that I am again among them—that I have neglected old scenes and old friends. I have, therefore, determined to repain here, for the present, at all events."

"I am heartily glad to hear it," she said, with an earnestness which her voice was peculiarly fitted to express. "Let me introduce you to some of those you will probably often meet. Mr. Calton, you are at home—I will see you again, soon. I have some questions for you."

Calton bowed and turned away. Olivia took Henry's arm, and led him across the room, talking rapidly all the time.

"I hope we shall now see more of you," said she; "you have really slighted us."

"I have scarcely been at home long enough to slight any one, I should think."

"But it is your absence I complain of. Ah!" she continued, as she caught a glimpse of Eliza Preston through the crowd; "here, I think, is an acquaintance of yours. Before we approach her, however, I must warn you to beware of devoting yourself to her, as you did at Mr. Talifer's."

"Why so?" said he.

"Because you know you cannot touch fire, without being burned; and I am told you are a decided advocate of single-blessedness."

"I am in no danger, I think," he replied, "but have you no sympathy with that philosophy?" The reader will recollect, Calton considered Olivia rather *passé*.

"O, yes!" said she, with some confusion, though the hit was not intended. "Every *unmarried* lady, of course, intends to remain so. But really, such attractions as those of Eliza Preston are not to be lightly encountered."

They passed through the crowd, stopping occasionally to converse with one or another of the guests, until they approached the seat where Eliza sat. Talking gaily with several gentlemen, among whom was Harry Poindexter, she had not observed Henry until he was very near her. But as he approached, her face suddenly became less animated, and half rising, she abruptly terminated the sentence upon her lips, and extended her hand. Olivia at the same moment left his arm, and entered into conversation with one of the gentlemen beside Eliza—keeping, however, her eyes upon the movements of Grahame, and the fair girl whose hand he still retained. The dark expression, of which we have spoken, came across Harry's face, but faded away immediately.

"We will finish our conversation, Miss Preston," said he, as he turned away, "at some future time." He shook his finger at her playfully, and left her.

"And what subject is it," said Grahame, "the discussion of which my approach has interrupted?"

"It was of no interest," she replied; "and if it had been, I could not have regretted such an interruption."

"No one can say Miss Preston is not frank," said one of the young men aside, as he turned away, apparently rather chagrined.

"*Apropos*," continued Eliza, "I fear you are not good at keeping secrets; Mr. Calton has been enlightening me."

"And was my communicativeness the only subject upon which he descended?" said Henry.

"O, no!" she answered, "but I am sure he sincerely believes what he says, and would not say one word to me but for my good—or at least what he conceives to be my good. But do you really think him mistaken? I have so much confidence in his judgment, that I find it difficult, even with the assistance of inclination, to question his conclusions."

"And what word expresses your confidence in me?" he inquired.

"*Boundless*!"

"Rest assured, then," said he, gravely, "that that confidence will never be betrayed."

"Oh! indeed, Henry, I do not fear it!" she exclaimed, earnestly; but the approach of a group of ladies and gentlemen interrupted the conversation.

"Cousin Henry," said a light, fair-haired girl, extending her hand, "why have we not seen you? You have been at home near a week, and yet not a sight have I had of you till now."

"Really, my dear cousin Kate," said Henry, taking her hand, "I do

not know what apology to make ; but I have been so busy since my return, making preparations to leave C——, that I have called nowhere."

" *Nowhere?*" said she, glancing archly at Eliza, " but that is precisely what I am complaining of. I have stayed at home every day, like a nun, since I heard you had returned, but you never came. Last night I counted certainly upon seeing you ; but you called '*nowhere*,' and I was again disappointed." Eliza blushed at this broad allusion, but Kate Murray laughed merrily, and added : " seriously, I think you treat us scandalously."

" You shall not long have cause for so grave a charge, my fair cousin," said he ; and seeing Eliza endeavoring to hide her confusion in conversation with a gentleman who had just come up, he drew his cousin's arm within his own, and walked to another part of the room.

" I believe," said she, with an air of mock obstinacy, " if I had not hunted you out, I would never have seen you till the Great Day—or, at least, not as long as you could find Eliza Preston."

" You are too hard upon me, Kate—by the way, how did you know I had called upon her yesterday evening ?"

" Oh ! " said she, " I heard it from several persons—from Olive Pindexter, I believe, first. You must not expect to conceal any of your movements here—you are entirely too important a personage to be overlooked, even in a slight matter."

" You do not mean to say that I alone enjoy the honor of being watched ?"

" Only for the time being," said she. " 'It's your turn,' as the children say. But I am glad your time has been so well occupied—next to seeing you myself, I would prefer knowing you are with Eliza Preston."

" She is a particular friend of yours, then ?"

" We are confidants," said the cousin, with a look full of meaning. " But if you have any secrets between you, do not tell them now—it would spoil the pleasure I shall have in hearing them from Eliza."

" I have no secrets to tell," said Henry, " else I would hasten to unburthen myself to you, of all others, in the world. If Miss Preston has any, as far as I am concerned, she has my permission to make you full confidante."

" Well," said Kate, " I'll communicate the permission, in order to conquer any scruple she might possibly have."

The cousins talked lightly and gaily for a considerable time ; and after exacting a promise from him to call upon her the following day, she left him, unceremoniously

"Eliza will be jealous," said she; "and, besides, you are dull. I must go and seek some one more interesting."

Kate Murray was a second cousin of Grahame; but between the families the domestic difficulties of Henry's father had produced an estrangement which, towards Henry, was never felt by either Kate or her parents. She was therefore really desirous, though for a different purpose than that which her parents had in view, that a good understanding might be re-established; she was not at all selfish; she was too thoughtless to harbor a design of any kind for more than a day; and though this lightness, as it often does, generally passed for heartlessness, yet no one could be more replete with all human charities and generous feelings than was Kate Murray. She was gay, however, and light, and liked nothing so well as "a good joke;" and, having the capacity to invent and to use, as well as the disposition to enjoy, she could not always resist the temptation to disregard feeling for point. An extended description of her is not necessary, for we shall see but little of her.

After being left by his cousin, he passed through the folding door, and crossing the room he stepped through a window that opened down to the floor. Here he found himself upon a balcony, but slightly elevated, so as to overlook a richly cultivated garden, in which flowers and shrubs, and fruit trees and gravelled walks combined to present a most enchanting scene. The moon was low in the west, and cast an indistinct and mellowed light upon all around, while the sighing of the soft, low wind breathed a voice in delightful harmony with the still moonlight. It was yet spring—but the breeze that murmured among the trees and rustled the leaves of the garden was as warm as the breath of midsummer—as the strong feelings and mature passions of manhood sometimes mark even the earlier days of youth.

Leaning over the railing he gave himself up to the delicious thoughts which always fill the soul in such a scene. In his, as in all passionate hearts, the unhappiness of the past only added to the depth of the present enjoyment. He had stood thus for some time, when his shoulder was touched by a timid hand.

"You seem to enjoy moonlight," said Eliza Preston. "Here have I been standing since you first came out, and yet you have not noticed me."

"Had I known your presence," said Henry, gently drawing her towards him, "I fear this fair scene would have been but slightly noticed."

"It *is* a fair scene," said she; "and I am delighted to find our sympathies so congenial."

"It surely did not need this coincidence to prove our congeniality," he said.

"O no!" said she, earnestly. "But I enjoy a scene like this so deeply, that I am delighted to find it a new point of sympathy between us—to find so great a pleasure to me, one which we can enjoy together." With similar expressions of sympathy and affection, she pointed out the various beauties in the scene before them.

"I often think," said she, "that those who cannot enjoy a scene like this are unfortunately constituted. There is something so enchanting and yet so real in a calm summer night, that I always feel my heart renewed by its enjoyment."

"Enjoyment of nature," said Henry, "is pre-eminently the prerogative of pure natures like yours, Eliza; and unbelief in her soothing, humane influences, is the worst calamity that can befall the heart. Belief in the natural and beautiful is our richest blessing, and a barren unbelief is worse than blind credulity. As there is no happiness like that of the trustful spirit which sees truth and beauty and bliss in everything, so there is no misery like the insecurity of unbelieving hearts, which cannot trust their happiness even to God. Whatever other fault you may indulge, Eliza, let me urge you, strive earnestly and always to *believe*."

"I do believe, Henry, in the truth and eternity of love."

He pressed her to his heart in silence, and kissed the lips which had uttered so beautiful a sentiment. Thus—the conversation turning ever upon their own hopeful affection—they stood exchanging the thoughts of which their hearts were full, until the rattling of carriages along the street reminded them of the hour of parting. Then, with an embrace, which the prudent reader must positively forgive, they parted with the promise soon to meet.

As he passed across the room, in search of Harry Poindexter, for the purpose of saying good night, he was stopped by Olivia, and introduced to Mr. Everley, a handsome man of about thirty, whose manner, however, was cold and stiff, and, except when speaking to Olivia, rather repulsive.

"I have detained Mr. Everley, seeking you," said she, "I fear longer than was quite agreeable to him. I began to think you had left the house."

"I am sorry," said Henry, "to have been the means of Mr. Everley's detention, though I scarcely think he could have found it disagreeable."

"Not at all," said Everley. "If we had not found you for an hour, you will pardon me if I say it would not have grieved me, provided—"

"Provided I would have still accompanied you in the search," interrupted Olivia. "You mean the remark more as a compliment to me, than as a depreciation of Mr. Grahame."

"Certainly," said he, rather awkwardly, Henry thought; so excusing himself for his early retirement, much to the relief of Everley, he passed towards the front room.

"You are not leaving us, Mr. Grahame?" said Harry, from a group of ladies.

"I fear I must," replied Henry. "I was just looking for you to say good night."

"We will see you again soon, I hope."

"Assuredly." And accompanied by Harry he approached the door.

"Why is it," said a rather faded beauty, whom we heard at Mr. Talifer's remarking upon 'Eliza's taste for the antique'—"why is it that Mr. Grahame and Eliza Preston always retire at the same time?"

"Always?" said her partner. "This is only the second time I have known them to do so."

"This is only the second time you have seen them together," she replied. "And besides, twice is quite often enough to establish a habit, and justify the expression."

So it is, with gossip—"twice is quite often enough to—" open the mouths of scandal-mongers, and lay the foundation for a calumny.

"A man who is pledged to celibacy," said an elderly matron to Harry Poindexter; "and especially so fascinating a person as Mr. Grahame, should not devote himself so exclusively to so romantic a person as Eliza Preston."

"I agree with you," said Harry. (Harry always agreed with elderly ladies.) "But do you think she is ignorant of his position?"

"If she is, she ought to be informed of it," said the benevolent lady. "If no one else will inform her, I will myself risk her displeasure for her own good."

Good, kind-hearted, well-meaning meddling! How earnest and self-sacrificing is its gratuitous interference! Yet how ungratefully its benevolent counsels are received! Poor, abused, unsought advice! When, oh! when will kind-hearted officiousness receive its reward?

## C H A P T E R V I.

"His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong."—*CORSAIR*.

HENRY GRAHAME, though well educated and familiar with men in a great variety of scenes, knew but little of the world. He was naturally indisposed to mingle among crowds; and the companionship of his father had contributed more powerfully to form his mind, than even the varied observation of his travels. There is a mistake, which has gained currency, in reference to what is called "travel." It is supposed that the necessary effect of extended observation, must be to enlighten and liberalize—to soften and correct the character. It is not so, however, at least in the majority of instances. Those who go forth into the world with habits formed and opinions fixed, can too often but see in the course of things they observe, new illustrations, new arguments, to enforce their pre-conceived notions. Men are prone to cling to old theories, and the process of self-deception is so easy, that they must often find in every new experience only a new prop to an old opinion. Undoubtedly, many men have changed their views upon the results of more extended observation; but where such has been the case, either the views changed have been merely material ones, depending upon physical facts of which they were ignorant before, or the change, upon close inspection, will be found to be only a *deepening* of the former colors, an extention of the old opinion in the same direction. Sentiments which are called speculative, which refer to moral things, abstracted from merely material facts, seldom give way before the light of experience; their germs are generally implanted in early life, and often are of so intangible a nature, that neither observation nor experience suffices to correct or change them.

Henry's father took a view of life founded upon the misanthropy of disappointment. His early youth, and even his more advanced years, had been distinguished by an exalted enthusiasm, which was peculiarly liable to disappointment; and the subsequent events, inevitable as they were to one of his fanciful temper, had transformed all his dreams into a bitter scepticism. This spirit tintured, we might almost say *tainted*, all his ideas—almost the very existence of the good and beautiful was to him a chimera—and the only exception which his theory admitted to the universal rule of hollowness, was a deceptive

one—his early dream of love, which had been the means of blasting his life.

The hopeful spirit of his son could not receive all these impressions ; but his nature was formed by the atmosphere around him : although he rejected all that was morose and repulsive in his father's philosophy, and retained only what appeared beautiful and true, the portion he believed was perhaps as false as that he rejected. He was, therefore, peculiarly unfit to profit by the lessons of experience. His mind was exalted, and so to speak, attenuated ; but there was no foundation upon which his system could rest. He lacked the masculine, common-sense views of life, which distinguished his friend Calton. But going to the opposite extreme of dreaminess, he idealized every pleasure—abstracted, or attempted to abstract, the spiritual from the material, and depended for his happiness wholly upon the moral, unconnected with the physical. His appreciation of the beautiful in nature, in action, in sentiment, was intense ; he could recline upon the green banks of a murmuring stream, and, listening to the voices in the wood, almost interpret in words the vocal music of leaf and breeze and water. But in the harsh contact of worldly action, he was out of his element ; he took no practical views, believed in the moral effect of no mere material fact, formed no theory based upon the truths of common life. Although he was an earnest believer in the beautiful and true, he dreamed of truth and beauty as entirely distinct from, and in no wise depending upon the more material things of life.

It is, therefore, not surprising, that Calton's counsels, drawn as they were from a philosophy which admitted nothing, apart from the lessons of experience, and resting as they did upon material and even humiliating truths, could exert no influence over his mind. He was the victim of a delusion, which he not only believed, but *wished* to believe ; and from which, least of all, could common custom, and the ideas based upon common custom, avail to drive his faith. He believed, firmly, that love without the thought of marriage, if it was truly felt and sincerely reciprocated, was all that was necessary to perfect happiness. He loved—he felt blessed in being beloved—and a thousand logical arguments, based as they all must be, upon a proposition which he denied, could not drive him from a conclusion, whose strong basis was the sense of happiness.

Thus, day after day, and week after week, flew past in the intoxication of love. Each day he saw Eliza, and at each parting, he went away with a deeper and stronger conviction of bliss—with a more complete faith in the eternity of his happiness. And Eliza, each day,

as she thought of the intense blessedness of her lot, thanked God most fervently, for the providence which had led her into a region, where all was sunshine. With a trust, that was complete, she resigned herself literally into his arms, with no thought of evil—her whole soul was engrossed by her faith, leaving no space for fear or suspicion. Hour after hour, would she lean trustfully upon his breast, in the unrestrained freedom of a pure spirit; and, as her eyes lit up unconsciously with the fire of stimulated affection, she received and lavished upon him she loved so confidently, the exhaustless tenderness of an overflowing heart. No scruples of watchful prudery, no shrinking from what in her eyes was not evil, because her heart was too pure to perceive its danger, ever broke in upon the perfect unrestraint of their intercourse. Standing upon the brink of a precipice, she gazed fondly into his eyes, and saw not the fall before her. An abyss of eddying darkness was at her very feet, but her ears heard not its roaring—they were full of the soft, impressive tones of the voice to which alone she listened. She thought of her boundless love, and that it could never die; and when she saw the same affection beaming from Henry's eyes, she thought of, and cared for nothing else. She felt her bosom swell with untold tenderness, and never dreamed that in that bosom's very heaving, there might be a token of approaching ruin.

---

## C H A P T E R I I .

"For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap."

SPENSER.

"O! who does know the bent of woman's fantasy."

IDEM.

HARRY POINDEXTER had long sought, and even supposed he had secured, the affection of Eliza Preston. It was not that she had trifled with him—she was above all falsehood, and held *such* deceit, especially, in the utmost abhorrence. Had he ever formally declared his passion, it would have been instantly met by a frank refusal; and while her truth would not allow a moment's equivocation, her tenderness of heart would have caused her to regret the pain she must inflict. There was, moreover, no vanity in her character; and thus, not being prone to interpret ordinary politeness into the language of special devotion, she had never suspected the existence of a feeling, which, to many

others, was perceptible in every word and look. Nothing, short of an avowal on his part, would have opened her eyes. But this he had never made—preferring first to win her completely, and arrogantly aspiring to draw from her an expression either by word or act, before he declared himself, he had pursued the overacted course of most intensely proud and intellectual men. He had dazzled her by his wit, bewildered her with his subtle thought, charmed her by his eloquence; in short, he had done everything but convince her that he sincerely loved her.

He flattered himself, that he had even done this—and that he had succeeded in winning her affection in return, when Grahame's appearance destroyed his hopes. He was, however, mistaken. For, although Eliza admired his complete external character, he was not such a person as she could love. His coldness was not the crust which often covers a warm and sensitive heart; his formality was not the dignity of conscious worth; his superciliousness was not rational pride; and the tone of his sentiments, though in every respect chivalrous, filled her with an undefined suspicion. Thus—had Henry never returned—his hopes were still chimerical; she could never have loved him, as she could never have loved any one, whom she did not first revere and completely trust.

The elder Poindexter had died on the day of his son's majority, following his wife, who departed several years before him. An ample fortune had been the reward of his unceasing attention to business; and his children were thus left in early life, with a freedom which each desired, though neither expressed the wish. Their father had risen from the humbler walks of life to affluence, by means of energy and good sense. He had never received an education commensurate with his abilities, so that his early associations clung to him in the shape of a certain "vulgarity," as his educated children termed it; and, although he had surrounded them with luxury, and given them probably a more complete education than he might, had he never felt the want of it in his own person, his presence was still a drawback upon their enjoyment.

He had, moreover, married in early life, and while yet in limited circumstances, a young woman of great beauty and amiability, but of incomplete education. She was thus unsuited to the gilded circle, which her husband's wealth, and her daughter's beauty and accomplishments soon drew around her. Olivia was by no means destitute of heart; but we shall not do her injustice if we say, her mother's death, after the first brief pang, was rather a relief than a sorrow.

The intercourse between mother and daughter had been limited, even after Olivia's return from school. The former was a woman of undecided character, doubtful of her own merits, and frightened by nothing more than the prospect of meeting those better educated than herself. Her husband's increasing wealth, and the necessities for her attention to the duties it imposed, had therefore been a source of constant anxiety; and when she saw her daughter return from school an imposing and accomplished woman, she had thrown the burthen of social responsibility upon her shoulders, and retired to the privacy so well suited to her character. There had been, therefore, so little opportunity for the growth of deep sympathies between them, that, perhaps, had Olivia been differently constituted, the loss of her mother would still have been but little felt.

Harry was at college when his mother died, and did not return for more than a year after that event. At home, the restraint of his father's prudent counsels chased his impatient spirit: and without being by nature, decidedly bad at heart, the tastes and refinements which he had acquired during his protracted absence at college, led him, perhaps unconsciously, to wait with but little patience, for the liberty which his father's failing health promised should be speedy in its coming. It was, therefore, with but little regret, that, upon the very day he attained his majority, he saw his father breathe his last, and upon the following day committed him to the tomb.

It must not be supposed that Harry was a spendthrift, and waited to clutch his father's gold, only to scatter it in reckless profusion; far from it. He panted for the *freedom*, which his father's death and the possession of his wealth would give him, for a far different purpose. He knew the importance its possession gave him, and thus understood it svalue far too well lightly to part with it. He was ambitious, and coveted wealth as a means to the success, for which his brilliant talents entitled him to hope; he was also indolent, and wished for an independence, because it would place him above the necessity of professional labor—without money, the only path to distinction. Though, as I have said, not altogether heartless, he was selfish, ambitious, scheming, and in a very high degree unprincipled.

The establishment in which he and his sister now found themselves domiciled, was a large and splendidly-furnished mansion, on the same street with Mr. Charles Talifer's, where we first saw Eliza Preston. A wide hall opened through the centre of the house; and upon the left, as you entered, were the tastefully-decorated rooms, in which we have seen the company assembled, for the first time since the elder

Poindexter's death. On the right was a suite of beautifully furnished apartments, the first of which was Harry's library. Here he was to be found every morning, reading and answering the letters of a voluminous correspondence, which he had already found means to open, with many of the first men within the range of his present ambition. The bold, nervous and masterly manner in which he treated the subjects then agitating the country, (early in 1812,) and the free, clear style of elucidation which he applied to the opinions and measures of the party to which he had attached himself, had already won upon the intellects of many influential men; while the clear-headed order and unmistakable ability, which marked even his common correspondence, raised high hopes of the effectual support he promised to the cause. The thorough argument he gave to every important topic, in his many contributions to the leading journals, (which, by the way, he took care should always be known as his,) the unshrinking manner in which he met the most formidable advocates of the adverse party, and the clear reasoning powers which had hitherto always given him the victory, challenged the admiration and compelled the support of all of his own party, while they carried with him the respect of his antagonists. He had, moreover, a power of sarcasm, a polished wit, and a talent for declamation, which often overwhelmed his more obtuse, though really more logical, opponents.

As a speaker, on the few occasions upon which he had appeared, he had exhibited a clear, forcible style of thought, easy, fluent diction and graceful manner, which, though it could not be called eloquence, captivated, and in not a few instances convinced, or at least silenced, the reason of his adverse auditory. His heart was too cold, perhaps, ever to allow him to claim the title of *orator*—but he was an interesting, able and formidable *speaker*.

On a fine July morning, some three months after Henry's return, he sat as usual, in dressing-gown and slippers, beside a velvet-covered mahogany table, in his library. On the table were scattered papers, letters and books, indiscriminately. He was occupied in answering a letter, which lay before him, when the door was opened, and a servant entered.

“The man you sent for is here, sir,” said he.

“Show him in, then,” said Harry; and, following the servant, there entered a large, raw-boned, muscular man, some forty years of age. His black, bushy head was uncovered, and his small, black, uncertain eyes were cast upon the floor. He was dressed in a coarse jean coat, with pantaloons of the same material, and a pair of heavy brogans.

covered his large feet. His rough cotton shirt was not fastened at the neck, but revealed a red and sun-burnt throat, surmounted by a face in which the effects of dissipation were plainly visible. Notwithstanding this, one would have hesitated to call him a villain, though he might have been cautious about trusting him. There was apparent in his whole face, not in any particular feature, a kind of struggle between the honesty of nature and the dishonesty almost forced upon him by poverty and uncurbed evil propensities.

"Sit down, Dawson," said Harry; and pushing a chair towards him with his foot, he turned towards the servant, who was still standing at the door, and motioned him to be gone. "Nothing else now, John," said he, "except that I am not at home till twelve o'clock." He looked at his watch, which Dawson saw pointed to half-past ten.

Dawson took the chair thus unceremoniously offered him, and waited patiently for Poindexter to explain. He was not long kept in suspense. Harry threw his feet carelessly upon an ottoman, looked keenly at Dawson, and then in his bland, though significant manner, commenced: "I want you to do me a little service, Dawson; but before we proceed to that, here is a note which I see is unpaid, given by you for the sum of one hundred and forty two dollars, odd cents, for rent, &c."

"I was unable to get the money, sir," said Dawson, "when the note came due, and I haven't got it yet. I hope you do not want it now, sir?" And he looked around upon the luxurious furniture of the room. "I am poor, sir, and my wife is sick, now, so that nothing but your sending for me would have brought me away from home."

"Your lease expired on Wednesday of last week," continued Harry, drily, as if he had not heard a word Dawson had said. "However," he added somewhat rapidly, "I do not want the money now—or rather, I do want an equivalent."

"Security, sir?" suggested Dawson, but Harry continued—

"I said I wanted you to do me a service—for that service, I propose to deliver you this note, with a receipt in full written upon the back of it. I'll read it to you;" and turning the note over he read—"Received of Robert Dawson one hundred and forty-two dollars, and twenty-five cents, in full of the within note, and all other demands up to this date—July 10, 1812.

(Signed)

"H. POINDEXTER."

"I propose in addition to this," he continued, "to renew your lease at a nominal rent—say five cents per acre—for three years, so as to place you entirely above want for ever—and all this for an hour's work."

"But what is the work?" Dawson asked; though the glistening of his eye, and its eager expression, denoted that, except for information upon which to act, the question was wholly superfluous.

"If it be in your power," said Harry, "do you accept my terms?"

"Yes, yes," said Dawson; "only tell me what it is—a poor man like me can hardly risk too much for so great a reward."

"In order to make you comfortable," continued Harry slowly and deliberately, "for the present as well as the future, I propose also, to make yourself, and each member of your family, a present of a suit of clothing—to take your son Robert—that is the sprightly, quick boy, is it not?"

"Yes, yes—go on."

"To take your son Robert into my house, educate him, treat him kindly, and, in a word, make a man of him."

"I see," said Dawson; "you want me to do something desperate?"

"O, not very," said Harry, smiling; "but I know you will not fail me. Do you accept my terms?"

"But you have not told me what it is."

"I will tell you that, afterwards," said Harry, quietly.

"Well, well," said Dawson, "I cannot refuse—but one other condition, and I will go into it blindfold as you want me to."

"What is that?" said Harry, coolly.

"You would not offer me so high a price," said Dawson, "if there were no risk to me in the business."

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, if anything should happen to me, you will not let Mary and the children suffer?" As he spoke a tear glistened in his eye; the hardened drunkard could not escape a momentary weakness. His wife had clung to him through all the vicissitudes of an unfortunate life, with a fidelity which in this moment he could not forget. He looked earnestly into Harry's generally placid face; it wore an expression of indecision, which wrung the heart of his victim. He thought his tempter was about to refuse his protection to those he loved. But it was not so: the sight of the rough man's agitation, revealing as it did, almost the only green spot in his otherwise blasted character, was more than he had expected—it showed that he was not entirely lost, and for a moment, even Harry's cold heart faltered. But he thought of his revenge, and steeling his heart, nervously and hurriedly he replied—

"Never fear for them—they shall be well cared for, if anything occur to make it necessary. But nothing of the kind need occur;

only take your measures skillfully, and your work will be as safe as it will be profitable."

The tempted man brushed the tear from his eye, and resumed his cold demeanor.

"Then tell me what it is," said he, "and if it should be *murder*, I cannot choose but do it."

"There is a young man," commenced Harry, slowly, and with a voice and manner perfectly self-possessed, "who is in the habit of walking *alone*, from the city to his own house, a mile from the outskirts of town, at all times of the night. That young gentleman has been rash enough to cross my path—I want to see him no more. You may do as you please with him, so I see him no more." He laid his soft white hand calmly upon the rough palm of his agent, and inquired, "Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Dawson, "you want him to die. But who is he?"

"Henry Grahame," coolly replied Harry. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Dawson, quickly; "his father turned me off his estate for—"

"Well, well," interrupted Harry; "never mind that. If you need money to get assistance, call on me—but mind, my name is not to be mentioned, and I do not want to see any one on the business but yourself."

"I understand," said Dawson; "you shall not be known. But what must I bring you, to satisfy you that the job is done, and—"

"And to entitle you to the reward," interrupted Poindexter. "He wears a heavy chased ring, on the third finger of his left hand—bring me that, and you will have what I have promised you. Burn everything else you take from him—and be sure you take everything valuable he has about him."

"To make it seem he was robbed," said Dawson, with a nod.

"Exactly," said Harry. "But you must not keep a single article—for it may lead to an inconvenient inquiry."

"I understand," Dawson replied; and he moved towards the door. Then he hesitated, and turning round, he said—

"You won't forget Mary and the children, will you?" He faltered, and looked earnestly and imploringly into Harry's face.

"Never fear—never fear," said the latter, hastily, and Dawson was gone.

Harry leaned carelessly back, lit a cigar, and puffing the smoke in eddying wreaths above his head, thought of the step he had just taken. It would be false to say he had no fears; no man, however hardened,

can think of an undecided venture in the career of crime, entirely free from apprehension. But he thought of it calmly and deliberately, with that coolness which always distinguished him. He had implicit faith in the security and success of his plans: this rival out of the way, he believed that the love of Eliza Preston could not fail to revert to him. He believed he had more than half won it already, when Henry returned, and if he could get rid of him, his vanity persuaded him, there would be no obstacle to his success. He had, moreover, a certain awe of Grahame, which he distinctly felt, and with the candor of all strong-minded, bad men, acknowledged to himself; and he knew that in his presence, he could never put forth all the varied powers of his brilliant intellect. He was jealous not only of Henry's evident superiority in the eyes of Eliza Preston, but in the eyes of the rest of the world also; and probably no drug deadens the physical senses, as vanity does the conscience.

Shortly after Dawson's departure, his sister looked in at the door, and seeing no one but her brother, entered and seated herself upon the ottoman at his feet. She was in the daily habit of spending an hour or two of the morning with him, and she came in now to enjoy the usual visit. Knowing the thoughts that must have occupied his mind, one might have expected Harry to appear silent and pre-occupied, but it was not so. Even the quick eye of his sister could perceive no change from his wonted manner. As usual, therefore, they spent the morning in varied, brilliant, and even intellectual conversation; Harry never for a moment betraying the dark thoughts within.

"So, it seems," said Olivia, in the course of the conversation, "Henry Grahame has forgotten his promise to his father, already; and is about to be married to Eliza Preston."

"I scarcely credit the report," said her brother; "though it is asserted very confidently by a great many people, I have not noticed any special devotion on his part to any one, except perhaps to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Olivia, in surprise; but at the same moment she showed the subject had not a little interest to her. "I have scarcely ever seen him! Once or twice, indeed, he has called, but always, except once, in company with Mr. Calton; and when I have seen him in public he has always been devoted to Eliza."

"Perhaps," said her brother, doubtfully; "but on that one evening when he called alone—you had an opportunity of hearing him converse without a witness."

"Yes, but his visit was so short—"

"Only two hours long," said Harry, smiling. I still contend that

he has shown you more attention than he has any one else—nay, more—I even believe he has enjoyed the sound of your voice more than your superb playing."

"Brother," said she, earnestly, "we are alone in the world, and dependent upon each other solely—you would not attempt to deceive me, I know. You may have been more clear-sighted in this matter than I have been—you may have seen what was hidden to me." She sank upon a footstool at his feet, leaned upon his lap, and looked up earnestly into his face.

"Certainly—why not, Olive? Are not loving eyes often more blind than indifferent ones, as spectators often see more clearly than players?"

He spoke at random, but the arrow had reached its mark.

"Oh! God!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands, "what—oh! what would I not give to believe it?"

She burst into tears, and, springing from the agitated grasp of her brother, retreated to her own room. Sobbing violently, she threw herself upon a couch, and gave free course to the excitement of passion, which was then made visible to herself. Harry followed her into the hall, where he stood for a few moments, irresolute; but he finally turned back into the library, and seated himself in the chair he had just quitted. He was terribly agitated; the discovery he had made, notwithstanding the apparent meaning of his random words, was entirely unexpected. He had bantered his sister, not because he believed any such thing, but only as an escape from his own consciousness. The shock was proportionately severe; but by degrees he recovered his calmness. And with the thought of the hopelessness of his sister's love, his heart was nerved anew, to the pursuit of his meditated crime.

"So much the greater reason," he muttered, "for pursuing my revenge: I have now a sister to avenge, also." And taking his hat he stepped out into the garden, where gloomily and thoughtfully he paced to and fro, until the dinner bell recalled him to the house.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

"And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part."

HAMLET.

AFTER noon of the same day, Harry again sat in his library. The same calm, placid look, which usually rested upon his face, was yet

there, free from all traces of the violent emotions and exciting schemes of the morning. The cold, stern impassibility of his nature had resumed its sway ; and to have looked upon him now, you would not have supposed that unmoved countenance had ever known agitation. He had just risen from a lounge, extended beneath the southern windows, upon which he had been enjoying the repose that, even upon a sultry summer afternoon, seldom visits any but the innocent. He was now looking carelessly over the pile of letters upon the table, deposited there during his sleep ; and with the calm motion of his hand, as he threw one after another aside, flitted across his unguarded features the almost imperceptible emotions excited by each. Opening them, and glancing carelessly over the first lines, he at length came to a coarse, though neatly folded note, which immediately fixed his attention. The paper was evidently a scrap of foolscap ; for even upon the back could be distinctly traced the broad blue lines. Across the face of the note, in a neat, though somewhat nervous hand, was written "H. Poindexter, Esq., " and upon the back, immediately across the red half-wafer which secured it, was written the word "*Haste.*" The whole exterior had that indescribable look of faded gentility which could almost as easily be taken for ambitious vulgarity. Yet there was something about the clear, neat and forcible writing that redeemed the note from this charge, and made one involuntarily sigh for the fallen estate of one who wasted fine education upon worthless material.

Harry gazed upon the superscription, and, for the second time that day, there was a distinct expression of relenting upon his now handsome features. Memory was evidently busy with the relics of vanished scenes ; and over his softened eye there came a filmy haze, through which he looked upon the events of days long past. It would be false to say that much soul revealed itself, even in gazing upon a paper which brought forcibly back the recollections of the deepest sorrow of his life. But the man was not entirely hardened ; and the drooping eyelid, the wandering eye, and firmly set teeth, evinced that there was a struggle going on within.

As if afraid to open it, he still gazed upon the word written across the seal. Gradually the hand drooped and the letter fell upon the table. He leaned his forehead upon his palm, and was buried in thought. The muscles of his face relaxed, his lips parted, and a deep, long and painful respiration attested the earnest force of his reflections. His eyes became dim with moisture, but he heeded it not ; for his gaze was inward, and the tear did not trouble his vision. The moisture became liquid, and one drop rolled slowly down his cheek, and fell

directly upon the word upon which he had been gazing—"Haste!" He started as from a dream, seized the letter, and as if suddenly conscious that the motto had a meaning, tore it open with a rapid and unsteady hand. As he opened the folds there fell upon the table a lock of fair, very fair, hair, evidently from the head of a child. He took it up, and rubbing his hand over it to smooth the ruffled curl, gazed upon it with a look half fondness, half aversion. Another tear—wrung from the heart of a stern, unyielding nature, dimmed his eye, and multiplied the locks of hair. But it did not fall, for he brushed it angrily and hastily away. Opening the casket that stood on the table, he threw the letter carelessly in, and laid the hair softly, and slowly, and quietly upon it. Locking it, he placed the key carefully in his pocket, and with hands crossed behind him, and eyes bent to the floor, paced slowly up and down the room.

The sun went down, and still he walked from one end of the room to the other. He stopped by the window, which commanded a view of the western sky, and drawing the curtain aside, he gazed long and fixedly upon the glowing horizon. As the golden light went out, slowly faded away the softened expression of his face; and in its stead came back again the placid, open look of two hours before. The nature of the man—or rather the scheming mind of the man—re-asserted its pre-eminence; the wing of the dove which had fluttered a moment over his features, took its flight once more—and he was again the cold, ruthless man of his sterner moments. Twilight came, and the shadows deepened into evening. A servant entered with a light, and, depositing it upon the table, retired.

Harry turned from the window, and, seating himself at the table, slowly opened the casket. Taking up the letter, he shook the little lock of hair carelessly from it, and opening, read as follows:—

"I have not come to trouble or to burthen you, Harry. But three long years! Oh! how long and weary! I have not come to reproach you! No! That time is past—and another reproach would only steel the heart, already hardened against me. Woman never ceases to love him who has wronged her; and the man to whom she has surrendered her purity, bears to her, a charmed life. I only wish to see and speak to you. Will you not come to me?

"Do you recognize the lock of hair? You have never seen it before, but no! you cannot mistake it. It is *his*; and it is for him that I now seek you. Will you not come to me? I know you will. Ask for Mrs. Overton. —— Hotel, July 10. MARGARET."

His face was grave, even sad, when he let his hand fall upon his

lap, and looked absently at the paper. But the expression flitted away ; and throwing it back into the casket, he locked the letter up.

Taking off his light and richly-embroidered dressing gown, he calmly drew on his coat ; and one would have supposed again, that no disturbing emotions had ever broken the still calmness of his haughty face. A light, silvery sound came from a bell in the hall without ; and rising, he took his way with his usual unmoved, stately step, to the tea-table, to which the bell was the summons.

---

In a small room in one of the remote wings of —— Hotel, at the hour of twilight, sat a woman, whose care-worn look could not conquer the struggling, half-defaced beauty of a countenance once very lovely. She was leaning upon her arm, gazing listlessly upon the western sky, from which were dying out the thousand hues of a summer sunset ; and thinking of him who, unknown to her, was gazing at the same scene, occupied with the same memories. In her attitude were displayed the proportions of a form once voluptuous and round, but now thin, neglected and somewhat angular. In her face, marked in lines of unmistakable expression, were the traces of deep humiliation and unavailing sorrow. In her large dark eye, the fire was almost extinguished ; but a subdued, unearthly brightness still shone forth, like the *fatuus* upon a dark night, radiating and even bewildering, but giving forth no warmth, and guiding to no place of safety. Her cheek was pale and sunken, and upon the pure white surface were the traces of recent tears. The whole face was faded and worn, except the mouth ; but the lips were yet round, and red and full. And even now, in repose as they were, her lower features wore an expression of stern resolution, as if the spirit within had risen in rebellion against the weakness of the body, and were notwithstanding the approach of sorrow.

In her hand she held an open letter, but it was plain that she had not been reading it for a long time. She *had* been reading it ; and over its language, she had wept long and bitterly. It was not the first time she had done so either—for the letter was dated more than three years before. She had kept it alone, of all the letters he had written to her—kept it, not for its soothing influence, not for the pleasure it would give her, but—strange wish !—for the pain it gave her, for the anguish caused by its perusal. Woman always clings to what has given her pain ; else where would be the endurance of her character ? This letter was filled with protestations, every one of which was a stab to her most cherished feelings ; for she felt that, if they had once

been true, they were so no longer; and the heart which dictated them, like the hand that indited them, though they should have been hers, were now denied her.

The door was slowly opened, and Harry Poindexter, calm and collected as was his manner, walked coolly in. His step aroused her. She sprang to her feet, thrust the letter into her bosom and made an involuntary movement to rush into his arms. But his stately, cold and unmoved mien checked her; she stopped, irresolute and abashed. Harry advanced and calmly put forth his hand.

"I perceive," said he, "that I do not see you as well as when we parted. Is it not so?" His voice was steady, its tone unmoved and common-place.

She stopped suddenly, as if arrested by an invisible power. Her countenance, before eager and speaking, gradually grew rigid and fixed. The expression of mingled grief and joy—grief for the past and joy for the sight of him she had loved—faded from her face; and in its stead slowly appeared a cold, scornful smile, as if she felt contempt for him and for herself. Her tears were dried up, and her eyes, soft and humid before, now gazed out from their dry sockets, with a stern, haughty, but not angry, meaning. She glanced from Harry's face to his hand, still extended, and a slight curl passed over her full, ripe lips. The smile deepened, and the eye flashed, but her calmness was not otherwise disturbed. Harry became nervous, looked almost fidgety, and cursed his folly in obeying her summons. Still the gaze rested upon him, and that smile of unmistakable scorn seemed to eat into the very core of his heart. His hand dropped, and his eyes fell to the floor. For the first time in his life, he was embarrassed. Irresolute, whether to depart or remain, his body took the motion of his mind, and a hesitating, nervous balancing, first upon one foot and then upon the other, made it evident that conscious guilt had supplanted his self-possession. Standing thus, with that unmoving gaze and searching smile resting upon him, he seemed to be rooted to the floor by a power wholly superior to his own.

"Do you not feel contempt for yourself, Harry?" said she, at last; and in her tones, now somewhat deep, there was the bitter irony of intense scorn. "Do you not feel degraded, and contemptible and *small*—to be thus abashed in the presence of one who *has been* the mere tool of your passions?"

"Margaret," he commenced, but she stopped him:

"I am here, Harry," she said, "upon a matter of business—purely

a matter of business. And I beg you so to consider it. A few minutes ago, it was a matter of feeling, too; but it is so no longer."

"Why?" he asked, as if at a loss to say something.

"It is of no importance—*now*," said she. "Let us proceed to business. I am an outcast from my father's house—his door I can never enter again. When I left it, with the evidence of my folly and your crime in my arms, you gave me your pledge against want. This, you owed me, because I might have remained at home, if I would have whispered the name of my seducer. Thus far, you have redeemed your pledge—partially, at least—I have no fault to find with you, at all events. Our child is nearly three years old—it no longer needs my constant attendance—I am not in the least attached to it, for it is the evidence and consequence of a weakness upon which every moment of my existence breathes a curse. I wish you to take it—to place it in circumstances where it will never know want—and to free me from a burthen, which is also a disgrace. I know you will do this, because *you* know if you do not, I will obey my father, return to his house and disgrace you forever."

All this was said in that calm monotone, which indicated both her earnestness and the deep scorn she felt for him.

"In doing that," said he, now having partially recovered his self-possession, "you would proclaim your own disgrace, as well as mine."

"And in that," said she, smiling again, "you find the assurance of your own safety. But I could not be more miserable than I am; for the fact that but few are acquainted with my position, subtracts but little from my abasement. It is useless to speak of this, though—and prolonging our interview would only lengthen our pain."

"Well," said he, drawing up a chair, and sitting down near her; "what do you wish? Only tell me what I am to do, and it is done."

"I have told you, sir; I wish to be relieved from a burthen which I have borne for nearly three years—a burthen which you are bound to assume, and which I am resolved to bear no longer."

"And if I refuse to do so—what then?"

"Then I will first proclaim your infamy, and afterwards take measures to relieve myself. In any event, I am resolved to be free."

"And what do you intend to do afterwards? I presume you are aware that when you are severed from your child, your claim on me is at an end."

"I am as sensible of that," said she, "as I am of the fact, that a

man who is capable of making such a threat, is a cold-blooded villain."

"That's all nonsense, Margaret," said he coolly; "you presume too much upon your advantage. And, besides, you do not facilitate your success."

"I know you dare not refuse me, Harry," said she, calmly, "whatever I may say to you. And I know, moreover, that you are perfectly conscious of the truth of what I say. But I will not trouble you long. As soon as you have relieved me, I shall leave the country forever, and you will see me no more. When will you enable me to go?"

"But are you equal to such a step, Margaret?" A solicitude which even the hardest heart must have felt, was visible in his cold face.

"When I came here," said she, "perhaps I was not. But now my heart is as cold as ice, and as firm as steel. You have severed every tie that binds me to my home; you have hardened a heart as womanly as ever beat; you have frozen a temper as soft as a spring day, and rendered even my sex as masculine as your own. Now, though I am but little more than eighteen I can make no resolution which I am unequal to keeping. I shall leave the country—whither I shall go, concerns you not. All I ask of you is to enable me to go, untrammelled by the chains your own crime has bound me with."

Harry looked at her in amazement. The calm, settled look of self-reliance which rested on her face, carried with it conviction of her sincerity; and the firm, masculine tone of her voice and bearing gave equal proof of her ability to perform what she resolved.

"But what are your resources?" said he, somewhat anxiously. "You will at least allow me to ——."

"No!" She interrupted him. "I have resolved alone, and I will depend upon myself only. I would feel degraded by your assistance, and, God knows, I have been degraded enough." She passed her hand across her eyes, as if to dispel a momentary weakness, and continued:

"The money you would give me would burn in my hand—it would seem like the wages of sin. But your child you are bound to support; and all I wish you to do, is to take it from me."

"I will do that, of course," said Harry, "but ——"

"That is enough," said she, quickly; "when will you do so?"

"As soon as I can make the necessary arrangements."

"These will not require more than one week, I suppose?"

"No," said he; "probably not so long. But, at all events one week from to-day, I will send some one to receive the charge."

"That will not do," said she, decidedly; "you must come yourself." Who can tell what dictated this wish? As much as she despised him, in her woman's heart, who can say that there did not yet linger a wish once more to look upon the author of her ruin, ere she departed to return no more?

"Let it be so, then," said he. "Where will I find you?"

"I will remain here," said she; "you will find me in this room."

Harry gazed upon the floor a few moments, and then raising his head, attempted to take her hand. She drew it back.

"Don't touch me," she said, sternly; "that time is past *forever*."

"You mistake me, Margaret," said he, hastily; "indeed, you mistake me. I only wish to dissuade you from this rash step."

"It is hopeless," said she. "You would only lose your time. Besides, our conference has been too long already. Leave me." She rose as she spoke, and pointed towards the door.

"But, Margaret," he attempted to speak; but she interrupted him.

"Enough," said she, haughtily; "I came here upon business—that business is settled—there is nothing to keep us together longer—*nothing*."

He glanced at the door, and then at her, as if irresolute. In her face was nothing but resolution. He turned slowly from her.

"Give me your hand before you go," said she; "for when we meet again it will be in the presence of witnesses."

Their hands clasped together for the last time. An expression as of pain flitted across her face, but left it calm as before. He would have lingered—but she shook his hand off, and pointed to the door. He turned without a word, and was gone.

True to his word, one week from that time, Harry called with a woman whom he had procured to take charge of the child. The mother resigned it calmly into her arms; a cloud for a moment obscured her eyes, but it passed away, and in its place a serenity like that of unmixed joy overspread her face. She opened the door, and Harry and the woman passed out.

This was their last meeting. The next morning, Margaret Seldon, under an assumed name, left her home and country forever.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Can it be  
That modesty may more betray our sense  
Than woman's lightness?"—*MEASURE FOR MEASURE*.

"You Gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your grace,  
Upon my daughter's head!"—*WINTER'S TALE*.

ON the evening of the same day upon which Poindexter consummated his arrangement for Grahame's destruction, Eliza Preston and her father sat together at the tea-table. Preston was grave and thoughtful, while his daughter was silent and pre-occupied. He had frequently noticed during the few months immediately preceding, that her thoughtless gayety had given way to a more subdued, though not less joyous, manner; and had he not suspected the cause, and seen in it (to her) indefinable shapes of danger, he would have rejoiced in the change. But Henry's frequent and protracted visits had not passed unheeded, nor had the delighted expression of his daughter's face on meeting him wholly escaped his notice. He knew Henry's position—and had he before been ignorant of it, there had not been wanting numerous kind friends, whose disinterested benevolence would have taken pleasure in enlightening him. He knew also the romantic enthusiasm and trustfulness of his daughter's character, and was quite convinced that she loved Henry with all the warmth of her heart. Had Grahame been otherwise circumstanced, nothing could have been more agreeable to his feelings; for he really appreciated all the nobleness of his character. But being aware of his situation—knowing the firmness with which such a character as he knew his to be, would cling to its pledges—he deemed it next to impossible that his daughter's love could ever be consummated in marriage. His mind was too healthy to admit for a moment that happiness, permanent and satisfying, could ever be attained in any other channel. He, therefore, looked upon marriage as the only legitimate end of love, and had no faith in the bliss which was not chained by visible fetters. He had no fears of Henry's honor—would as soon have thought of doing a dishonorable action himself, as of suspecting him—and he had unbounded confidence in his daughter. But there was still danger, to his clear-seeing mind, in the constant intercourse of two such beings, who had, as he rightly

supposed they had, cast utterly aside all thought of union, and depended for happiness solely upon their own uncalculating love.

Eliza was sitting opposite to him, apparently occupied in deciphering the device in the bottom of her plate; but her thoughts were absent, where they had usually been of late—upon Henry. Her countenance wore an expression of serene happiness, which softened the vivacity that distinguished her when we first saw her. This thoughtful expression, however, rather increased than diminished the beauty of her face. As upon a clear mountain lake, it seemed that, the agitation of high spirits having subsided, the bright waters were left to mirror in their calm depths, a scene which, however lovely, could not be imaged by a disturbed or changing surface.

She was leaning upon one arm, which was placed upon the edge of the table, and her posture revealed the ripe and swelling contour of her figure. She was small, as we have before said—rather below than above the middle height, with a form, of which every line was exactly proportioned, every movement light and graceful, every muscle roundly developed. She presented a study for a sculptor; but the look of passionate, breathing life which played over her whole figure, far exceeded in attraction even the most perfect specimens of unmoving art. There was a voluptuous, yet chastened contour—a warm, sunny, yet pure grace about her whole appearance, which was quite as eloquent of strong affections and warm sympathies, as was her face of confidence and love.

“Eliza,” said her father, after contemplating her gravely but affectionately, for a short time, “are you and Henry Grahame to be married?”

Eliza looked up in surprise, as if awakened from a dream, but smiled sweetly, and collecting her wandering thoughts, replied—

“Not ‘to be married,’ as you mean it, father. We are probably as near marriage, in the formal sense, as we will ever be. “But,” she continued, rising and placing her arms affectionately around his neck, “I owe it to you, dear father, to explain the connection between us. Henry loves me; at least he says he does, and I believe him—nay, I know it—and,” hiding her face in his bosom, “I love him, dearly, with my whole heart.”

“Nay, my dear!” said he, raising and gently kissing her; “do not be ashamed to avow it.”

“Never!” she exclaimed; and she held her head erect, her face beaming with pride and love. “A love like mine, father, and for

such an object as Henry Grahame, is not a feeling to be ashamed of. I love him, and am proud to avow it!"

"This is as it should be, my daughter," said the father; "but do you think this will continue for ever?"

"I do not expect love to lengthen our lives, father, even with my extravagant faith; but while we do live, I expect it to brighten them at least."

"Have you, then, no thought of marriage?" asked her father. "Are you to live and love on, trusting to that alone for happiness?"

"Henry, you know, father," said she, "cannot, and would not if he could, enter a state which he views as the tomb of love. I may not so view it; but, with him, I believe, nay, I *know*, we can be happy without risking it. And you know, father, it is a risk."

"It is, my daughter—but a necessary one."

"We do not think it so, my father," she replied; "when we find it so, we will think of it—but that will never be, I am sure."

"Then, if I understand you," said he, "you are simply going to live, in order to love, and for no other purpose whatever?"

"Yes, father," she replied, playfully kissing him; "we are going to love in order to live, too, and to be happy."

"But, my dear," said he, gravely, "are there not other duties in life, than the simple one of being happy?"

"O! certainly—many—but that is the highest duty of all—and the most important, you know, should be attended to first." She seated herself upon his knee, and placed her arm around his neck.

"Where, then, my daughter," said he, "is all this to end?"

"I hope never anywhere," she replied, earnestly; "but at the very soonest in the grave."

Shaking his head gravely, her father gazed affectionately into her face, but was silent. He saw it would be useless to reason with an enthusiasm like hers. He saw that nothing short of his positive command could turn her from the path she had chosen—he even doubted the force of that—but whether it would have been effectual or not, when he perceived how entirely her happiness was bound up in Henry, he had not the heart to give it.

"There is his step, now!" she exclaimed; as in fact at that moment Henry entered the hall, and was shown into the parlor. She clung to her father's neck for a moment, and whispering, "Do not fear for me, dear father," kissed him, and bounded away towards the parlor.

"There is an old adage," said she, as she went, "very *apropos* to his opportune appearance—I'll go and banter him with it."

The father watched her until, kissing her hand to him, she turned into the parlor, when shaking his head he took his way into his library. Eliza entered the room, and hastily advanced to meet her lover. He kissed her fondly, and seating her upon the sofa beside him, listened to her recital of her conversation with her father. He listened gravely and thoughtfully, but no shadow of doubt crossed his unshaken mind. He believed firmly as ever in the eternity of love—he disbelieved as sincerely as ever the necessity for marriage. A few words dissipated the slight impression her father's evident fears had made upon her mind, and she again smiled in his face with her wonted confidence.

It were bootless to describe the tones, and repeat the words, of a conversation like theirs. Let it suffice, that he again poured into her willing ear, the deep mellow tones of the impressive voice, and the ripe harvest of elevated thought, which had first won her love, and that when they parted, after hours of this communion, she felt a loneliness deepened by the reaction.

---

When Henry left her, he went, as was his custom, to Calton's office. He found him in his private apartments, listening to a recital from his son, Genevese, in which he seemed to be very much interested. It appeared that the boy had strayed into one of the dark streets on the outskirts of the town, when his attention was arrested by seeing two suspicious-looking persons, standing hidden from general observation, by the shadow of a wall, and conversing in low, guarded tones. The circumstance which particularly excited his interest, was the speaking by one of them, the name, as he thought, of Henry Grahame. His curiosity being enlisted, he had entered the house at the corner of the street by the hall-door, which was open, and passing through it, had come out in the rear of the house, only a few feet from the place where the men were standing. Approaching the wall, he listened eagerly, but with all his efforts was unable to hear more than an occasional sentence. One of the men seemed to be persuading the other to some scheme, which the first said would make them both rich; and which the second seemed to think might place them in the hands of the law. As the discussion grew warmer, the voices became more elevated, and the boy could gather, that harm was intended, through these men, by some other man, who was able to pay for their services, to some person who was in the habit of travelling a certain road, at night, on foot, and alone. No names were, however, mentioned, except as he first passed them. After the discussion had

lasted some time, the second man seemed to be prevailed upon, for a certain sum, which the first said he thought he could promise him; having made an appointment for "the first favorable night when they could ascertain he was in town, and all could be got together," the two walked away in different directions. He understood from the conversation that the number was four.

"If they are plotting against me," said Henry, smiling, "they certainly intend to have force enough."

"But," said Calton to the boy, "did you hear no names—did not these men call each other by name?"

"O yes! I forgot," said his son, "one of them called the other Bob, and sometimes, I think, Lawson, though I could not understand over the wall."

"Dawson, wasn't it?" said Calton.

"Bob Dawson, a scape-grace of Harry Poindexter's; I know him well, and this opens the whole mystery. Go to bed, Genevieve. I will be in soon."

As soon as the boy had retired, he resumed:

"You have destroyed Harry Poindexter's prospects with Eliza Preston," said he, "and he thinks that if you were gone he would be able to reinstate himself. I know this from private sources. He is vain, vindictive, cold-hearted, and perfectly unprincipled. He is not capable of a strong, deep, sincere love; but enlist his vanity on the same side, and there is no length to which his vindictiveness would not lead him. This Dawson—who, by the way, would have been incapable of such an act, if he had been a temperate man—is to be made the instrument, with others, of your destruction, and Harry's revenge; you are to be set upon and most probably killed, on some of your thoughtless night-walks from town to your own house."

"I cannot believe it, Calton," said Henry; "though I admit your elucidation of the mystery is very ingenious, and—perhaps too much so—extremely lawyer-like. I cannot believe that, in such a community as this, so hardy a scheme could be conceived, much less attempted. Besides all that, I think more favorably of Harry Poindexter. I am not aware, in the first place, of having interfered with his prospects; and, if I had, I cannot believe him cowardly enough to take so despicable a course."

"Harry is not a coward, certainly," replied Calton; "and I know him well enough, to be sure, that nothing would please him better than to be his own avenger in person—if he could do so without publicity. But his pride, so far from moving him to take an open, honor-

able course, will lead him to avoid any public demonstration. There is nothing that galls a proud man so deeply, as to have his private affairs the subject of public comment."

Calton urged the point warmly, but without success. He could not, with all his reasoning, persuade Henry to give up his usual walk; the utmost he could prevail upon him to do, was to accept a convoy, in the shape of a pair of heavy rifled pistols. Even this he did more as a concession to his friend than as a measure of precaution. After some further conversation, and an ineffectual attempt by Calton to detain him in town during the night, he took the road homewards. No adventure, however, befell him on the way; and forgetting that the appointment of the ruffians was for a future occasion, he dismissed all thought of the matter, and looked upon the mystery as a mere mistake.

---

## C H A P T E R X.

"One wo doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow."

HAMLET.

WHEN Harry Poindexter met his sister at dinner, after the startling revelation of the morning, her eyes showed evidences of long weeping, but otherwise she was unchanged. Her manner was calm, and even dignified, and despite the self-reliant look which generally characterized her face, it bore the expression of meek resignation. He was himself grave and even dispirited; but not one scruple had entered his mind, not one doubt had weakened his purpose. He was even strengthened in his determination, rather than led to hesitate; and the evident effort to conceal her distress by his hitherto impassible sister, had no other effect upon his mind, than to produce a resolute conviction, that what had before been a mere passion, had now become a duty.

An imploring look from Olivia, as they sat down to dinner, deterred him from alluding to the subject for a long time; but the unexpectedness and singularity of the event had so excited his curiosity, that he could not long forbear allusion to it. He was, moreover, actuated by a feeling common to all men of his character—the disposition cruelly to probe the wounds of others; and though his unrelenting heart knew no touch of weakness, yet, like all selfish men, he was averse to lingering upon his own unpleasant thoughts, and sought the first

escape from them, careless how painful that mode of escape might be to another.

"So," said he, after sitting some time in silence, "the bird that flew so high has at last stooped to earth, and been caught in the fowler's net!"

"Harry," said she, firmly, "no net has been spread for me—if that be what you mean—nor was there any need of *stooping* to reach it, had it been so."

"How came you to love him, then?" he abruptly inquired.

"You cannot understand my feelings, brother," she replied, softly; "I do not half understand them myself. I loved him from the first evening of our acquaintance—I love him now, with a fervor which astonishes myself as much as it does you, Harry. He is noble, accomplished, intellectual—everything of which I have dreamed—and for these qualities I love him. I make this frank acknowledgment to you now, brother, in the hope that I may hereafter be spared all wanton allusion to what I feel to be a great misfortune, and what, as such, is entitled to the respect of silence."

"You must be sincere, I suppose," said Harry, "but you will comprehend me, when I say, I scarcely understand such expressions from you."

"I know, Harry," said she, almost humbly, "I have been light, and have perhaps appeared even heartless—but I am not so—would that I were!"

"And you have suffered yourself to love him," said Harry, sneeringly, "even in the face of his undisguised devotion to Eliza Preston."

"You denied that this morning, Harry."

"I did, in jest," said Harry, still maliciously, almost insultingly; "but could I dream that my unimpressible sister would degrade herself by loving one who cared not for her?"

"And how," said she, her spirit rising at the insulting taunt, "how is it with her 'unimpressible' brother—does Eliza Preston care for him?"

Harry's brow darkened like that of a fiend; in a moment, however, the expression cleared away, and he calmly replied:

"You are mistaken, my dear sister. But my taunt was unfeeling, unbrother-like, and you must forgive it, Olivia. I did not intend to wound your feelings; but I cannot bear that *my sister* should love hopelessly, even this Grahame. His 'nobleness,' and other manifold perfections, cannot excuse heartless flirting, and," he continued, the

dark expression returning to his face, “and shall not shield him from my vengeance.”

“You would not seek to harm him for my folly, brother—would you?” She arose and threw herself weeping into his arms. “He knows nothing of this; he has never sought it.”

“Olivia,” said he, coldly, raising her head and disengaging her arms, “this is weak, foolish—what has become of your womanly pride, where is your boasted self-command? I feel for you, sister,” he continued, “I do, indeed—but your tears cannot turn me from my purpose. You need not fear exposure, however; weak and foolish as you are, I will not degrade you by any public exhibition, which would proclaim your folly.”

She raised her eyes and looked firmly into his face.

“You are surely incapable of taking a private, dishonorable advantage, brother.”

The same dark scowl again covered his face.

“Let us have done with this,” he said, sternly; “my resolution is taken.”

Again she threw herself into his arms, and clinging round his neck, and wildly sobbing, she implored him to forbear. “I will conquer this weakness, brother!” she faltered. “I will tear his image from my heart, I will care nothing for him!—Only forbear—only do not harm him, Harry! He shall be—he *is* nothing to me! See!” she exclaimed, striving to smile, as she raised her head, and wiped away her tears; “See! I am already calm—what do I care for him! He does not love me—why should I love *him*? *I*!”

But the effort was too much for her; strong and firm-hearted, worldly and even selfish as she was, her whole soul was enwrapped in her new-born love—a love, which from the very hardness of the character that conceived it, was infinitely stronger than a common passion. A love, too, which, from the very force that had been used to conceal and crush it, was now, since the pressure was removed, tenfold more powerful than ever. The effort overcame her,—she burst again into tears, and rushed from the room.

Her brother sat for a few moments, in deep thought; his face gradually assumed its usual calm, handsome expression, and he turned to the table and quietly finished his dinner. To have seen him then, with no line of his face disordered, no feature distorted—his eye wandering calmly over the garden, upon which the windows of the dining-room opened—you could have had no conception of the agitating scene through which he had just passed. When he rang the bell upon the

table, his hand was steady and firm ; and when the servant opened the door to answer it, he ordered the servant, in a voice in which there was not the faintest trace of emotion.

---

## C H A P T E R X I.

“Never were bliss and beauty, love and wee,  
Ravelled and twined together into madness,  
As in that one wild hour.”

*Festus.*

ON the day after this scene, late in the evening, Henry entered C——, first going to the Post-Office, and afterwards to Calton’s. At the former place he received a note, which puzzled him not a little.

Entering his friend’s apartment, he was welcomed as usual ; and as soon as he was seated, handed a small, neatly-folded letter to Calton and told him to read it. Calton looked at the superscription, and opening it, read aloud :

“Mr. Henry Grahame will do well to guard himself carefully—and particularly to avoid being out at night alone.

“Harm is intended him by one he does not suspect.”

“Disguised hand, and no signature,” said the lawyer, turning it curiously over.

“Well, what do you make of it ?” said Henry.

“I cannot change the hand,” replied Calton, “but I can supply the signature.” And taking up a pen, he wrote a name at the bottom of the paper, and handed it across the table to Henry.

In Calton’s free, bold characters he read, “Olivia Poindexter.”

“You are certainly not sure of this ?”

“Certain as that I am alive,” said he, decidedly, “and certain, moreover, that my solution of the problem last night was the true one.”

“Has not that solution caused the hand-writing of this note to look more like Olivia’s than it otherwise might have done ?”

“Not at all ;—I know her hand well, too well to be mistaken about it.”

“Such a warning as this,” said Henry, thoughtfully, “is certainly not to be despised ! though, as a mere anonymous letter, except as a corroboration of previous information, I should certainly disregard it.”

“As it is, however,” said Calton, “it would be unwise to do so.”

“But what interest can the fair Olivia feel in me ?”

"More, perhaps, than you suspect. But there is no accounting for a woman's fancies."

"But what can I do?" said Henry, somewhat perplexed.

"Do!" said Calton. "Do just as the note advises—avoid being out at night, and especially away from town, on the road alone. You must stay in town all night, when you are here after sunset."

"That I shall certainly not do," said he decidedly. "The most I can do, will be to prepare myself for any ruffians I may chance to meet."

"Prepare yourself to meet four determined villains, to whom blood would be no uncommon sight—villains, too, urged on by the prospect of a rich reward in money, to which their eyes are strangers, and to whom failure would be death? You are out of your senses!"

"All you say may be true enough," said Henry, unconvinced: "though I still doubt Poindexter's connection with the matter. At all events, I cannot consent to remain in town, even if by doing so, I could effectually avoid them."

"But you are rash—I had almost said foolish."

"I think not," Henry calmly replied; "if these men be really actuated by the powerful motives you suppose; unless I immure myself from the open air entirely, which I certainly would not do, under any circumstances, they will not fail to seek me out at some time, and perhaps when I am unprepared. It seems to me the wisest course, to go on just as I have been doing, give them the opportunity they seek, and take the chances of victory. You know I do not boast, when I say I have been in far more dangerous scenes than this would be, and yet I am here, alive and well."

"That is all true enough, as far as it goes," said Calton; "but where is the wisdom of running any unnecessary risk?"

"I repeat," said Henry, as if he wished to terminate the discussion, "it is, in my view, better to face it out at once, and have done with it, than to creep around a danger, which, on your own representation, I could not wholly avoid—better, not only because more manly, but also because safer."

Calton saw that he was decided and gave up the point.

"I shall, of course, not go unarmed," Henry replied to Calton's suggestions; "that would be senseless bravado."

"Come here, then, before you go out, and I will equip you."

"I have brought back the pistols you lent me last night—and a pair of my own with them. You remember the Brazil arms?" He produced a pair of gold-mounted, rifle-barrelled pistols, which he had car-

ried through many scenes of peril, and laid them on the table. "They need cleaning, and if you will do me the favor to have it done, I will call for them at eleven o'clock. I cannot stay to have it done myself."

"I will have it done," said Calton; "but do you not forget to call for them?"

"I will not," said Henry, and he rose and took his leave.

"He walked down the street, dismissing all thought of the subject of his conversation, and dwelling upon more pleasant fancies. He did not believe in the connection of Poindexter with the plot,—and still believing that his name had been connected with it by some mistake, he turned down another street, and stopped at the door of Mr. Preston.

He entered, but we will not follow him. Let that scene be enrolled among the numberless, where love and hatred, bliss and misery—where secret histories and startling revelations—where deeds of charity and deeds of violence, covered for ever from the world, are only shut out by thin walls from the gaze of the multitude. We live in a world of mystery—we move among impenetrable secrets. We know little of what is done by those with whom we mingle—we know less of what they think and feel; and yet nine-tenths of all that is valuable in life consists in thought and feeling. It is well for us that there are veils we cannot lift, there are secrets we cannot know.

An Asmodeus, could such a being exist, who should lift the roofs of houses and betray the secrets of domestic hearths, would more completely and speedily destroy human society, than could be done by any other cause—for society is based upon secrecy. No man is without a jealously-guarded history, which he does not even reveal to the partner of his bosom; and a hoard of thoughts and memories lie hidden in a corner of every heart, from which the veil is never lifted, upon which none are permitted to look.

We walk through the streets of even the most insignificant village, and think, perhaps, that within walls so mean there can be nothing worth exploring. Yet humanity is there, and where man exists there is an infinite world of thought and passion, and joy and sorrow. Within the lowliest dwelling there are depths of feeling and heights of aspiration it would make us dizzy to look upon; and beneath rags, and filth, and misery, may nestle memories which no man but their possessor shall ever fathom. The secrets of a life are cherished to its close; and the grave receives the form within which lay concealed a history of infinite joy or sorrow.

---

The heaviness of the rain, which began to fall as Henry entered

Preston's house, detained him there all night ; and when at an early hour of the morning he rose and hastily took the way homeward, it had not yet ceased. But he walked steadily and rapidly onward, noting neither the falling water, nor the muddy road. When he reached his own house he walked directly to his bedchamber, and locking the door upon the inside, heeded not the knocking of the servants calling him to breakfast. A load of guilt lay on his soul, and only time and solitude could lift it.

---

### C H A P T E R X I I .

" On you, most loved, with anxious fear I wait,  
And from your judgment must expect my fate."—ADDISON.

" What she has done no tears can wash away."—CORSAR.

" O ! unexpected stroke ! worse than of death !"—MILTON.

IN the gloomiest hour of despair, when the fire upon the vestal altar of hope is just flickering into darkness—when our crimes or follies have clouded all the prospect before us, and we have nothing upon which to build one bright anticipation—even then, a light as of the noon-day sun is shed over the bleak landscape, if we but make one virtuous resolution. The strength which the soul derives from repentance and determination to amend, sincerely and resolutely made, is the highest moral power we know.

It was the formation of such a resolution which enabled Grahame to regain his composure, after a long day of agitation and remorse. Always in proportion to the depth of real feeling, is the power of self-command. There is a counterfeit of feeling that destroys this faculty ; but, however currently it may pass for genuine, it is always spurious. Persons of true, deep feeling *may* be overcome for a moment ; but the first resolute effort at once evinces the superior strength of mind over excitement. The first resolute exertion of Henry's firm will restored his equanimity ; and he began seriously to review the principles upon which he had acted for many months. The discovery of whether he had been tending for so long a time had come upon him with startling suddenness. He had left Mr. Preston's in a state of mind bordering upon the loss of recollection ; his agitation had continued throughout the day ; and now, as the shades of evening were about descending, he recalled the power to reflect, and turned his thoughts inward. It needed but this effort to cast off the chain ; and without a moment's

hesitation he pronounced his former principles of action false, and even absurd. He could now see clearly wherein he had erred. He appreciated fully the absolute necessity of the marriage tie, and he saw distinctly the dangers and evils attending his father's mistaken theory: and he wondered sincerely that he had not seen them before. He saw not only the evils that might accrue from such opinions, but he felt with redoubled force the weight of obligation which now rested upon him, to atone for the evil which had accrued through his folly. His thoughts reverted to her, whom he had persuaded to think as he did—who had given him her whole heart with no thought of what he owed her in return—whose sacrifices to him had been a million times greater than his could be to her—sacrifices, to which the yielding of a paltry opinion, would be only “as dust in the balance,” and his heart smote him with remorse. “But,” he thought, “I will go to her at once; all the injury which my mistaken course has occasioned her I will at once repair. Would that the light had broke upon me sooner!”

He went: and as thoughts of happiness came thronging to his fancy, his step grew lighter, and his brow cleared up. When he was shown into her presence, soon after dark, it was with a face radiant with the consciousness of virtuous intention.

As he entered, Eliza was sitting at the window, with her head resting dejectedly upon her hand, gazing vacantly upon the street without. Her animation, which had been fading for many weeks, seemed now entirely gone, but the brightness of her eye remained—nay, it was even brighter than before, for it burned with the fire of wounded feeling. Alternately tears, it seemed of ungovernable sorrow, and a flush as of indignant pride, passed over her pale cheek. What were the thoughts agitating her thus, Henry did not stop to inquire. Had he done so, he would have discovered that doubt of him had no small share in producing her unquietness; and his conscience would have told him she was right. He walked noiselessly across the room, and observing that she either did not hear or cared not to notice him, he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and kissed her cold cheek.

“Henry!” she exclaimed. All doubts were dispelled, and in the wildness of her joy she wept tears of returning happiness and renewed affection. “Why did you not come sooner?” she asked.

“I did not get your note, Eliza,” said he, “until I had started. It was carelessly thrown down where I did not go till sunset.”

“You are here now,” she said, gazing into his face, “and I will not repine for an absence that is past.”

“And,” said Henry, drawing her more closely to him, “in the future

there shall be no absences to trouble us—we will be always together—we shall be inseparable."

She looked inquiringly into his face.

"I mean, Eliza," he went on, "that I have come to you now to ask you to be mine—in form as you are in heart. I have come to tell you that I am wiser and I hope better than I was yesterday—that I now see how false have been the opinions upon which I have based my action—how groundless was my father's theory. I am come to tell you that I am free from all such prejudices—made free by a revelation of light in the hour of darkness. And, Eliza, I repeat, I am here to entreat you to be mine—to be my wife."

"And your promise to your father, Henry?" she said, faintly.

"It no longer binds me," he said, quickly. "It was extorted in the hour of death, because my father believed that thus he best secured my happiness."

"And you thought so too?" she continued, covering her face.

"True," he replied. "But I am now convinced that we were both in error. The object for which the promise was made is not secured, and its obligation is therefore ended. Let us think no more of it—say you will be mine, Eliza."

"Henry," she replied, after a pause of several minutes, during which she trembled violently with the conflict within, "Henry, I cannot say so." She drew away from him as she spoke, and gently repulsed the hand he extended to draw her back.

"No, Henry," she continued, "I cannot say so. You are kind, you are noble—and your self-sacrifice proves to me that I have not loved unworthily. You give up for my happiness, Henry, every consideration of self—you wish to abandon for my sake even the teachings of your father, and—forgive me if I seem harsh—you are willing to violate a solemn promise, given in the hour of death. It may be true that the reason for which the promise was given has failed; but, Henry, this is your misfortune—the promise is no less binding. At all events, I must not take advantage of a suddenly-formed resolution—a resolution based upon feeling, not reason—which may lead you to regret your haste but too soon. I must not allow you to act upon a temporary conviction—though, Henry, were you otherwise situated, angels are not happier in their sphere than I would be as yours. But it cannot be—once married, the sacrifice once made, your reason would reject the conviction of unselfish devotion. You are kind, Henry, to wish thus to sacrifice yourself to me—but your kindness only binds me the more firmly to think of you and not myself. It cannot be."

She spoke calmly and resolutely. Henry saw that she was resolved upon self-denial—a self-sacrifice which, in her circumstances and with her feelings, had in it something of sublimity—and he knew not how to dissuade her. Long and earnestly he reasoned with her—warmly and passionately he painted, in glowing colors, the happiness in store for them—he implored, he conjured her, by the many hours of enchantment they had passed together, to consent—only to consent—“and,” said he, “the seal will be placed upon our happiness forever.” But her steady, determined answer always met him—

“ You are kind, Henry, too kind; but I must not consent. It would be selfish in me to do so. Were you otherwise situated, and had you spoken thus two days ago—nay, only yesterday—I would have been happy—O! how happy!—to have been yours. But now!—oh! no! it would be wrong! Do not urge me, Henry: I cannot, I must not yield.”

---

At a late hour, wearied and depressed, he left her, without success in moving her from her resolution. He was in no mood to meet Calton, or any one indeed; so without going to the office, he took his way directly homeward.

---

### C H A P T E R   X I I I .

“ What have I done, that thou shouldst serve me thus? ”—FESTUS.

“ I do it not in evil disposition,  
But from Lord Angelo, by special charge.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

“ They bound me on, that menial throng,  
Upon his back with many a throng.”—MAZEPPO.

OLIVIA POINDEXTER and her brother had been walking in the garden from an early hour in the evening. The breeze, and the occasional beams of the July sun, which had succeeded the rain of the night and morning before, had dried up almost every trace of the storm; and the clouds having cleared away, then followed one of those balmy summer evenings which seem to steal over the earth, to refresh and renew, with their soft, sweet breath. A gentle breeze had sprung up, from the south—just strong enough to move the leaves upon the garden trees, and make their shadows dance upon the walks beneath, to the music it shed so quietly over the air. The moon shone full and un-

clouded, and its silver rays, struggling through the foliage to the ground, dappled the sward beneath, into a thousand fanciful shapes. Occasionally could be heard, borne upon the wings of the wind, a wandering strain from a distant flute; and now and then a foot-passenger, with hasty and belated steps, reverberating on the stillness, broke the silence with his heavy tread. It was one of those still July nights, when one is tempted to pause at every step, and involuntarily treads more lightly, lest his footsteps disturb the sacred repose.

Harry and his sister paused at the upper end of one of the walks, and conversing in low tones, looked over the fence that divided the garden from the street. He had been questioning her again upon the subject of her love; but she had replied calmly and decidedly to all his impatient inquiries—"She loved him—she was sorry for it—but she could not now help it. It was better not to speak of it." Once or twice, as she saw the dark frown upon her brother's features, her fears of the day before had returned upon her; and, agitated and passionate, she expressed her feelings. She could not avoid believing that his intentions towards Henry were of the character she had then suspected. She knew his deadly spirit, and could not but tremble for Grahame if he were roused to action, by his revengeful temper. He had, however, at last almost succeeded in convincing her of her mistake; he saw that he could not wholly succeed; and although his object was as nearly accomplished as it could be then, still he lingered. To her suggestion that they should go into the house, he replied, that the night was pleasant, the garden airy, and so they remained. They had thus leaned upon the fence more than an hour, when a slow, measured step was heard approaching along the pavement, and Grahame passed without seeing them. Olivia knew her brother well—and perhaps no one, whose powers of dissimulation were less than his, could have succeeded in quieting her suspicions even for a moment. His lingering had partially re-awakened her fears, and she now watched his countenance closely. A slight, a very slight gleam, like the faint lightning of a summer evening, passed across his features, and a smile, half laugh, half sneer, of seeming triumph followed. Olivia marked them both, and at once knew their meaning; yet she calmly proposed to retire. Harry now made no objection, and without a word they entered the house. Harry, as usual, turned towards his library, and Olivia at once retreated to her own room. Summoning a servant, she ordered him to wait, and sat down to write.

About the same hour, Calton sat in his office, alone. He was revolving in his mind the causes which might account for his young

friend's absence. Grahame, as the reader knows, had failed to call for the pistols on the night before, and although Calton knew he was in town, he had not yet seen him. Full of foreboding he had waited until this hour, half-past eleven, when he knew Grahame must have left town. At a loss what to think of this, he was about making up his mind to ride out, and inquire after his welfare, when a servant entered and handed him a note. He opened it hastily, and read the following :

"MR. CALTON—It is no time for ceremony, or false delicacy, If you wish to save your friend Grahame from evil, you must fly immediately to the road leading to his house. I have seen enough to satisfy me that harm is intended him *to-night—perhaps now.*

"In haste, OLV. POINDEXTER."

Without a moment's hesitation he opened the draw in the table beside him, and took out a pair of pistols and a large knife, double-edged, and silver-mounted. These he disposed about his person, and feeling there was no time to be lost, he set out immediately in a rapid walk along the main street, leading out of the city, towards Henry's house.

In the meantime, Henry walked calmly and thoughtfully along the road, regardless of his steps, and noticing nothing around him. His mind was busied with the thoughts of the scene through which he had just passed. He had gone into the town with a heart full of radiant hope. His spirits had been the lighter, because they had been recently depressed by grief and remorse. He was almost happy—he could not be *quite* so—when he went in; and he was now returning over the same road, with the hopes which had been so bright, all blasted and broken—the clouds that had been lifted for a moment, were now again lowering as ever. He could see no escape from the conviction, that she whom he loved above all earthly things, must be sacrificed by her own touching and romantic attachment. Depressed and melancholy, he bent his eyes upon the ground, and walked recklessly and gloomily on.

A narrow lane led off at a right angle from the open road, and was terminated by a gate leading into the avenue in front of his house. He had just entered this lane, when his attention was arrested by a short cough in the road before him. On looking up he perceived two men, evidently disguised, standing a few paces in front of him, some distance apart, and in such a position as unavoidably to arrest his steps. They stood facing him, and perfectly motionless, as if waiting for him to approach them before attacking him.

Henry was brave and determined; and he was now, moreover, in a mood in which it would have been unsafe to attack one even less reso-

lute in character. His reputation for coolness and courage was justified by several passages in his life, which had occurred during his travels in the unsettled, and half-civilized provinces of Southern America. This reputation, was, however, now likely to prove a misfortune to its possessor, since it had caused his enemies to make their attempts upon him effectual by the force of numbers.

Accustomed as he was, to depend solely upon his own resources in every emergency, although of course startled by the sudden apparition before him, he was by no means thrown off his balance. He stopped upon seeing the ruffians, and suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to call at Calton's office before leaving the city, and was therefore unarmed. This, however, did not alarm him, although it was evident the odds were greatly against him. Coolly surveying the two men, who stood immovable, he prepared suddenly to rush upon them; and he hoped by the unexpectedness of his attack to overthrow one of them, trusting to his chance of seizing his arms, with which to make good the contest with the other. Raising himself, therefore, to his full height, and collecting himself for the effort, he was surprised to see them rush suddenly towards him: at the same moment, he felt his arms firmly pinioned from the rear, drawn forcibly back, and before he had time to resist, secured by a strong cord behind him. The two men before him had posted themselves in the road, to attract his attention, while two others who had been secreted along the fence, could creep upon him, and secure him without noise or bloodshed. While two of them held him fast, one at each side, the other two busied themselves about securing his arms; and one, taking his finger in his rough bony hand, forcibly drew the ring from it, which we have heard Harry Poindexter designate as the earnest of their success. Having secured his hands, they tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and blindfolded him, seated him upon a horse which one of them brought from the corner of the fence, and then tied his feet securely across the girth. One of them now started off, and at some distance they all followed, the first leading the horse, and the other two walking at his side, closely watching the pinioned rider.

In this order they turned out of the lane, and as Henry supposed, pursued the main road towards the north. Not a word had been spoken from the moment when he was first seized, and the same silence was observed for half an hour or more, during which time they proceeded slowly and cautiously in the direction first taken. At the end of that time, the man in front stopped for the others to come up, and a whispered conference took place between the whole party.

Their guarded tones were, however, inaudible to their prisoner, and he could only judge of the result by their subsequent acts. Letting down a fence by the side of the road, they led the horse through the opening, and again advanced in the original order. Henry could perceive, by the occasional scratches on his face and arms, and the dull sound of the horse's feet, that they were passing through a cornfield: from this, however, they soon emerged, and after letting down and passing through another fence, they seemed to enter upon a different road.

Here again they stopped, and held another consultation. There was evidently some indecision in their course, but of its precise nature he could not hear enough to judge. They lingered here a considerable time, speaking in guarded tones, at first, but gradually raising their voices as the dissension became more apparent. They then withdrew a short distance from him, as they supposed out of ear-shot, but Henry caught enough to satisfy him that they hesitated. Had he been unbound, or had even his voice been free, Henry thought he would now have some chance of escape; but the gag was securely bound upon his mouth, and he could not utter a word. Comprehending the full peril of his situation, he, however, coolly listened to catch their conversation, and deliberately nerved himself to take advantage of any circumstance which either accident or their dissension might produce, to give him a hope of success. The voices grew gradually louder as he listened, and finally one of them spoke out in a deep, rough voice, so that he could distinctly hear.

"The upshot of the whole matter is this," said the fellow, "you have some grudge against this young man, and you want us to help you to your revenge. You have promised us a hundred dollars each for our help—now, all we want to know is, have you brought the money to pay us when the job is done? If you haven't, we will not go another step, and what's more, *you sha'n't*."

To this another replied in low tones, apparently in expostulation; but the first speaker replied—

"That won't do us—we are not to be taken in in that kind of style, Bob; you must get the money *now!* we want it on the nail. Your rich man you have been telling us about, can pay it now just as well as any other time; and if he wants the work done, he's got to do it. It won't take you an hour to see him, and come back—you can ride into town, and we'll stay here and watch the game till you come back."

After some further consultation this seemed to be agreed upon. They all approached Henry again, untied the rope from his feet, and

lifted him to the ground. He submitted quietly to all they did, perfectly aware that resistance would be ineffectual. They placed him upon the ground, and again secured his feet. One of them then mounted the horse, and, setting off in a gallop towards the south, passed immediately over the ground where they had been in consultation. Here, the horse started to one side, and almost threw his rider; but Dawson, (for it was he,) saw nothing, and clapping his heels to the horse's flanks, with an oath, rode furiously forward. If he had looked more closely, however, he might have seen the object of the animal's fright. A man of strong, active, though somewhat corpulent form, was crouching low in the sumach bushes on the road-side, and closely watching the movements of the whole party. He had been hidden there during their whole consultation, and must have heard every word they had spoken. He sat among the weeds and bushes, closely concealed as possible, until Dawson passed; then creeping stealthily and noiselessly out, he walked cautiously along the road, in the same direction taken by that worthy, apparently satisfied with what he had seen.

"What's that?" suddenly said one of the ruffians; "did you not hear some one walking?"

"I heard nothing," said another; but he rose and walked out to the middle of the road, and cast his eye towards the south. By this time, however, the stranger was hidden in the shadows of a wood that skirted the road, and was walking slowly and leisurely towards the city. The man gazed listlessly round, and seeing nothing unusual, returned to his companions. Henry, however, with his eyes bandaged, the sense of hearing sharpened by the tension of peril, and assisted by his recumbent posture, *had* heard the step, and augured good from it—though he did not understand its receding instead of approaching. On reflection, however, he interpreted this circumstance favorably to his hopes, and became satisfied, that whoever made the noise, must have known the situation of affairs, and could be leaving them only to procure assistance. For the first time since he was attacked, he became excited; and with the dawn of hope, came the form of fear, also—fear that the assistance might arrive too late. The feeling soon wore off, however, and with the true spirit of bravery, which is only moral courage, he strung his nerves to endure whatever might befall him, and resolutely awaited the issue. Rashness and cowardice are synonymous—and no man can be correctly called brave, who cannot await the proper time to act, without impatience or excitement. Temerity is

only a moral shrinking from the direct contemplation of the danger before it, and is therefore a term convertible with *fear*.

In the meantime, the stealthy stranger approached a point where a deep and muddy stream crossed the road. The bridge, which usually spanned it, had been displaced and broken by the recent freshet; so that the track now travelled passed above its position, between the disordered timbers and several high and spreading elm-trees that stood on the left. The stream was at this time nearly run down, although the rain had not ceased more than twelve hours before; and the multiplicity of animals and carriages passing along the road had worked up the mud until it was scarcely passable. It was with difficulty that a waggon could be drawn through at all; and even horsemen were compelled by the depth and consistence of the mud to proceed carefully and slowly. Arrived here, the stranger closely examined the bridge and the track, apparently for the purpose of selecting a place where he could cross dry-shod. After a close scrutiny, however, as if satisfied that he could not cross, and preferring to *bivouac* under the forest trees and the summer sky, to either going around or wetting his feet, he selected a deep shade immediately beside the road, and sitting down, leaned his head as if for repose, against one of the elms.

He remained in this posture a few minutes, only; when rising up he walked slowly to and fro under the trees, carefully avoiding the moonlight. He seemed to be waiting for some one, and occasionally stopped and listened attentively, with his ear turned alternately in each direction. Looking up at the moon, which was now far down the western sky, he stepped into the light, and taking out a pistol of very formidable dimensions, he examined the priming by the pale moonbeams, and thrust it back into his pocket. Resuming his walk, he had continued thus waiting very nearly an hour; when suddenly he bent his ear towards the ground in the direction of the city, and stepping rapidly behind a tree on the very brink of the slough, he drew the pistol again from his pocket. A moment afterwards, the heavy and rapid gallop of a horse could be distinctly heard, coming towards the spot where he stood. On the brink of the stream, the rider drew the rein, and tempering his horse's pace into a walk, and leaning forward, he guided him cautiously into the mire. The horse slowly and with difficulty crossed the stream, and had just placed his forefeet upon the hard bank, when his rider was surprised to see an arm stretched forth from behind the tree and his bridle-rein roughly seized; while, at the same moment, the bright barrel of a large pistol glistened in the moonlight, and the ominous muzzle stared him unequivocally in the face. A

man may be brave, enough, as courage goes, but there is something in the inflexible mockery of the small mouth of a pistol tube, which under most circumstances, can startle and often appall the stoutest heart. Especially is this so, when, as Dawson did in the present case, one sees it on a lonely road, at the dead hour of midnight, and far away from every human habitation. Dawson was no coward, villain as he was—nay, he was not even a villain, except as villainy may consist in yielding to overmastering temptation. He had now, moreover, strong incentives, apart from his native, brute courage, to escape interruption. But, when the *malapropos* stranger, in deep, stern tones, ordered him to dismount, he could do nothing but obey.

"Tie your horse to that tree," said the stranger, keeping the pistol most inconveniently directed full upon him; "and if you make the least suspicious motion, you are a dead man. And you know, Robert Dawson," he added raising his cap, so as to reveal his features fully, "I am a man who will keep my word."

Dawson glanced at the face thus revealed to him, and silently obeyed.

"Now pull off your coat, and give it to me." He again obeyed.

"Give me that pistol-belt, now; but, on your life, do not touch one of the pistols!" Again he was sullenly obeyed.

"Now, give me your hat." Dawson silently handed it to him.

"And now," continued Dawson's pleasant acquaintance, depositing all these articles on the ground near, and drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, "cross your hands behind your back, and keep them there till I tie them." The cool, determined manner, and the advantage possessed by the other, had completely subdued Dawson, and he had hitherto obeyed him, because there was scarcely a chance to do otherwise; but now he hesitated.

"Must I tie you with lead?" said the other, coolly pointing to the pistol; and Dawson again obeyed.

"Hold that," said he, putting one end of the handkerchief in Dawson's hand, in the most business-like manner; "I need one hand, you know, to hold this other instrument, and you can thus expedite the business very materially." He then wound the handkerchief several times around Dawson's crossed wrists, and made it secure by a double knot—manifesting, the while, but little tenderness for his victim's feelings. He then forced him to sit down upon the grass, at the foot of a tree, and roughly divesting him of cravat and suspenders, he bound his feet together in the same way.

"Now, Bob," said he, "you can either stand up or sit, as you

please, though I would advise you to remain as you are. This coat, with the money I find here, I want to use a short time—it is a little too small for me, I am afraid—no—that will do. And your hat, too," he continued, taking off his own coat and hat, and substituting Dawson's; "and now one thing more, Bob,—excuse the liberty—and I am metamorphosed into *honest* Rob Dawson—more honest than my prototype I hope." He then untied a pair of enormous false whiskers from Dawson's face, and putting them upon his own, he might really have passed in daylight, for the character he wished to represent. Dawson looked on in sullen silence.

"Finally, Bob," said he, when he had completed his strange toilet, "I'll leave you now, to your meditations for a while. You may whistle for amusement, or even sing if you wish—your good friends over here will not hear you. Scream and yell, too, Bob, if you feel like it—it will give your honest indignation a good vent. My coat and hat I'll leave here, so that if you can get away, you may take them along with you. Good-bye, Bob—I'll be back soon." And with this kind and considerate address, he set off at a canter towards the place where Grahame and the three ruffians were still waiting, though rather impatiently. They were becoming somewhat uneasy at the protracted absence of their confederate, and were walking listlessly about and across the road; when their attention was called to the approach of a horse's footsteps, and they all assembled close to Henry. The stranger rode directly up to them, and dismounting, whispered hurriedly:

"Quick, now—let us get off the road—the moon is down, and the market people will soon be coming by."

"Have you got the money?" one of them asked.

"Yes, yes," said he, still in a guarded whisper.

"What's the use of whispering?" said the other. "Dead men tell no tales."

"True—true—very true! but let us get through with this business." And seizing Henry, he lifted him to his feet.

"Here," he continued, "let us set him on the horse, and away to the pond."

One of them led the horse up, and the other two stood by while he whom they supposed to be Dawson, untied Henry's feet,

"Let us see if this is all safe," said he, examining the cord round his wrists.

Grahame felt the cord give way, as if suddenly severed, and at the same moment a large knife was slipped into one hand and a pistol into

the other. His hands were, however, pressed down a moment, as if to hint to him to hold them still in their old position. This he did, though scarcely understanding its meaning. The bandage was suddenly torn from his eyes, and the stranger cried out, in stern, bold tones :

“ Away now,—all of you, cut-throats ! The first that makes a motion of resistance is a dead man ! ”

“ Calton ! ” exclaimed Henry—but he could now say no more. Stepping forward, he presented the pistol Calton had given him, to the head of the ruffian nearest him. Taken completely by surprise, seeing their prisoner at liberty, and both him and his friend formidably armed, they all took precipitately to flight, and ran away across the fields as fast as their legs could carry them. In three minutes after Calton revealed himself, they were left alone in the road, with not one of the ruffians in sight. Henry grasped his hand in grateful silence.

“ How did you circumvent the scoundrel ? ” inquired he, after the first words of congratulation and gratitude were spoken.

“ That reminds me,” said Calton, “ that the rascal will be impatient for my return.”

“ But how came you to be so opportunely present ? ”

“ I’ll explain that, hereafter—in the meantime let us go and see Dawson.” As they proceeded down the road, towards the place where Calton had left Dawson, he explained the manner in which he had captured him, how he had secured, and where he had left him.

“ But how came you to be lying under the sumach ? ”

“ I was not forty steps from you,” replied Calton, “ when you were led out of the mouth of the lane in front of your own house ; and I followed through field and wood till I got the opportunity I seized.”

“ But what brought you there at so opportune a moment ? ”

“ Let us go home, and I’ll explain it all afterwards.”

“ You must stay with me the remainder of the night—it must be near morning, and I see we are only a mile from the house, I have a communication to make to you too.”

“ Here is the scoundrel ! ” said Calton, as he pointed to Dawson, still sitting where he had left him silent and dejected.

“ Well, Bob,” he continued, as he began to change his clothes again, “ how are you, old fellow ? I have brought your coat and hat back—and your dainty whiskers too—I hope you havn’t suffered for the want of them ? ”

“ Go on, and do what you’re going to do,” said Dawson, doggedly, “ and don’t trouble me with your infernal talk ! ”

"Ill humor is injurious to digestion, Bob," said Calton; "you should never be ill-tempered. But here," he continued, untying his ankles and assisting him to rise to his feet, "get up now, and stretch yourself—Mr. Grahame and I want to talk with you a little. We are pretty well satisfied of the fact, but we want to *know*—from you, Bob—at whose instigation you undertook this affair—to whom you went to get the money, and all about the whole matter. We give you too much credit for native honesty, Bob, to suppose you undertook it from your own prompting—even if you had the money to pay your confederates. Now, Mr. Grahame does not want to prosecute you—is even willing to allow you to go free—provided you give us this little information, and leave the country within two months; and I," he added, pulling out a small bag of gold, "will hand you back the money I took from you, and you can use it to get away with, if you think proper."

"Give me the money, then, and your promise," said Dawson, sullenly.

Calton thrust the bag into his hand.

"Now, out with it," said he, "and you are free."

"Well," said Dawson, "I undertook it for Harry Poindexter. I gave him the ring I took from Mr. Grahame's finger, as a token to get the money by."

"All right," said Calton, untying his hands. "Now, Bob, if you will take my advice, you'll not let the end of two months find you here. And, in future, when you want money, take some more honest means of obtaining it."

With these words he set him at liberty, and taking the bridle from his hand, the latter mounted his horse, and rode off without a word.

"Were it not that other circumstances make me indifferent to almost all things," said Henry, thoughtfully, "I would not consent to this: I would insist upon exposing Poindexter at least."

"And so would I, also," said Calton; "but among those 'other circumstances,' there is one, of which you, as yet, know nothing; and another, of which you do not think. In exposing Harry, you would expose his sister, also."

"How is that? She has had no agency—"

"No—no—" Calton interrupted; "I mean his disgrace would be a disgrace to her, also—and that you do not, would not, desire."

"True; you are right. But let us go—this path will take us across the fields."

As they walked off in the direction of Grahame's house, Calton ex-

plained more fully how he had been warned of Henry's danger, and concluded thus :

"It is very evident to me, that Olivia has taken this interest in your welfare in consequence of a stronger feeling than the mere benevolent wish to save a fellow being from evil ; and this is an additional reason for allowing Dawson to go free."

"I hope—I earnestly hope—you may be mistaken," replied Henry ; "but in any case you were right. She would of course have been involved in the disgrace of her brother ; and that I would have regretted exceedingly, especially after her kind and timely warning. I should be at a loss how to treat him, but I shall be gone soon, and then it will be immaterial."

"Gone !" exclaimed Calton ; "I thought you had determined to live and die among us !"

"I *have*—done *both*," said Henry, in a voice whose deep mournfulness fell upon Calton's ear like a funeral bell ; "yes—I *have* done *both*," he repeated, "and now I must fly to other scenes."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said Calton ; "but has anything occurred between Eliza and yourself to produce this sudden determination ?"

"Yes," said Henry, frankly ; "but here is the house." And opening the door at which they had now arrived, they entered together. "We will say no more about it now, my friend," he continued ; "I see it is daylight, and you will need sleep. To-morrow, or the next day, I wish you to assist me in arranging my affairs—but, if you are my friend, you will not inquire into my reasons. Let it suffice now and for the future, that they are such as to produce a resolution which is *unalterable*."

Calton pressed his hand in silence—plainly perceiving, from his manner, that the least remonstrance or discussion would be painful to him. A few minutes afterwards, they parted for the night, or rather for the morning, for it was now bright day ; they retired to their respective rooms—Calton to think over, and puzzle himself, after his usual manner, with the solution of this new mystery ; and Henry to the solitude of his own apartment, to mourn, through long, dreary hours, over the ruin of his hopes. Calton knew the calm and usually steady tone of his friend's mind too well, to suppose that a mere whim or even a slight disappointment could so materially have changed his intentions in so short a time. His natural acuteness, combined with his knowledge of Henry's character, led him, perhaps, very near the truth. The sun was pouring his mellow rays of purple and gold over the blooming summer landscape, before sleep visited his eyelids.

Slumber at last overtook Henry, also; and worn out with fatigue and wakefulness, he threw himself carelessly upon a lounge, and was soon wrapped in sleep, from which he was not aroused until a servant entered to call him to dinner. Calton had risen when he was awakened by the bell for breakfast, and directed that Henry should not be disturbed. After despatching a note into town, to account for his absence, he had again retired, to seek the repose which his recent exertion had made especially necessary to one of his regular habits.

To the mourning heart, burthened with misfortune, no less than to the fatigued body, is sleep a restorative, whose value is inestimable.

---

## C H A P T E R X I V.

*"Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts."—FESTUS.*

ABOUT four o'clock in the evening, on the day succeeding these adventures, Harry Poindexter sat in his library, anxious and gloomy. He had not heard from the instrument of his schemes, and he was accordingly impatient, if not alarmed. In pursuance of his commands, Dawson should have been with him, long before this hour, to report his success and receive his reward. But hour after hour passed away, and no tidings reached him of his movements. He had indeed called him up the night before, and described the state of things upon the road; and Harry had then paid him the money necessary to the completion of his designs. Secure, therefore, of his success, Harry had retired to rest, satisfied and comp'acent, dreaming of his anticipated union with Eliza Preston. Not one dark thought, not one sting of remorse, disturbed his mind while awake—not one image of his victim, not one phantom of a fearful imagination, broke the placidity of his dreams. Cold, stern, and remorseless, he contemplated the consequences of the deed, with no thought of the heinousness of the crime, or the suffering of its object. He retired thus to his couch, and slept soundly; dreaming, as we have said, visions of future bliss, when the heart and hand he so desperately schemed for, should at last be his. His nature was a "purely intellectual" one; and even the passion he had conceived for Eliza, partook more of the character of an opposition, than of an affection; the prospect of overcoming the obstacles in the way of his desires, gave him more pleasure as an evidence of his power, than as a promise of pure happiness. There was no indolence

in his character, except that love of ease which he could enjoy as the reward of intellectual effort; and he valued nothing which it gave him no trouble to obtain. Eliza had piqued his pride by her indifference; and, although his love alone would never have produced such a feeling, his combative nature was aroused, and he resolved, at every hazard, to succeed. No moral consideration had the least weight—it was sufficient for him that there was an object before him, and that there were means of reaching it.

But when the hour at which Dawson was to have been with him had arrived and passed, without bringing the messenger of peace, he could not wholly throw off a certain pre-occupation. A vague feeling of uneasiness, an undefined fear that all was not right, began to creep upon him. Even though alone, however, he struggled to suppress every outward indication; for in private, as in public, he made it a rule never to relax his complete impassibility. Hour after hour went by, but Dawson did not come. Dinner was past, and he was now seated in his library—not, however, as was his wont, employed in either reading or writing; but alternately pacing the room, and throwing himself impatiently into a chair, muttering curses on Dawson's delay.

Olivia had met him at the dinner-table, silent but observant. She had despatched her note on the night before, with explicit directions to the servant to deliver it into Calton's own hand without delay; she had even sat up until the servant's return, with the report that he had followed his instructions literally. Ignorant whether the information had been received in time to effect her purpose, she had at last retired to rest, but not to sleep. Images of armed men, violently seizing, and ruthlessly murdering him in whom she took so deep an interest, so constantly flitted across her mind that repose was impossible. At an early hour she had risen, in the hope of seeing or hearing something to quiet her apprehensions. Although, had she been compelled to explain her fears, she would have been at a loss to assign convincing reasons for them to another. She had not a doubt of her brother's intention to do Henry an evil; and her ignorance of the precise nature of the intended wrong only served to heighten her anxiety. She knew the sanguinary and determined character of her brother, and was quite satisfied that his ruthlessness would halt at no measure, he might deem necessary for the accomplishment of his ends.

After a silent and embarrassed hour at dinner, she retired to her own bed-room, and sat down to a window which overlooked the street. Upon this she kept her eyes constantly fixed, in the hope of seeing either Calton, or some one who might enter to see her brother. Here

she had remained a long hour, in constantly increasing anxiety, and with a beating heart. Several persons had entered the gate in front of the house, but they had all gone immediately away, without being able to see him they came to visit. He denied himself to all, resolved to know the fate of his scheme before he thought of anything else. None of these persons interested her, because none of them could probably give her any information upon the subject which engrossed her mind. Weary and dispirited, her heart sinking lower as the slow minutes rolled on, she was about to leave the window in despair; when she heard the rattling of a carriage in the street below. She leaned out, and with but little expectation of beholding any one she wished to see, cast her eyes up the street. There—a sight to her happier than aught else could have been—were Calton and Henry, riding together quietly into town, apparently safe and well.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "He is safe! And I,—perhaps I have been the means of saving him!" She threw herself upon the bed, and a flood of tears—tears of joy, intense and unselfish—relieved her almost unbursting heart.

At the same moment, Harry had risen, for the fiftieth time, from his seat, and impatiently approached the window. No thought had crossed his mind, except a vague fear that Dawson had not been completely successful. He had received the ring, which it had been agreed between them, should be the token of success; he therefore doubted not a word Dawson had told him. He was, however, vexed at the delay, and impatient for his arrival. The pressure of uncertainty had begun to tell even upon his hard nature; and though he could not doubt Dawson's fidelity, when the hour arrived to which he had postponed his anxiety, he could not avoid feeling anxious. This anxiety, however, was not apprehension—not even doubt—it was only an impatience to hear the story of his complete success.

Conceive, then, his astonishment when on looking out of the window, he saw directly in front of him, Grahame's well-known equipage, and Calton and Henry riding slowly down the street!

He turned coolly from the window, with, however, a muttered execration upon the head of Dawson, and, sitting down at the table, opened the writing case beside him; taking out a heavy chased ring, he examined it closely. Looking on the inside, he read the initials, "M. E. M." "His mother's name"—he muttered—"it must be the same—but the blockhead has failed—though how, I cannot imagine—unless through this Calton"—and leaning his head upon his hand, he seemed to compute the chances that might have defeated his purpose. "It

must be so," he said at last. "And now, the question arises, do they know of my participation in the affair?"

He replaced the ring in the case, locked it, and adjusting his dress, issued from the house and took his way down the street. Following the same side, he bent his steps directly towards Calton's office. With his characteristic assurance, he was going directly to the place of all others, which a common villain would have avoided; and though totally ignorant of the reception he would probably meet, he did so as coolly and deliberately as if he had been going to visit a friend with whom he was upon the most intimate terms.

As he approached the door he observed Henry coming out, and passing him with a courteous smile and an unembarrassed bow, which Henry acknowledged by a slight inclination of the head, he entered the office. Calton was busily engaged in drafting a deed of trust to himself, of all Henry's estate; and looking up as Poindexter entered, lawyer as he was, he could not prevent a flash of consciousness from crossing his face; he, however, rose and politely handed Harry a chair. The latter sat down, with an easy, unembarrassed manner, and commenced the conversation with some indifferent observation, to which Calton replied briefly, without originating any further remark. Harry, however, without seeming to notice his coolness, continued:

"I called this morning, but found you were out; so that I was forced to wait till I accidentally saw you coming in a few minutes ago, with Mr. Grahame."

"I spent a part of the last night with him," replied Calton.

"Well," said Harry, "I will not occupy more of your time now. I am forced, much against my will, to eject one of my tenants, and I have called to take your advice upon the points which I suppose will arise out of the fact that he holds a lease of the land he occupies."

"Very well, sir," said Calton, leaning back; "let me hear the points."

"He has been in arrears, obstinately refusing to pay his rent for more than three years. I have delayed enforcing payment by legal steps, partly on account of his family, and also in the hope that he would amend. I am now, however, reluctantly compelled to eject him, unless the preliminary steps to that end shall make him more prompt. You probably know him—Robert Dawson."

"I think I do," said Calton, carelessly; "he lives, I believe, near the head of the timber above Grahame's."

"The same," said Harry.

"Very well," continued Calton; "you now wish to apply the law to expedite his movements?"

"Precisely," said Harry; "and in case of further delay, to eject him at once. I will send you the lease this evening, and you will oblige me by putting it at once in suit." He rose to depart, perfectly satisfied, that whatever had happened, Dawson had not directly implicated him.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Poindexter," said Calton, as if suddenly recollecting, "Mr. Grahame asked me, a few minutes ago, to request you to inquire about your house, for a *heavy chased ring*, which he thinks he may have lost there a few days ago. It is an article he values highly, from the fact that it was his mother's wedding ring. He remembers having taken it off there a few evenings since, and supposes he may have lost it then."

This was said so naturally, with so little significance of either voice or manner, that, even with his acuteness, Harry was at a loss to conjecture whether his participation in the conspiracy was known or not. Notwithstanding his habitual and powerful self-command, he could not help starting when the ring was mentioned—but he replied, naturally and easily :

"He wore it upon the third finger of the left hand, did he not?"

"The same," said Calton.

"I remember it—does he not recollect having had it since that time?"

"Not distinctly," said Calton; "he thinks he lost it there."

"I will inquire," said Harry, "and if it is found, will return it to him. Good evening." With a bow he left the room, in the same uncertainty in which he had entered. The mention of the ring, however, seemed to indicate that he was at least suspected. And yet, he thought, it might be true, that the ring had been lost some time before, and having fallen into Dawson's hands, had thus furnished him the means of securing the price of his crime, without attempting to commit it. It was too improbable a coincidence, however, to be calculated upon—and it, moreover, presupposed that he had been duped—a thing which, like all men of his character, he was particularly averse to believing. Although still contemplated as a possibility, therefore, it was dismissed as improbable. On the other hand, he was well assured that he was, at most, not more than suspected; and trusting to his dexterity in the future, he began weaving "a web of wiles" to extricate himself. Thus revolving the difficulties of his position, but with a clear and placid brow, he passed again up the street, and entered his own house.

In pursuance of his invariable custom, he at once set about ascertaining the precise ground upon which he stood. After an hour of reflection, which we must do him the justice to say was clear, just,

and perfectly candid with himself, he very soon settled his plan of operations.

He determined to send Dawson out of the country, secretly and speedily, and thus withdraw the only witness with whom he had ever communicated on the subject; and afterwards, by the subtle and ingenious course of which he felt himself a perfect master, erase from Grahame's and Calton's minds the suspicions which he supposed they entertained. Despatching a servant, therefore, to summon Dawson, he went into the room where his sister was awaiting him at the tea-table, with no shadow of anxiety upon his face, and a bearing in every respect easy and disengaged.

---

## C H A P T E R X V.

"Well, I have promised. Ye shall meet again."—FESTUS.

THROUGHOUT the scene we have witnessed between Eliza and Grahame, she was sustained by a consciousness of rectitude, which whispered firmness and courage. In her enthusiastic self-sacrifice she thought only of him. She firmly believed that the step he proposed was only to be taken for her sake, and that, in proposing it, he had cast aside all consideration of his own happiness. Could she have been convinced that the proposition was dictated by a hope of promoting his own welfare—and could she have believed that the hope was not chimerical—she would eagerly have accepted it. But she could not think so. She knew his noble nature. She was fully aware that no length of self-devotion would be too great for him to yield to for another; and, besides, his abandonment of his cherished opinions was too sudden, too coincident, to have a doubt that he had forgotten himself entirely, and could not be otherwise than misguided.

Conscious rectitude, and anxiety to reconcile him to a determination which she felt to be a duty, had sustained her in his presence; but when the step was taken—when she had declared her unalterable resolution, and he had reluctantly left her, she covered her face with her hands, and wept tears of bitter agony. She was mistaken; but in the anguish of that noble struggle to do what she conceived to be her duty, was there not a purifying atonement?

Convinced at last that he could not overcome her resolution, Henry was assured besides, that his presence would only serve to keep alive

feelings and memories which should be forgotten—to remind her continually of the waywardness of her fate, and thus to perpetuate a misery which he was denied the means of alleviating. Withdrawn, he believed that, although she might regret his absence, time would gradually heal the wound that love had made—that she would be able to regain her tranquillity, if not her cheerfulness. Sitting, therefore, with her head resting upon his shoulder, he formed the resolution, voluntarily to exile himself from his native land. He at once communicated his determination to her—in the hope, perhaps, that the near prospect of separation might induce her to abate her inflexibility. But no—she wept bitterly, indeed—but at once acquiesced in the wisdom of the resolution. And when he proposed to delay his departure for a few months, she perceived that he did so in the hope that she might change, and gently, but firmly replied—

“ No, Henry—you must not delay your departure—it would only be placing before me a temptation, to which for your sake, as well as my own, I could not yield. Your lingering cannot benefit me, and will not fail to do you a very great injury. I shall suffer much without you, it is true—but I would suffer more, much more, to see continually, how unhappy I have made you. Your staying would only aggravate your own unhappiness, while it could not alleviate mine. Go, therefore, at once—and be happy. I hope at least to have the consolation of thinking that I have not blasted *your* life. I can recover my composure—nay, I hope to be comparatively cheerful. But, with the sight of what I might have been constantly before me, I would but render you unhappy by the weakness and vacillation I could not help exhibiting.”

Her self-sacrifice touched him deeply; but he felt that, if they were to remain separate, it was better to be absent entirely—and, feeling that she was right, he acquiesced in her decision.

Let not the reader call him selfish or unfeeling. Before he is condemned, let his judge experience the evil which pressed upon him.

“ I shall see you again; before you go, shall I not?” she asked as he rose to leave her. He pressed her passionately to his bosom and was gone.

We have seen what had transpired in the interval—he was now to see her for the last time, perhaps, on earth.

She was standing as he entered, turning over the leaves of a collection of drawings on the table before her. Her attitude and manner indicated a listless melancholy, while the expression of her face was mournful, though composed. She was much, very much changed

since Henry had first seen her; but the paleness upon her cheek scarcely detracted from its beauty, while it added infinitely to its interest, and the soft, melancholy light in her eyes, was, if not more beautiful, at least far less burning, than it had been but a few days before. She was a complete study for an artist, painter or sculptor, as she stood with her melancholy, earnest eyes bent down, one hand resting upon the table, supporting the weight of her body, and the fulness and complete symmetry of her form admirably, though unconsciously displayed. Grief had, as yet, made but small ravages upon the swelling but delicate outline of her figure, and except in the paleness of her cheek and the chastened light of her eye, you would have marked no change whatever.

“Henry!” she exclaimed, as he entered—and all listlessness vanished. She sprang to his side, and led him to a seat. “How slowly the hours of your absence pass! It seems many days since I saw you, and yet it was only last night.”

“And how will you bear an absence which will have no end?” he asked.

“God will help me, Henry, if I strive to help myself. For your sake, I will bear it bravely—for your sake, I will try to be happy.”

“Must I leave you, Eliza? Will you not bid me stay—will you not be mine, and by being happy yourself, make me so? *Must I go?*”

“Ah! Henry,” she said, gently, “if it would make you happy, you know I would not hesitate—but I cannot consent to make your misery the price of your presence—I must not be so selfish, Henry. Let us not speak of it then; we must soon part, perhaps forever—let us not waste the moments yet left us in vain discussion—for I cannot, I *must* not consent. When do you go?”

“To-morrow, perhaps—possibly, not till the day after.”

“This, then, is our last meeting!” She hid her face in his bosom and sobbed as if her heart must break.

“Bear up, Eliza;” he whispered soothingly—but his own heart was too full, to offer consolation to another. A scalding tear gathered in his eye, and rolling down his cheek, fell upon her forehead. She looked suddenly up into his eyes—and hiding her face again in his bosom, exclaimed in the deepest agony:

“My God! how utter is my desolation!”

“Eliza—dear Eliza!” he groaned, “do not weep—oh! do not speak thus! Let us be firm, dearest—let us be calm!”

“Oh! Henry!” she again exclaimed; “you do not, you cannot

know how my heart is torn—I cannot, cannot, be com as I ought to be!"

A shudder as if death shook her frame as she struggled to command herself.

"Must I go, Eliza—will you not bid me stay?" whispered he.

"Do not tempt me thus, Henry!" she said, almost angrily. "My judgment, your honor, my duty—all urge my refusal. Then, Henry," and she raised her head, and looked earnestly, beseechingly into his face—"then, Henry, do not tempt me to do wrong—for I cannot, I must not yield!"

"But this is weakness!" she continued, drying her eyes; "we must not waste the precious hours we have to spend together."

Henry urged her again and again; appealing to her, by all the considerations he thought would have an influence, he urged her to supersede the necessity for his departure. In vain;—in vain, did he represent to her how she would be situated after their parting—in vain, did he paint to her in glowing colors, the cloudless happiness which would be theirs together, in climes far away, where nothing would remind her of the past—where no scene would be like those of the clime she had left.

"No, Henry," she would reply; "I would need no material memento to remind me of what I would fain forget—here in my heart it would be ever present—and even in the uttermost parts of the earth, I would see only the shadows that rest on me here. No, no, Henry—it will be hard, hard to part—but together we would both be miserable. Let us not speak of it, then, but rather talk of other things."

Hour after hour flitted away—and still they sat together, as if resolved never to part. They lingered, as if the moment were not already present, when they should be severed. The noise of the city gradually died away, the lights one after another disappeared, and the usually busy and crowded streets, but for the full rays of the bright moon, would have been dark and deserted. Now and then, at long intervals, could be heard the hasty feet of a solitary passenger, whose steps resounded along the lonely pavements, where not another soul was stirring. Even these died away—and the meaning stillness of a populous but slumbering city, settled down upon the silent scene. At last Henry rose to bid her farewell.

"Eliza," said he, "we must part—perhaps for ever. Why must I go?" He kissed her fervently, and repeated, "Must I go?"

She made a strong effort to command herself, and succeeded.

"Henry," said she, after a pause, "it wrings my heart—you know it is almost death to me—but it *must* be."

"But, Eliza," he urged, "reflect—we may never meet again."

"This life," she replied, "will be a weary pilgrimage to me, I fear, at best—but, Henry, if we do not meet again here, there is a brighter, and I hope, a happier world yonder—there, will be no more folly, no more error, no more misery, Henry—there all is brightness, and bliss, and eternal sunshine! Shall we not meet there?"

The fire of her enthusiastic nature again burned brightly in her eye; and, pointing upward with her small white hand, she gazed earnestly in his face. He caught her in his arms.

"We will, dearest—we will meet there!" he exclaimed; "but we will meet here, too—when years shall have subdued our sorrow, and hope shall have sprung from the ashes of mourning—then, dearest, then we will meet again—here, even here! until then, *farewell!*"

He pressed her wildly to his bosom, imprinted a frantic kiss upon her lips, and, turning away, darted through the door, and was gone for long, long years.

She gazed for a moment upon the door through which he had disappeared, and then threw herself upon the sofa.

He was gone! Gone from her for years, perhaps for ever! She had parted from all she loved, all she valued on earth, and yet no tear coursed down her cheek—no murmur escaped from her lips! A light even of joy beamed from her eyes—joy, calm, subdued and chastened, indeed, but still joy. Yes, through the dark years of separation, and suffering, and sorrow, she could see a star shining afar; it was distant, very distant, but it was still shining upon her path—still inviting her to bear patiently the trials and sufferings through which she would have to pass, and holding out to her view, a remote, but distinct and certain hope. Their separation might be long, but it was not to be endless. They were to meet again! She had contemplated a life-long separation—but now it was not to be so. The thought brightened her eye, made her step lighter, and nerved her young heart, unfalteringly to encounter the difficulties in her path, and to endure patiently the trials before her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"And Lara left in youth his father-land,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew  
 Cold in the many, anxious in the few."—LARA.

"And he is gone ! and the world seems gone with him."

FESTUS.

CALMLY, and with a settled purpose, Grahame proceeded to adjust his affairs. He had taken a final leave of all that was dear to him, and before departing he had nothing to do, but so to arrange his possessions, as to receive the benefit of them in the foreign lands to which he was about to direct his steps. A deep melancholy, not to say gloom, had settled down upon his spirits ; and, although he made no parade of his unhappiness, it was still evident to Calton that he was leaving home with a depressed and heavy heart. Once only had his friend manifested an interest in knowing the reasons for his sudden resolution : but the decided manner in which Henry had declined an explanation, and the earnest request he made not to be questioned, repressed all further inquiry.

"I wish," said Henry, as they sat together, on the morning after his farewell to Eliza, "to execute to you the power of attorney, to receive and dispose of, as I may direct, the rents and profits of the major part of my property ; also, a deed of trust to certain other property, so that you may dispose of it, and invest the proceeds for the benefit of your son Genevese. And I beg that no mistaken delicacy, or false pride on your part, may induce you to object to the arrangement. Your fortune is small—and I am, moreover, under heavy and various obligations to you. Let me not hear a word, then"—as Calton shook his head, and attempted to interrupt him—"I am determined upon it—and if you refuse to perform the trust, I must seek some other trustee."

Calton took his hand, and his eyes filled with tears.

"This is too generous," he said : "my fortune is small, it is true ; but I hope to be able amply to provide for my boy. Let me prevail upon you, then, to give your generosity some other direction. Settle the property you designed for him, upon Margaret, or upon one of your father's old servants. Genevese will never want while I live, and when I die, I shall be able, I hope, to give him all he will need."

" I had no idea," said Henry, reproachfully, " that my old and tried friend, in such a moment as this, would refuse me so slight a favor. Had I supposed so, I would have taken a different course."

" If you place it upon the ground of personal favor—"

" I do so place it," interrupted Henry; " and I shall think it an unkindness if you do not grant it."

" Well," said Calton, reluctantly, " in that view of the case, I suppose I must submit. But I would much prefer a different course."

" But, my friend," said Henry, " you have no right to refuse anything which is intended for the benefit of another, even if that other be your son."

" You may be right, Henry," said he, after a pause; " I would perhaps be doing wrong to refuse—since I know not at what moment I may be called away, to leave him destitute and alone. The power of attorney you directed is already prepared; it lacks but the names of the trustee and the *cestui que trust*. The deed I will write immediately, although I much question its propriety. What property do you wish thus to convey?"

" The Evans farm, and the personal property on it," replied Henry: " here are the description and the inventory."

" Why, the farm alone is worth ten thousand dollars!" exclaimed Calton, laying down his pen, as if about to renew his objection.

" Something near that amount, I believe," said Henry, calmly: " but you must not revive your objections—remember, you have no right to object."

Calton took up his pen again, and without a word finished the paper. A magistrate was sent for, the acknowledgment taken, and the business finished.

" Now," said Henry, " as I cannot tell what perils I may encounter in my travels, nor whether they may not finish my existence very soon, I wish to make a will, to be left in your keeping; so that if I never return, or as soon as you are advised of my death, you can proceed to open it, and act according to its directions. I want to make you my executor."

Calton took up his pen, and after writing the formal heading, asked the destination of his property.

" To Eliza Preston," replied Henry, " and to her children."

" To her heirs?" said Calton.

" To her children at large—write it so."

Calton did as he was directed, and looked up for further instructions.

" I have long since provided for Margaret," said Henry; and he

263833B

then enumerated several legacies to different friends and servants, and concluded by giving his library to Calton.

“Who shall be residuary legatee?” asked the latter.

“Eliza Preston,” Henry answered, and the will was finished. Two of the clerks were called in as witnesses, and it was sealed and delivered.

“Now,” said Henry, “I believe all things are arranged, except your instructions. I do not know whether I shall go; but you will hear from me, from time to time, as I may remain long enough in different places. If you receive no directions to remit accruing rents, invest them in productive real estate; but reserve enough in hand to answer any draft I may probably make.”

“This will make the residuary legacy more valuable than any other.”

“That depends,” replied Henry, “upon the date of my death. But, in any case, I have no further directions to give—except, if anything should occur to make it necessary, use the whole property for the benefit of Eliza.”

Calton took his hand. “Why not remain with us, my dear Henry, and use it for her benefit yourself?”

An expression of acute pain crossed his face, as he replied:

“She will not consent to it—I wished to do so—let us not speak of it.”

Calton understood his feelings, and changed the subject.

“When do you propose to leave us?”

“To-night,” Henry replied, and he rose to depart.

Having completed his arrangements at home, about four o’clock in the evening, he left the threshold of his father’s house, gloomy and depressed, to commence a wandering which was to last many years. We have entered upon these seemingly unnecessary details, to exhibit the state of mind in which he departed. There is a calmness, a thoughtfulness, about despair, in a strong mind, which is never more conspicuous than in its minute attention to the details of final arrangements.

Having taken leave of a few of his friends, and astonishing them all by the suddenness of his departure, an hour before the time fixed for the starting of the mail-coach, he proceeded to Calton’s office, for the purpose of giving him his last instructions in the administration of his business.

Soon afterwards, the coach stopped at the door, his baggage was put on; he shook hands with Calton, and sprung into the carriage. The

driver's whip cracked, the horses dashed off, the vehicle rattled down the paved street, and he was on his weary pilgrimage.

As they passed Mr. Preston's house, Eliza was standing at the window. She caught one passing glance, and waved her handkerchief; but the rapid pace of the horses soon bore him from her sight. She turned from the window, and sobbing wildly, threw herself upon the bed. Long and violently she wept—"Gone!" she exclaimed—"gone forever! and I—alone—alone!" and her tears flowed faster and her bosom heaved more wildly. By slow degrees, however, her sobbing diminished in violence, and as the thought of his return crossed her mind she rose from her recumbent posture and wiped her eyes.

"He will return—I shall see him again," she said; then bathing her eyes, and recovering her composure, she went to meet her father at tea. Here we must leave her for many, many years; and following Henry through his various wanderings, trust to Providence for our next meeting with the beautiful but unhappy.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

## SECOND BOOK.

---

"Isolation is the sum total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary; to have a world alien, not *your* world; all a hostile camp for you; not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are! It is the frightfullest enchantment, too truly a work of the evil one."—CARLYLE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

"What exile from himself can flee?  
To zones, though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon thought."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"The British powers are marching hitherward." LEAR.

At the period at which our hero left home to commence a pilgrimage of many years, the causes which afterwards produced the war of 1812, between England and the United States, were deeply agitating the country. The encroachments and usurpations of the mother country, at last reached a point of insolence and tyranny, at which forbearance was no longer a virtue. The ancient attachment, which even the long years of blood and strife during the Revolution had failed to destroy, had at last given way; the voices of our citizens illegally impressed upon the high seas, and forced to fight the battles of a foreign sovereign, had reached the ears of their brethren; and after repeated and unavailing remonstrance, and almost humble supplication, our government found itself compelled to take up arms in defence of our rights.

Sorrow is always selfish; and though these complaints had reached Henry's ears and excited his indignation, in his happy days, they now came to him unheeded. He had left his home little thinking of what they at last produced, and neither knowing nor caring whither he should bend his steps. Broken and depressed—with the memory of misfortune in the past, and, in the future, the prospect of years of unavailing regret, he turned towards the dark journey before him, asking only, caring only, for oblivion—content if forgetfulness supplied the *place of hope*. He looked gloomily over the map of the world, in

search of some secluded spot, where, unknowing and unknown, he might pass in peace if not in happiness, the darkened years of his self-imposed exile. With new scenes around him, and new skies above, where all would be strange,—where even the voices of those about him, he would hear in a foreign, unfamiliar tongue—he hoped tranquilly if not happily, to float down the stream of time, and with the varying tints of foreign climes, so to blend the colors of his former life, as at least to brighten if not destroy their sombre shades.

He sought to soften the bitterness of vain regret, in change of scene;—but ah! how delusive the hope! So ordered is our relation to the things of life, that there can be no escape from the consequences of error. And, even when we seek to forget, in the change of all around us—when there is nothing in unison with the scenes that are past—when neither river nor rock, nor tree nor flower resembles those in the scenes of our folly—then, even *then*, will the phantoms of evil arise to our fancy; and the very contrast will carry us back, again to wander along the well-remembered paths of our youth; will whisper in slumberous accents of the days of yore, and tell us of the follies and misfortunes we endeavor but vainly to forget. The “dim notes” of the song we have striven to banish:

\*  
“will be heard, as a reproachful spirit,  
Moaning, in Eolian strains over the desert of the heart,  
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.”

Grahame threw himself carelessly upon the tide of life, unmindful and reckless of its course, wishing only to be borne away—away from the scenes that had witnessed the disappointment of all his golden dreams. There is always something bitter in the thought, that we are treading upon ground where we have wasted or lost the bright promises of our youth. The landscape no longer looks green and fresh; but arid and parched as a desert, it continually reminds us of the barrenness of our own blighted hearts. The songs of warbling birds, the rustling of green leaves, the sighing of the summer breeze, and the murmuring of gentle streams, no longer fall upon our ears with the soothing effect of natural music—can no longer calm and console our turbulent regrets. They come to us like the voices of mourning spirits, whispering to our hearts reproachfully, of opportunities wasted, of feelings disregarded, of follies and errors and crimes. Even the bright sunshine, playing in purple and golden hues over the glad landscape, adds no beauty to the scene—serves but to make more apparent the repented errors, the regretted follies of the past. Breaking, per-

chance, through the rich foliage, and falling in golden beams, upon some rustic seat, or verdant reach of sward, where reclining, years ago, we pledged an endless affection to some innocent and trusting heart,—its light serves but to bring back more forcibly to our memory, the vows once sworn, now broken and disregarded ; and opening the view before us, as it illuminates for a brief space, the lonely grave, and plays mournfully over the single white stone, it renews again, not only memories of departed days of bliss and love, but places before us once more, with the distinctness of present reality, the sweet face, now cold and dead, which lies beneath, and smites us with the thought, that our perfidy may have consigned that loved form too early to the silent tomb.

Such are our sensations, when we re-visit, even after the lapse of years, the scenes of squandered youth or wasted manhood. But how much more penetrating is our sorrow—how much more hateful are tree and rock and rivulet and flower—when they serve to deepen impressions of errors, of which we need not to be reminded ;—when the occurrences we regret are but recent, and we sorrow for the follies and perfidies of yesterday !

---

Years glided past—some of them spent among the quiet scenes of an unbroken solitude—treading the deep forest, where could be heard the voices of wild birds alone ;—or floating upon the bosom of some lonely river, rushing with its mighty torrent from the unexplored wilderness and inaccessible mountain, to the ocean of its destiny. Thus, floating among the far haunts of only savage men, and abandoning himself carelessly to the current, Grahame looked forth upon the wilderness around, and hailed the spotless innocence of a life whose course should be among the grand and hallowed scenes of nature. Or, sitting upon the brow of some lofty mountain, and casting his eyes over unnumbered miles of the uninhabited plain below—upon which, perchance, the declining sun was pouring the mellow radiance of his parting beams—he imagined that happiness was to be found in solitude alone. But, while he thought, a haunting voice within would whisper of the past, and urge him ever towards a change. He wandered for years, sometimes among the savages of the Far West, over their boundless hunting grounds ; sometimes, though but seldom, with parties of white men, along the scarce-marked trails of hardy adventurers, or upon the chase of the wild game of the wilderness ;—anon, he was alone, for days and weeks together, revelling in solitude and fearful of all companionship, until goaded by his ever-recurring memories,—memories

which had now become morbid—he again sought oblivion among the wildest and boldest of his species.

Thus he wandered without aim or purpose, except forgetfulness and peace, for long, slow-moving years. But at last, nature began again to assert her rights; and while his morbid feelings were still averse to contact with his fellow-men, he was half-conscious of a longing for the companionship he had forsaken. As time rolled on this feeling became more intense—until, becoming a kind of thirst, he could no longer resist it. He left the waving, boundless plain over which he had wandered so long—he bade farewell to the deep forest and its dark shade, to the lonely river and its ceaseless flow, and sought again the busy haunts of men.

Ah! how does he deceive himself, who deems the solitude of nature an escape from the fancies that follow him! The silence that surrounds him, but makes audible the voices of the spirits that haunt him—and the stillness of all else, but renders visible the floating forms of memory and regret.

Wisely did he leave his solitude, and plunge again among the scenes of breathing life.

---

On a warm, bright evening about the middle of December, 1814, a group of men was assembled in a moderately large room, in the lower part of the city of New Orleans. The room was richly carpeted, and furnished in a style of elegance, scarcely suited to the character of the company which came and went in quick succession. Mud-bespattered officers, and rough-looking orderlies, with heavy boots and rusty spurs, passed hastily in and out; and as they issued from the house, each sprung to his horse, and galloped down the street, or hurried off on foot, over the wet pavements, which, from recent and protracted rains were extremely muddy. Everything about the houses and along the streets, as these messengers passed, was gloomy and dark. Scarcely was there a door or a window open, scarcely a light streamed across the pavement, and in each direction everything looked deserted and sad. Many families, apprehensive of the excesses of the coming British, who, they had no reason to believe would be more moderate than their premature boasts, had hurried from the city; while those who still lingered, in the hope that Jackson's force would be sufficient to withstand the advance of Pakenham, had everything in a state of complete preparation for instant flight, should the fortunes of war make it necessary. There were others, too, and many of them, who looked upon the British approach with no unfriendly eyes; who, of course

remained in the city, but took especial care not to invite a notice which might be inconvenient, by seeming to be free from the apprehensions that filled all others. Jackson had, moreover, proclaimed martial law, and, with his usual strictness of discipline and promptitude of action, established a rigid system of patrols, which kept the streets free from passengers after a certain hour at night, and secured good order at all times.

At a table covered with papers and maps, in the room mentioned above, stood a tall and somewhat angular figure, clad in the plain, and rather threadbare undress of a Major-General. He was by no means what would have been called a handsome man: the privations and hardships of a long and arduous campaign among swamps and everglades, the untiring activity that distinguished him, and the fatigue of a forced march, which he had just made to meet Pakenham in his advance up the Mississippi, had left their traces both upon his form and in his face. His cheeks were hollow and deeply bronzed, and his form thin and spare. But the attitude in which he stood, the decided gesture of his arm as he pointed to the map before him, and the bold decided tones of his deep voice, showed that the fiery and determined spirit within had not shared the waste of fatigue; the firm outline of his iron mouth, and the calm, stern light of his eye, indicated that the soul of the hardy soldier was yet fresh and resolute as ever. Combined with his determined appearance, there was a certain air of self-reliance, in admirable keeping with the character of the man.

He was speaking to one several years his senior, who sat in a chair near the table, and pointing out the route by which he supposed Pakenham would approach the city.

“We must meet him *there*,” said he, laying his finger upon a bend in the map of the river, and then resuming his walk across the room, which some remark of his companion had interrupted. An orderly entered, and uncovering himself, handed him a card.

“The gentleman wishes to see you, sir,” he said.

The General glanced at the card, and replied—

“Show him in, then—perhaps he has some information for us.”

The orderly retired, and a few moments afterwards the door was opened, and a young man of apparently three or four and twenty years, entered, and bowing calmly to the General, took the seat which at a motion from Jackson, an *aid-de-camp* offered him. He was slightly above the middle height, with dark eyes and brown hair, and a bronzed and sunburnt countenance, which was rather striking for its perfect repose, than for its symmetry or beauty. There was, moreover, in his

face, a certain expression of melancholy, subdued, indeed, and quite unobtrusive, but still very perceptible. As he took the hand proffered him by the General, and at his invitation seated himself as Jackson did the same, there was an unembarrassed freedom and natural grace in his movements—an ease equally removed from pretension and servility. In common with every man who had been called to fill public stations, where they have to depend upon their own energies and perceptions, Jackson was a quick and penetrating judge of character, and he at once decided that the person before him was no common man.

"I have called upon you, General," he commenced, in a voice whose deep, mellow tones were in keeping with his manner, "for the purpose of offering you whatever services I may be able to render, in the approaching conflict with our enemies. I am not attached to the army in any capacity, nor am I acquainted with the formalities to be observed in becoming so. I, therefore, thought proper to apply directly to you, for the position in which, in your judgment, I can be of most service. I have no choice between the highest and the lowest—all I wish is such an one as will enable me, in some degree, to benefit the cause."

"I wish we had more frequent examples of this disinterestedness," said Jackson: "the cause is sadly in need of strong arms at present, and yours is the first unconditional application I have had for employment. Almost any one is willing to receive an office of honor and trust—but you simply ask for service."

"I wish to be placed where I can be of some use, however small," said the other.

"Did I read your card aright—'Henry Grahame ?'" abruptly asked Jackson.

"Yes, sir, of C——, in the State of ——," Henry replied.

"I knew your father—he married Miss Morton, did he not ?"

"Yes," said Grahame, in considerable surprise; for although he knew his father had lived and been married in N——, he had never heard him mention his acquaintance with Jackson, notwithstanding the latter had become the subject of general comment several years before his death.

"I recollect her well—a beautiful woman. Is your father living ?" continued the General.

"No, sir," said Henry; he has been dead near four years."

"Already !" exclaimed Jackson; "why he was not so old as I was !"

Henry made no other reply than in bowing, and the General continued :

“ Well, I must think of this matter. You shall not be refused service, at all events. I hear our supper bell, gentlemen,” he added ; “ let us go. Walk in with us, Mr. Grahame, and we will talk it over with a cup of coffee before us.”

“ I do not know,” resumed the General, thoughtfully, after they had been seated some time, “ whether I can give you precisely such a position as you would like. I am very much in want of an additional aid just now ; but my staff is already very large, and unless you are willing to volunteer in the capacity, I fear I cannot so arrange it.”

“ There is nothing discreditable in being a volunteer, I suppose ?” said Henry.

“ By no means,” said Jackson ; “ on the contrary, rather. The difficulty, and the only difficulty, will be in the compensation and rank.”

“ Any service,” said Henry, “ which I may be permitted to perform will be its own compensation. As to rank, I wish to be received as a volunteer, as you say, and care nothing for form or rank. I shall feel very grateful for the position you indicate, without the least difficulty as to formality—pay, I would prefer being allowed to decline.”

“ Then, sir, you may consider the appointment yours—or rather, I suppose, I may consider your services mine.”

“ Yours and my country’s,” added Henry.

“ Right, sir !” said Jackson, quickly—“ perfectly right ! You may report for duty, and take up your quarters here to-morrow.”

They soon after rose from the table ; and after being introduced to several gentlemen, whom they found waiting in the “ marquée,” as Jackson called the room we first saw him in, Henry took his leave for the night. The impressions which the new acquaintances had received of each other were mutually favorable ; and it was with high hopes of the success of our arms under such a man, that Grahame took his way to his temporary quarters. Buried as he had been in the wilderness for several years, he had never heard of the later fame of Jackson—a fame which attended him, undimmed, through a long and useful life, and but lately shed so bright a halo round his declining years. But if he had *never* heard of him, one interview was quite sufficient to give him an exalted idea of his character ; for like all truly great men, Jackson at once impressed all who came near him with the merit of his fame.

The next morning, Henry found himself domesticated with the Commander-in-chief, and soon was busy with the duties of his new station.

## CHAPTER II.

"Aught that reminds the exile of his home,  
Is surely pleasant."—FESTUS.

HENRY GRAHAME soon distinguished himself by the rapidity of his comprehension, and the scope of his views. Scarcely two days were necessary to satisfy Jackson that the opinion he had at first formed was fully justified, and to decide him upon trusting his new aid with the most delicate and difficult business. He had many able men upon his staff, of whom several had passed through all his arduous campaigns by his side, in the swamps of Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. They were, however, for the most part, men much more at home in the warfare to which they had been accustomed, with a savage foe, whose nature they perfectly understood, than among the intrigues by which the General now found himself surrounded. In a city whose population was composed of men from all parts of the world—whose allegiance was yet due to almost every sovereign in Europe—and whose sympathies, from the short time during which they had been subjects of our government, could not be expected to be very strong with our institutions or our arms—he had many reasons for anxious watchfulness, which in almost any other part of the Union would not have existed. He had already received numerous intimations of the disaffection of prominent foreigners, and even positive intelligence of their correspondence with the British. It cannot be questioned, that much of the information he received was the result merely of malice or suspicion, and only took its positive form at the moment when it was communicated. For there were among these suspected persons many of as pure and disinterested patriotism as any native-born citizen. But this, Jackson did not, and could not, know: the probabilities, based upon the circumstances of birth and education, were unfavorable to the supposition; and it was therefore with a wise, even if extreme prudence, that he resolved rather to watch than to trust them. He did this, however, in such a manner as not to offend or unnecessarily wound their feelings, and carefully strove to prevent their seeing that they did not possess his confidence. No one could have less of the exclusive and suspicious spirit, which assumes that all foreigners are false to the country of their adoption, than had General Jackson; but in the present juncture it was but commendable, and

perhaps necessary caution, thus to "make assurance doubly sure,"—to be certain that they would not betray his trust, by giving them none of his confidence.

In these circumstances, he was glad to secure the services of a man, who, although not familiar with war and its customs, was not the less, perhaps for this very reason, precisely calculated to perform the delicate missions which were daily entrusted to the staff.

It was upon one of these missions that he took his way down the street from the General's quarters, late one night, soon after his appointment. A picket of twenty men had been posted upon the bank of the river, by the officer of the day, and directed to remain there until they should receive further orders. The British had landed a few miles below the city: the line of posts occupied by the picket, extended across the main road leading from the city, and passing through the plantations towards the British camp. At the point where the body of the picket was posted, the road diverged from the river, and passed around the enclosure of a plantation bordering upon the low, flat ground upon which the battle was afterwards fought. From the corner of this fence, across a cotton-field, and through a grove of cypress trees, since cut away to make room for a railroad, a by-path extended towards the southwest, and after winding among the numerous stagnant pools along its track, again entered the high road, some distance within the American lines. Every path upon the opposite side of the river was closely watched, as also every important road on this side, but the devious path of which we speak, was up to this time left entirely unguarded. The sentinel nearest it was more than two hundred yards within, upon the bank of the river; so that one or two men, by pursuing its meandering course, could pass safely within the lines, and soon afterwards entering the suburbs, proceed unquestioned to any part of the city.

It was known to the American General that already a close communication had been established between the disaffected in the city, and the British commander; and that messengers and spies were in the habit of travelling this secret path, in both directions. He, however, still left it open, directing each picket to be posted as before; and, in order to be quite sure, gave the officer of each day special instructions to leave that road unguarded. His object was to allow the communication to become ripe, so that, whenever a proper opportunity should occur, he could at once extend this picket across the path, thus securing the persons of one or more spies, from whom he could learn the exact extent of the disaffection within the city.

Upon the night when Henry set out upon his mission, Jackson had information that three several spies had passed into the city from the British encampment, and two others in the opposite direction. He resolved, therefore, to close the passage about midnight, by secretly extending his line across the path, with directions to the guard to arrest all passengers. It was upon this business that Grahame rode out of the city, and took the road down the river.

It was not yet eleven o'clock, so that, having plenty of time, he allowed his horse to fall into a walk, (which was, however, swift and eager,) and was soon wrapped in a deep reverie. Reviewing the varied scenes of his life, and buried in thought, he reflected upon the course of an existence, which, though short, had been marked by happiness and misery, adventure and misfortune, in no common vicissitude. He thought of her who had cast all upon the altar of affection—who had thrown happiness and peace and a pure heart upon one cast of an uncertain die—and lost. He thought of his father and of his mistaken counsels, and cursed his own folly and madness, when he remembered what had followed his blind credulity. The years he had spent in purposeless wanderings had not corrected nor ameliorated his grief—he yet mourned over the wreck of his hopes; and reflecting but shallowly, he still attributed his misfortunes to anything but his own natural proneness to unsubstantial dreaming. He blamed himself, indeed—but it was only for the incident, not for the mental habit, of which that fault was only a consequence.

Buried thus in thought, he had pursued the road for more than an hour, when he was suddenly recalled to the scenes around him, by a loud challenge, followed by the significant click of a musket-lock.

“Who comes there?” shouted the sentinel.

“A friend!” he replied, drawing his rein.

“Stand, friend! Sergeant of the guard!” called the sentry.

A large, heavy-muscled man, wearing a buckskin hunting-shirt, jean pants and heavy boots, made his appearance a moment afterwards, and crossing the line, advanced a few steps, with his rifle at a “carry.”

“Advance, friend, and give the countersign,” said he.

Henry rode forward, and dismounting, whispered in his ear the word “Claiborne.”

“The countersign is correct, sir,” said the sergeant, “but our orders are to let no one pass, with or without it, in either direction.” Henry thought both the form and the voice of the sergeant were familiar to him, but the light was too dim to allow him a view of his face. Not noticing the circumstance, however, he replied:

"Lieutenant Ewing commands this picket, does he not?"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant; "you can pass to the guard-fire, if you wish."

Throwing the rein over his arm, Henry followed him some distance through the grove, and soon came in sight of the fire. Around this were seated some twenty men, on logs and knots, or upon the ground; some silently smoking dirty-looking pipes, some playing cards by the light of the blaze, and a few at some distance, leaning against a stack of muskets, talking in low tones over the anticipated battle. A tall, young officer, wrapped in a long cloak, under which a heavy cavalry sword trailed upon the ground, was walking forward and back, at a little distance from the fire. Those whose lot it has been to be in command of an advanced picket, in the neighborhood of an enemy, on a dark night, and in momentary expectation of attack, or of a visit from a superior officer, can appreciate the anxiety depicted in his movements. He suspended his walk as they approached, and gazed inquiringly upon his visitor, as the sergeant touched his rifle in salute, and announced:

"Captain Grahame, of the General's Staff."

Henry turned quickly round, and by the light of the fire caught a glimpse of the face of Robert Dawson!

"Dawson!" he exclaimed, "You here! I am glad to meet you in a good cause this time—rather different from our last meeting."

Dawson lifted his cap, and hung down his head.

"I hope you bear no ill-will, sir," said he, in a low voice.

"Not the least—not the least, Bob! If you behave well in the approaching contest, I'll forgive you entirely—if I have not already."

"I was directed by the Officer of the Day," said the Lieutenant, "to hold myself in readiness for an order to extend my line—I suppose you are the bearer of the order."

"Yes," said Grahame, looking at his watch; "you will post two men upon the path leading through the grove yonder, and two others at the corner of the fence beyond, at convenient distances from each other; and direct them to detain every one who attempts to pass, in either direction. It will be as well, probably, to leave your guard-fire where it is."

After seeing the men posted, they returned to the guard-fire. Seating themselves upon a log which lay near, they began conversing upon the result of the change just made.

"Shall I take off the sentinel in the brush, sir?" said the sergeant, approaching the fire.

"Yes," said the officer, "he is of no use now. By the way," he added, as Dawson disappeared, "you seem to have known the sergeant."

"I did," replied Henry, "though I have not seen him before to-night, for some years. To what corps does he belong?"

"To Major Poindexter's battalion of riflemen—and a very good soldier he is, too—although the battalion has been in the service but a short time, I believe."

"How long?"

"They only arrived here some ten days ago—and, I think, have not been enrolled more than four months."

"Do you know the Major's Christian name?"

"Harry, I believe—so Dawson calls him, and he seems to have known him well at home."

"What is his character as an officer?"

"He has the reputation," replied Ewing, "and deservedly, I suppose, of being a very strict disciplinarian. I infer the justice of the reputation, from the bearing of his men, some of whom I have occasionally commanded while on guard."

"Dawson," said Henry, as the sergeant passed them with the sentinel, whom he had just relieved, "where did you enlist?"

"At C——, sir," he replied.

"Why, I thought you left there, more than three years ago."

"I did, sir," said Dawson, "but returned six months ago, and entered Major Poindexter's battalion, when it was organized."

"Is *Harry* Poindexter the Major?"

"Yes, sir, and Captain Everley commands the company from C——."

"Charles Everley?"

"Yes, sir—the same who was said to be about to marry Harry's sister."

"That was after I left, I presume," said Grahame.

"Who comes there?" rang out, loud and clear, from one of the lately posted sentinels. "Stand, friend! Sergeant of the guard! Stand, sir!" shouted the man again, "or I'll blow you through! Sergeant of the guard!" louder than before.

"Caught, by the Eternal!" exclaimed the officer,—using the famous asseveration which was at least as common in the mouths of all who had been with him any length of time, as it was in that of their earnest and resolute commander.

Dawson took a file of men and went in the direction of the hail,

where there seemed now to be some altercation, to which, however, his approach put an end.

“Silence, and stand fast, if you don’t want an ounce of lead in you!” sternly commanded the sentinel.

In a few minutes Dawson returned to the guard-fire, with a prisoner walking between his men.

“A man taken in attempting to cross the line, sir,” said he.

“Where were you going?” demanded the officer.

“Going home, sir,” said the prisoner, tremblingly; “I live a mile below here, and have been up in the city —”

“Whither you must return,” interrupted the Lieutenant. “Corporal James, take charge of this man till you are relieved by Captain Grahame.”

“But”—said the prisoner, as if about to expostulate.

“Take him in charge, corporal!” said the officer, coldly, and he was very unceremoniously led aside.

“Who comes there?” shouted the sentry again. “Stand! or I’ll fire! Sergeant of the guard!” Dawson again hurried off, and soon afterwards returned with another prisoner and the same report.

“Another man, sir, taken in attempting to break the line.”

“Put him with the other one,” said the officer. “Upon my word,” he added, complacently, “this works well.”

Henry did not seem to notice his remark, and resumed his conversation with Dawson.

“When did you leave C——?” he asked.

“On the tenth of last month, sir.”

“Can you give me any news from my friends there?”

“I saw Mr. Calton the day we left,” he replied; “I did not speak with him, but he seemed to be well.”

Henry wished to ask further, but while pondering on the best means of drawing out the information he wanted, Dawson continued:

“I saw Miss Preston, too, the same day. She was sitting at a window—”

“Where?” interrupted Henry.

“At home, sir; they say she never goes anywhere else now.”

“Why not?” he asked, though almost afraid to hear the reply.

“I don’t know, sir,” he replied, “and I think nobody else does. I have heard her name connected with yours—the people there believe you are dead, and think that is what makes her stay at home.”

“How did she look?” he asked, thoughtfully, as if he had not heard the last remark.

"She looked pale, and very sorrowful, I thought, sir, but very handsome yet,"

"That will do," said Henry, as if he had heard enough, as indeed he had; and touching his cap, Dawson turned away.

"A romance of your younger days, I suppose?" said the Lieutenant with a smile, as if he would like to hear more.

Henry made no reply, but looking at his watch approached his horse; and, directing the prisoners to be placed under a guard on horseback to follow him to the city, he sprung into the saddle. Turning his horse's head towards the road and bidding the Lieutenant "good night," he rode slowly away, still gloomy and dejected, but his heart somewhat lightened by what he had heard.

What Dawson had told him, satisfied him, that the history of his connection with Eliza had not transpired. And, although he deemed it better for her happiness that she should be drawn in some way from the constant contemplation of the past, and believed that nothing could more effectually secure that object, than mingling much in society; he yet appreciated the motive of her seclusion, and honoring her extreme truthfulness, if possible loved her more than ever.

Day-light was just appearing in the East, as he rode up to his quarters. Giving the prisoners in charge of the quarter-guard, he threw himself wearied and exhausted upon his couch. The thoughts that occupied his mind, by degrees lost the consciousness of time and place and circumstance, and became dreams of happiness long past. But as sleep gradually overpowered his senses, even these visions faded from his fancy, and he was buried in slumber, deep and refreshing.

---

### C H A P T E R III.

"So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt."—HAMLET.

THE prisoners we have seen taken had been searched immediately upon their capture, but no papers having been found upon their persons, they were simply committed to the guard, with directions to watch them closely, and see that they did not escape. It was after giving this instruction, and directing the corporal of the guard to wake him at eight o'clock, that Henry had retired to rest.

A full hour before that time, however, he was aroused by the en-

trance of some one into his room, and on looking up he perceived the corporal closing the door behind him. Supposing the hour at which he had directed him to wake him had arrived, he made a movement to rise.

"It is not eight o'clock yet, sir," said the man, taking off his cap, and producing several papers: "I have come in earlier to give you these papers, because I thought perhaps you might want time to examine them before you went to the General."

"What are they?"

"I have not examined them, sir," said Allen: "I did not know but I might be doing wrong. You ordered me to watch the prisoners you left, and I did so. I was not on duty till after two o'clock, and was, therefore, in the guard-room lying down, but not asleep. Looking out from under my blanket, I saw one of the fellows slip some papers slyly from his coat-sleeve and put them into the fire—you see that one is a little burned—but I thought they might be suspicious, for he put them in very cautiously, as if he did not want to be seen; and I, therefore, snatched them from the fire, and have brought them to you."

"You did quite right—and I will take care that General Jackson shall know to whom he is indebted. I see that they are of importance."

"Thank you, sir," said the corporal, retiring. "Shall I come to wake you at eight o'clock?"

"No—no—never mind—I'll get up now."

Upon an examination of the papers, he found a list of some twenty names, written in a bold, fair hand, headed by the following words:—"List of *prominent* men in N.O., upon whom —— can depend." There was also a long letter, written in French, giving a full account of Jackson's force, and all his resources, with surprising accuracy; and another in cipher, which Henry could not read. Only examining them closely enough, fully to satisfy himself that they contained treasonable matter, he proceeded to his brief toilet.

Scarcely was he dressed before an orderly tapped at the door, and on entering, delivered a summons to General Jackson's quarters. Hurrying across the hall, he entered the room in the western part of the building, where his first interview with Jackson had taken place. He found the General alone, seated at the table, busily examining an order-book, which lay open before him.

"I have sent for you, Captain Grahame," said the General, rising, and pointing to a chair, "at this early hour, with some reluctance, because I supposed you would be much fatigued by your last night's

duty. But I am very much pressed for time of late, and am therefore desirous of getting through with as much business as possible before breakfast."

For a man in General Jackson's position, this apology may seem rather out of character; and I am sorry I have to admit that among officers of his grade generally, such a thing would surprise me, as much as, or more than, a false step in strategy. But General Jackson, with all the asperities of temper attributed to him, and amid even the greatest press of business, never forgot the courtesy and softer graces of social life, which so eminently distinguished him, both as a public functionary and a private gentleman.

"I had already risen," said Henry, "having been roused by the corporal only a few minutes before your orderly entered."

"What success had you in your expedition of last night?"

"I delivered the orders as directed, and stayed to see them executed. While I was at the guard-fire, two prisoners were captured, whom I brought with me, and lodged with the quarter-guard."

"Did you have them searched?"

"Yes, sir; but we met with no success at that time. This morning, however, Corporal Allen, of the guard, waked me, and handed me these papers, which he said he took from the fire where they were in the act of being burnt—one of the prisoners having thrown them there, supposing no one saw him. I think it no more than just to call your attention specially to the corporal's vigilance."

"Certainly," said the General: "he shall be properly rewarded; for God knows we stand more in need of vigilance than of men." He took the papers, and opening them, continued—"In an army, unlike what lawyers (who, in New Orleans are more troublesome than the British) will tell you of civil society, a proper system of rewards is at least as effectual as that of punishments; and no example is so powerful in producing good conduct, as the example of faithful services properly rewarded."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as he examined the papers: "this confirms my suspicions completely—but unless we can prove the hand, I cannot act upon this information."

"Perhaps an examination of the prisoners might throw some light upon it," suggested Henry.

"True—step out and have them brought up."

Grahame did as directed, and soon afterwards the corporal entered with the prisoners. One was a small, thin-visaged, black-eyed man, about forty years of age—evidently a Frenchman. The other was tall,

finely-moulded, and about thirty years old, with a florid complexion, blue eyes, and, apparently, of English extraction. The former entered with a shuffling, hesitating step, and downcast eyes; his arms held awkwardly to his sides, and his whole appearance denoting abject fear. The latter walked forward with a bold, free, unhesitating step, and casting his eyes calmly from Grahame to the General, stood with erect carriage, the very model of a fearless and injured man."

"One at a time!" said Jackson; and the Frenchman was withdrawn, evidently much to his relief. The other betrayed no sign of trepidation, but stood uncovered, calmly awaiting his examination.

"The corporal says this is the man from whom the papers were taken," said Henry.

"What is your name?" asked the General.

"Andrew Halliday, sir. I live at present at No. — Poydras street."

"What do you mean by 'at present'?"

"I mean that I have only been in New Orleans a short time, and shall not remain at my present residence more than a few weeks."

"From whence did you come to New Orleans?"

"From Carthage, sir, in South America."

"What were you engaged upon when you were taken last night?"

"Passing the public highway upon my own private business, sir."

"Have you any recollection of ever having seen these papers?"

"A very distinct one, sir; they were snatched from the fire, where I threw them last night, while detained in the guard-house."

"You seem to be very candid, sir," said Jackson: "perhaps you will tell us also who wrote this list of names?"

"I wrote it, sir; and the information you probably think it conveys, depends solely upon my authority."

"And this letter—"

"Is of my writing also, sir—intended to have been sent to a friend of mine, not in the British camp, as you suppose, but in New York."

"And this other letter?" said Jackson, puzzled by the man's apparent openness, but by no means satisfied."

"I cannot read it, sir—nor do I suppose you can. It is directed to me, as you will see, but by whom I cannot say."

"If these papers were so harmless," said Jackson, after a pause, "why did you attempt to burn them?"

"I saw I was suspected, sir; and I feared that, though written only for my own eyes and as memoranda of what I expect to see verified, they might be tortured into evidence of disaffection to the cause. Such a suspicion is extremely unjust: though it is probable I would say the

same thing were I the traitor you deem me. Yet, as no one can admire the ability of General Jackson more than I do, so no one can be more sincerely attached to the cause in which he is engaged."

This adroit answer, evidently intended, as it was, to feel the temper of Jackson, satisfied him at once of the ability of this man to make himself dangerous. Yet he had no positive proof against him; and upon examination, the letter which he said was intended for a friend in New York, bore internal evidence that such had been its destination. Whether, however, this was the true account of the matter, or the letter had been written with that view, was another question, about which he was undecided. Another consideration troubled him, also: already had there been frequent murmurings at what was called "his illegal and arbitrary assumption of power;" and though no man on earth had less hesitation in "taking the responsibility" where he thought he was right, he was still averse to unnecessarily increasing the dissatisfaction of the murmuring citizens.

"What do you advise?" said he, after a few moments' thought, during which Halliday stood with folded arms, calmly awaiting the decision.

"I suppose," said Henry, in reply, "you will remand him to the guard-house until you shall have examined the other prisoner, at least."

"Certainly—send him away, and have the other brought in."

"Before you determine to detain me longer," coolly said Halliday, "I beg to know upon what charge I am thus illegally imprisoned; and to have an opportunity of explaining my absence to my friends."

"You are detained, sir," said Jackson, "upon a charge of traitorous communication with the public enemy. Captain Grahame, let the sergeant of the guard furnish him with pen and paper, and bring whatever he writes to me."

"If I am to be subjected to such surveillance, sir, I would rather not write," said he, proudly.

"As you please, sir," said Jackson, and he was removed.

The Frenchman was now introduced. He entered, trembling violently, and evidently much disposed to remain an indefinite time in the guard-house, rather than submit to an examination. A series of questions and answers very similar in result, though by no means in manner, to those given in the former examination, now ensued. But, although it was evident to both the General and Henry that the prisoner's trepidation indicated something more than cowardice, the cross-questioning was rewarded by no discovery. He had been going, he said, to his farm, a small plantation below the ground upon which the

battle was afterwards fought, and took the by-path because he was aware that the road was guarded. He was engaged in business in the city, keeping a coffee-house. His family were for a few days at the country-seat, and having been detained by company in his house, he was going to join them at the late hour at which he was captured.

“Where is your coffee-house?” asked the General.

“No. — Gravier Street, sir.”

“At what hour did you close your doors last night?”

“At ten o’clock, sir, according to your orders.”

“You were taken, I believe, at half-past one, several miles below the city: did your company all leave you at ten?”

“No, sir. But I complied with the order—and when they refused to leave the house, closed the doors notwithstanding.”

“Your duty, sir,” said Jackson, with some severity of tone, “when they refused to leave at a proper hour, was to have called in the patrol, and compelled them to do so. By failing to do so, you have subjected yourself to a penalty. But as you seem to have shown a willingness to obey the order, I will set you at liberty for the present. Remember, though, if you again come under my guard, you may not escape so easily.”

“I have heard of this coffee-house before this morning,” continued Jackson, when the corporal had taken him away; “and I strongly suspect that it is a place used by the malcontents in the city, for meeting the emissaries of Pakenham. I am very anxious to capture some of these fellows, and I see no way to do so, except to allow Renaud to keep his house open.”

A conference of a few minutes ensued between the General and his aid; they were soon interrupted by the breakfast bell, and left the room together.

“I do not like the service, General,” said Grahame, in reply to a proposition which the General had made, as he rose from the table.

“If I had another man,” replied Jackson, “upon whom I could so well rely, I would not ask you to undertake it. All the rest of my staff are well known to these men; but you are not, and are therefore the only person whose undertaking would be attended by the least prospect of success.”

“Still,” said Henry, “I cannot consent to play the spy, even under these circumstances. I am willing to do any service to you or to the cause, which does not wear the guise of dishonor. If I can do *this* service by any means other than by espionage, I will do so; but if I cannot, you must find another man.”

"I am the last man, believe me, Captain," said the General, taking his arm, and walking towards the door, "to ask you or another to do anything dishonorable; and I therefore accept your terms. But," he said, stopping with his hand on the lock, "I wish this service to be done, if possible, by *you*—and if you can devise any means of performing it, which will not compromise your honor, I shall expect you to do it."

"I will reflect upon it, sir, and if I *can* do it honorably, you may depend upon me."

"Very well—let us go to breakfast."

---

## C H A P T E R I V.

"I'll wage against your gold, gold to it."—CYMBELINE.

"Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up aee."—INDEM.

A FEW doors from the foot of Gravier Street, stood, at the period of our story, a tall, narrow brick building, the broad glass doors of which occupied almost the whole front, and were surmounted by a narrow sign-board. On the latter, in gilt letters, were the words: "Restaurant—Philip Renaud." On a rather primitive transparency, suspended by an iron bar projecting over the entrance, were painted the figure of an extremely bloated turtle, and several other devices equally expressive of the character of the entertainment to be had within. The upper part of the building, which was three stories high, was occupied as a dwelling by the proprietor, the lower floor being devoted to the entertainment of his customers. Among these were included many young men of various characters, to whom the Restaurant was a place of resort for eating, drinking and gaming. This last amusement was, at that time, far more common than at present; was indeed daily and nightly practiced, without the least attempt at concealment, other than what would enable the more *respectable* of these resorts to make their *re-unions* somewhat exclusive.

The front room opened upon the level of the street, and was fitted up with an elegant, ornamented bar, in which stood a variety of long-necked and wide-bodied bottles and decanters, interspersed here and there with delicate cut-glass wine-goblets and stem-glasses, the whole festooned by wreaths of differently-colored paper, cut in a variety of fanciful shapes. Along each side of the room was fitted up a row of

booths or stalls, each screened by a crimson curtain, and intended as places of retirement for the frequenters of the house, while enjoying the delicious stews prepared in a room in the rear. The back room was approached by a flight of three or four steps, at the top of which opened a glass-door, covered by a curtain of dark, rich crimson.

A few minutes before ten o'clock, on an evening a few days subsequent to Renaud's capture and examination, a party of twenty-five soldiers, each equipped with musket and accoutrements, and under the immediate command of sergeant (quondam corporal) Allen, entered the street a few squares above, and followed an officer, enveloped in a long cloak, towards the river. The latter stopped immediately in front of the building we have described, and halting at the command of the sergeant, the detachment came to an "order."

"Sergeant," said the officer, "you will allow no one to enter or go out until I return;" and looking up at the sign, as if to assure himself that he was right, he pushed the door open and entered. The front room was at that moment unoccupied; but, as he passed across it, the glass door was opened, and coming out, Renaud saluted him, and asked his wishes.

"I wish to see you at the door one moment, if you please," said Grahame; and following him out, Renaud found himself suddenly in the midst of a guard, who passed between him and the door.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," said Henry; "I shall return for you soon, probably."

"At the slightest noise," he continued to the sergeant, as he entered, "you will, without hesitation, enter with ten of your men and await my orders."

Passing through the crimson-covered door, he found himself in a long narrow room, brilliantly lighted, and filled by a crowd of persons of almost every age and shade of appearance. Among them were some half-dozen American officers, the most of them, as well as of the remainder of the company, engaged in gaming. They were scattered in various groups about the room, some sitting at one or other of the games played, and others standing at *roulette* and *faro* tables, of each of which there was one erected in opposite corners of the room. They were all too much interested in their occupation to notice Grahame's entrance; otherwise the arrival of a member of the General's Staff at such an hour would have caused at least some remark. Around the *roulette* table especially, there seemed to be an absorbing interest; a group of ten or twelve spectators, in addition to the players, were

looking eagerly at the game, as if each depended upon the rolling of the ball for existence.

A handsome, though somewhat effeminate-looking young man of perhaps twenty-two, was playing wildly and desperately, to retrieve heavy and ruinous losses, which grew momently heavier. As Henry stepped up to the table, attracted as all are in such scenes, to the visible point of interest, the last roll of the ball had swept his only remaining stake; and as the brow of the banker cleared up, the young man turned away, penniless, and with a beating heart and quivering lip, sought another part of the room. He had commenced playing early, and having lost heavily, the flushed and confident *roulettier*, who had won immense sums during the evening, had allowed him the (then, and perhaps now,) unusual privilege of doubling his stake as often as he lost. His ill fortune, however, still pursued him; and an expedient, which, had he been fortunate, or as gamesters call it *lucky*, woudt have recovered for him all his losses, had only hastened his ruin. As the result became known, he retired to another table, with the haggard look of disappointment, and left the banker in possession of his gains.

"Will you allow me the same privilege you gave him?" inquired a tall, handsome officer, whom Henry immediately recognized.

"You may double twelve times, sir," said the *roulettier*.

"Say fifteen, and I'll play—otherwise you may close."

"Very well," said the banker; "we're 'in luck'—try it one round, any how."

Very few of the American officers then in the city, were in possession of enough money to double even a small stake so often as this: and it is probable that the privilege would not have been given had not the banker expected to find his new customer as "short-lived" as the former one.

"How many times do you pay 'the Eagle?'" inquired the officer.

"Twenty-seven times, sir," replied the other.

"I'll take the Eagle." The *roulettier* handled his ball, the officer placed a dollar on the spot indicated, the ball ran swiftly round the circle, and the better lost. He supplied the place of his money with two dollars, and again he lost.

"That is one double," said he; and placing four dollars in the same place, the ball again decided against him.

"Twice," said he, coolly; "now turn for eight dollars; again he lost.

"Three times. Now for sixteen." The ball again flew steadily

round and round, and true to its master's skill, decided against the better.

"Four times," said the officer, in a clear, unmoved voice, "thirty-two," he continued, counting the money down upon the table. But scarcely had it quitted his hand, when it was swept into the coffers of the banker.

"Five times," said he, coolly, as at first: "twice thirty-two is sixty-four. He placed the money upon the table, from whence it followed the previous stakes.

"Six times," said the officer; and counting another pile of gold upon the table, "one hundred and twenty-eight," said he; "if I win now, or hereafter, you will not have made much, my friend." The banker smiled constrainedly, but said not a word. He had granted the privilege of which his antagonist was now taking advantage, in the flush of success; but the calm, confident manner in which the officer placed his money upon the cloth and the cool triumphant manner in which he predicted his winning, made him repent his departure from the rule. The chances, however, were still in his favor. The *roulettier*, if he remained steady, could throw the ball wherever he chose; and the only imminent danger was, that the confident, taunting manner of his antagonist might, as he confidently intended it should, throw him off his balance, and destroy the certainty of his hand. Besides the calculation was always greatly, almost hopelessly, against the square on which the bets were made. Yet one loss would more than cover all his winnings during the evening; and if the officer had money in sufficient quantity to prosecute his game to its extent, it *might* succeed; and if it did, he was a ruined man.

Henry, in common with all who were near, became deeply interested: and drawing more closely to the table, intently watched the ball, as in its seventh circuit the banker again won.

"Seven times," coolly said the loser; two hundred and fifty-six," he added, placing the money on the table. "I must win soon, else I shall be compelled to borrow more money."

"We never allow that!" said the banker, quickly.

"You are becoming excited, I perceive," said the officer; if the *roulettier* catches the contagion, I shall win soon enough, without borrowing." He looked calmly round the group. "Ah! Capt. Grahame!" he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon Henry; "I am very happy to see you. I heard of your being in the army only to-day. How do you do?"

"Major Poindexter, I believe," said Henry, coldly—but accepting the proffered hand at the same time; he knew not why.

"Yee," said Harry, "they call me so now; and the fact is, I am as much surprised at it, as you seem to be."

"The character of your occupation," said Henry, significantly, "is not so very different from what it was when I last saw you, as to startle me much."

"How mean you?" he asked.

"That you were playing a desperate game then, and are now doing the same."

"I am totally unconscious," replied Harry, as he turned again towards the table, not a muscle of his face indicating the falsehood of what he was uttering, "I am totally unconscious of having ever done a desperate thing in my life, until I joined the army."

"Ah! did I lose again!" he continued, with the most perfect composure; "well—very well—that is, let me see, eight times, is it not? Yes—eight times—five hundred and twelve dollars—proceed."

Again the ball flew rapidly round the wheel. Most of the company in the room were now crowding round the table, all eager to see the result. The banker was silent and anxious, breathlessly awaiting the close of the extraordinary game. He cursed his blind folly in allowing it, but still he hoped he might win. Every other game in the saloon was discontinued, and the players were standing silently around absorbed in the *roulette*. Poindexter alone, of all present, showed no signs of emotion.

"Nine times," said he, calmly, as again he lost. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a large roll of notes, and counting down one thousand and twenty-four dollars, coolly bade the *roulettier* proceed. The hand of the latter trembled, and the eye of the banker became fixed and wild, as the ball flew from his fingers. But again Poindexter lost.

"Ten times," said he, slowly, and with an untrembling voice. "Two thousand and forty-eight," he continued; "just see that it is right, Mr. Banker; I don't want to cheat you." The banker endeavored to count the bills, but his hands trembled so violently that he could not succeed. Rolling it up hurriedly he laid it on "the eagle."

"Roll away," said Harry, "while I count out the next bet—and be careful: you are becoming agitated; you'll lose soon. "The caution was not unnecessary; but its coolness rather increased than diminished his agitation.

"Just as I expected," continued Harry, laying another roll of notes in the place where the former had just been lost. "Eleven times—I shall win very soon now, I have four chances yet," he continued,

"four thousand and ninety-six—you are too much excited to count it—but it's all right, I think. Go on, *roulettier*.

The agitation of the latter became so evident, that the banker was about to stop him. Harry laid his hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Be calm, my dear sir," said he : "go on, I say, *roulettier*."

The hand of the *roulettier* trembled, and he threw the ball less violently than usual. It ran round scarcely three times, and gradually stopping, *rolled into "the eagle."*

"Why," said Harry, without the least emotion, "I might have accepted your terms. I have won the twelfth roll ; and according to my figures," he continued, rapidly making a calculation on the back of a card, with his pencil, "you owe me *one hundred and ten thousand, five hundred and ninety two dollars*. There it is," he continued, handing the card over towards the banker, "look at it yourself, and see that it is right."

But the banker waved it impatiently aside, and whispered in a husky, almost stifled voice, "It is all yours—all—what avail figures?—I am ruined;" and, attempting to rise, he reeled, the blood rushing in a torrent from his mouth, and fell heavily to the floor, bleeding and lifeless.

"Take it—take it all!" hastily said the *roulettier* : and he stooped to lift the body of his dying brother-in-law and partner.

A great commotion arose in the room, as the crowd rushed towards the dying man ; and recovering from the partial stupor into which the sudden termination of the exciting game had thrown them, they filled the room with various and confused exclamations. Stepping coolly round the the table, Poindexter locked the heavy mahogany box in which the money was deposited, and putting the key in his pocket, placed the box upon the table. At the same moment, attracted by the noise, Sergeant Allen pushed the door rudely open, and followed by ten men, with bayonets fixed, took possession of all the doors and windows.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed two or three, while several attempted to pass out, but were stopped by the guard.

"Let no one pass in any direction!" was the command of Henry, as, springing upon a chair, he continued—"Do not be alarmed, gentlemen. I have orders to arrest every man found in this house after ten o'clock ; but it is just ten now. You will oblige me by remaining a few minutes, and you will then be at liberty. My orders do not include any American officer, unless found in certain circumstances."

"Bring in the rest of your men, sergeant."

He had cast his eye round the room as he entered, and the thought immediately occurred to him, that it was not as wide as the room in front, which occupied the whole width of the house. He could, however, see no entrance into another room from that one, nor was there a corresponding door in the front room. At the moment of his entrance he had observed two persons, at least one of whom he thought he had seen before, passing out at the back door, and although he had watched for them, neither had returned. He, therefore, suspected that there was either a room which opened in the rear, directly beside the room he was in, or at least a staircase, filling up the space and leading above.

"Where is Renaud?" he asked.

"Here, sir." And the *restaurateur* was brought forward.

"Renaud, come with me. Sergeant, bring ten men." So saying, and leaving the crowd in the room silent and wondering, he passed out at the back door, and turning to the right, found another door, as he expected.

"Whither does this door lead?" he asked, in a cautious voice.

"It leads up to my private apartments, sir," replied Renaud.

"Open it, then, and let us in. I want to see your apartments."

"I have not the key, sir," said the *restaurateur*, with evident alarm.

"Get it, then. Sergeant, send a man with him."

"But it is inside," faltered Renaud.

"Must we break it, then, to let you into your own house?" added Henry.

"I fear so, sir. I cannot open it now."

"Place your musket to this man's head," said he, calmly, to one of the guard, "and when I count twelve, fire! If you can devise any means of opening it before that time, Renaud, say so, and you may save your life."

There was a cold, determined sternness in his tones, which chilled Renaud's blood. And, besides, nothing brightens a man's recollections like the ominous opening in the end of an iron tube. There is something really exhilarating in the thought that one pressure of a man's finger can bring forth from the barrel a messenger which can carry the soul into eternity: and this force was not lost upon the trembling *restaurateur*.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—"

"Stop, for God's sake!" exclaimed the terrified Frenchman. "I'll open it."

"Be quick, then," said Henry, as if not at all surprised at his new ability.

Drawing a key from his pocket, Renaud reluctantly inserted it in the lock.

In the meantime, the crowd in the room they had left, stood motionless and silent, unable to imagine what could cause this movement. Except those immediately around the dying banker, none moved or spoke. They had lifted him from the floor where he had fallen, and covered with blood, had placed him carefully upon a sofa. But it was evident that a few minutes were all that was left to him of life. A physician happened to be in the room; but upon examining him, he at once announced that he could not live. As the surgeon retired, the dying man opened his eyes for a moment, and looked wistfully at the *roulettier*.

"What is it, Burton?" said the latter, kindly; but the banker could not speak. A moment afterwards his eyes became fixed and glassy, one arm fell over the side of the sofa, and his form was stiffened in death.

"He is dead," whispered his partner. Involuntarily we speak low in the presence of death, as if our voices could disturb the slumber of the departed.

"Had he a family?" inquired Poindexter.

"A wife—my sister—and one child."

"How much money did he put into this business?"

"Six thousand dollars—all he had—eight years ago."

"Here, then," said Harry, opening the box, which still stood upon the table; "compose his limbs first, and then come here. Count out six thousand dollars, while I calculate the interest for eight years."

The *roulettier* counted the money in silent amazement.

"That's it," said Harry, running over the figures he had made; "here, put the interest with it, and give the whole to his wife."

The man gazed at him in astonishment. Although not himself entirely degraded, this was a generosity of which he had no conception.

"Take it—take it—you detain me," said Harry, impatiently.

He received the money, looked at it as if he did not fully understand how it came into his hands, and returned to the corpse.

Turning to the young man who had preceded him in the game—"How much did you lose here to-night?" he asked.

"Five thousand dollars, sir," said he, "besides twelve hundred that I borrowed from Mr. Hollis."

"Six thousand, two hundred," said Harry, counting it: "here it is; take it, and let me advise you in future to avoid all such places."

"I cannot accept it, sir," said the young man, drawing back proudly, and covering his face, as if he did not wish to be seen.

"But you *must*," said he; and speaking lower, he added. "You need not cover your face—I have seen it already—is not that good reason why you should take it?"

"Take it—take it, by all means!" said several of the bystanders.

"It is yours, sir," said the *roulettier*, stepping forward; "I won it from you unfairly. I can throw the ball where I please, when I am calm; and nothing but this gentleman's coolness and confidence could have won as he did. His calmness agitated me, and I threw the ball unsteadily, as he had calculated I would. Take it, sir; it is your own money."

With a look which was more eloquent of gratitude than studied words could have been made, and yet a cheek crimsoned by false shame in part, and by a feeling which the bystanders did not understand, though Harry did, the young man received the money, and drawing hastily back into the crowd, soon afterwards left the house, walking rapidly, as if fearing pursuit.

Harry Poindexter had thus done two acts, of which no reader of this narrative, up to that moment, would have suspected him. Yet let it not be supposed that his character was changed; or even that new traits, of which only the seeds were in existence when we last saw him, had grown up and outstripped the evil. By no means: generosity in pecuniary things is not at all incompatible with the most cold-blooded scheming; and a little paltry gold may well be sacrificed to gain an influential friend, or even partially to atone for a grievous wrong.

"You are now at liberty to depart, gentlemen," said a non-commissioned officer, re-entering at the back-door. "Open the door, John."

The crowd slowly left the room.

"Give this card to Captain Grahame," said Harry, as he went out.

In a few minutes the room was deserted by all but the soldiers and the *roulettier*—the latter sitting gloomy and dejected at the head of his brother-in-law's corpse.

---

"Now," said Grahame, drawing a pistol, as Renaud opened the door, "the slightest unusual noise, or suspicious motion, and we will prosecute this search without your assistance."

The door opened at the foot of a stair-case, up which Renaud, trem-

bling and affrighted, led the way. The stair-case landed in a small entry, out of which opened two doors, one directly before them, and the other at the left. Renaud walked straight forward to the large one in front.

"Leave two men at that door," said Henry, in a low voice, "and direct them to allow no one to pass."

They entered a large room, richly furnished and carpeted, and brilliantly lighted, at the upper end of which sat a woman with two children. She rose in alarm as they entered.

"Do not alarm yourself, madam," said Henry; "no harm is intended you."

She was considerably above the medium height, with large, swimming black eyes, and rich brown hair, which, in the *negligée* of home, was suffered to fall in profuse and luxuriant masses over her white neck and round, ivory shoulders. She did not seem to be more than twenty years of age; and yet the beautiful black-eyed child who stood at the table was at least ten years old, and the boy scarcely a year younger. It was evident they were her children, too; the countenances were infantile copies of her own languishing beauty. And that which in her, except in moments of excitement, might have been deemed too soft, in the miniatures beside her, became almost radiant with intellectual sunlight.

"Captain Grahame," said Renaud, in introduction, without mentioning her name.

"Your wife, I suppose," said Henry, gazing at her involuntarily.

"No, sir—Mrs. Burton, wife of the Mr. Burton below."

It was the wife of the banker; and she was thus awaiting the return of him who was lying within a few feet of her, cold and stiff, and dead! She was a widow—her children were fatherless—and she and they knew it not! Such are the effects of vice, such the consequences of gaming!

Henry turned mournfully from the vision of unconscious misfortune, and retraced his steps. Opening several doors, he examined the rooms, but found nothing to justify his search.

"I must now look at the room at the head of the stairs," said he.

"There are some gentlemen supping there," said Renaud, "and they will not like to be disturbed."

"I must see them, however," said Henry; "you have the *entrée*, of course, and you must open the door. If you give me cause to suspect treachery, you know your fate. Speak to them as if there were no one with you."

Without a word, the *restaurateur* tapped upon the door. "Open!" said he. The key was turned and the door opened. Renaud drew back, but Henry stepped forward into the room, and found seven or eight gentlemen sitting round a table, upon which stood the remains of the supper they had been eating. Several bottles of wine were scattered about the board, and the room was lighted by three tall candles, placed at intervals upon the table. That at the head was drawn close to the right hand of a gentleman of some thirty years, whose appearance denoted wealth and respectability. The remainder of the company were men of genteel appearance, sitting round the table, having evidently finished both the supper and the wine. The room was closely curtained, and everything denoted secrecy. As Henry entered he observed the man first mentioned, who was apparently presiding, conceal something hastily beneath his plate, and push the candle from him, as if it had been placed there for a suspicious purpose.

"What does this mean, Renaud?" asked this man, as he caught a sight of the *restaurateur*, yet standing in the hall.

"I will answer for him, sir," said Grahame, stepping forward; "I am here by the orders of General Jackson, to arrest all men found in this house, in council as traitors. And," he added, suddenly lifting the plate before the first speaker, "I seize these papers in evidence of the character of this meeting." A deep flush crossed the man's face, but he exclaimed :

"What right have you to seize private papers, sir? And by what authority does General Jackson seek to arrest peaceable citizens?"

"I seize the papers, sir," Henry replied, calmly, "in pursuance of my orders; and as to the General's authority, I think you will find it difficult successfully to question it. At all events, you must go with me before him. Do you refuse?"

"We do!" said the spokesman, decidedly; and at the same moment he drew a heavy pistol from his breast, in which he was imitated by all the company except one.

"Guard!" called Henry; and in a moment, ten muskets, with bayonets fixed, looked silently and ominously through the door, and seemed to gaze upon the astonished conspirators.

"Shoot the first man who makes a motion to resist," he commanded; "Sergeant, disarm these men."

"Hold!" cried a loud voice, from the foot of the table; and turning in that direction, Henry's eyes met those of Halliday, his prisoner of the *picquet*. He was the only man who had not exhibited fire-arms—probably divining, with his accustomed coolness, that Henry had a guard

sufficient to overpower them, and acting more cautiously than the rest, in order to make the best of his position. He now spoke: "These gentlemen," said he, "will all submit to force, without the indignity of being disarmed by a non-commissioned officer. For one, I am willing to go before General Jackson; with the understanding, however, that I do so because I am compelled, and not because I do not consider this exercise of power illegal and tyrannical. There need be no bloodshed here—we submit because you are the stronger, reserving our right to appeal to the proper tribunal for redress."

"I have nothing to do with that, sir," said Henry; "my orders are to take you, and of course I would prefer to do so peaceably."

Halliday's view of the matter seemed to satisfy his companions, and at a motion from him they laid their arms upon the table. They were then escorted down the stairs by Allen and his party, and marched thence directly to the head-quarters.

"A card Major Poindexter left for you, sir," said the corporal, as he passed through the lower room. He took the card, and reading the name upon the front, turned it over, and found the following:

"Captain Grahame seems to be laboring under some mistake in reference to Major P.'s past actions. Major P. regrets that circumstances prevented explanation this evening; but hopes to see Captain G. tomorrow, at eleven o'clock, (if he will be at his quarters,) when he can more fully understand him.

"*Thursday night, 11 o'clock.*"

---

## C H A P T E R V.

"Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;  
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman."—HAMLET.

"'Tis true that I have done thee wrong."—PARASINA.

THE examination of the persons arrested again took place in private. Jackson's reason for this course was probably a desire to avoid publicity until something should be discovered unequivocally justifying his suspicions. The decided stand he had taken upon his entrance into the city, which was so eminently characteristic of his resolute mind, had been seized upon and misrepresented by the malcontents in such a manner as greatly to increase the dissatisfaction among those whose prejudices or interests led them to question the legality or pro-

priety of his measures. This dissatisfaction finally increased to such a degree as to force, or at least allow, his arraignment before a court of civil jurisdiction. By the judgment of that tribunal he paid, for the rigid execution of his measures, a heavy fine ; which, to the eternal honor of the present generation, has been refunded to him by the nation, as a measure of justice, in our own day.

Knowing the state of public feeling, he was naturally anxious to avoid anything that could have a tendency to create further discontent. He therefore examined the prisoners personally, and in private. But the papers Henry had seized, although suspicious, were still indecisive ; so much so, that he did not feel justified in detaining them, upon the slight evidence furnished by their secret meetings, and their evident disaffection. Halliday was their spokesman, and with the same cool dexterity he had before exhibited, he turned aside the point of every question, and so skilfully accounted for every suspicious circumstance, that he needed only a little more of the confidence of his auditory to have produced conviction. He succeeded in explaining every questionable appearance, plausibly and naturally ; except the single fact, that the names of the men here assembled, were precisely those on the list which had been first taken from him.

“ If,” said he, without manifesting the least confusion when his attention was called to this point, “ if they had not been men with whom I was intimate, and, therefore, the very men with whom I would be most likely to be found supping, I could never have known their sentiments upon so delicate a matter—the more especially as their opinions are altogether speculative, and not at all practical, as you suspect—and I of course would not have ventured to place their names even upon a memorandum which no one was to see but myself.”

This comprehensive and characteristic reply had the effect of closing the examination. Jackson was silent for a few moments, and then looking suddenly at Halliday, abruptly asked—

“ What is your occupation ?”

“ I am a carriage-maker, sir,” answered Halliday.

“ I would advise you,” said Jackson, “ to quit it immediately and turn your attention to the law, for which I think you were intended.”

“ I am grateful for the advice,” said he, smiling, “ but I have already partially anticipated it.”

And many years afterwards, when the General had become a legislator for the country he was now defending, he met again and again those calm, deep-blue eyes, and heard that bold, clear voice, as it rose and fell in splendid oratory within the halls of Congress. And when

he had become chief magistrate, the light of that eye had not faded, and the echoes of that voice had not died away, but lived to give force and power to many a bolt of thundering eloquence.\*

"I shall release you," said the General, after a pause, "all of you; for I do not wish to act, except upon the clearest evidence. But let me warn you once for all—if you are found in any such conclave again, I shall, *at the very least*, indulge your taste for companionship in my guard-room."

They were immediately dismissed, and appear no more in our history. In passing across the hall, after leaving the General, Henry met an orderly, who placed a card in his hand.

"The gentleman is in your quarters, waiting for you."

Looking at the card, Henry passed on towards the room, and opening the door, found himself in the presence of Harry Poindexter. He was sitting as Henry entered, but rising he extended his hand in salutation. Grahame formally accepted it, and invited him to resume his seat, which Harry did.

"I understood," said he, after this rather cold salutation, and a few indifferent remarks had passed between them, "I understood, from your remark last night, Captain Grahame, that some misunderstanding of my past course was indicated; and from the feeling you manifested on the subject, I supposed it to refer in some way to yourself. I am not supposed to rest under mistaken imputations, for want of effort on my part to correct them, under any circumstances, and most especially when they seem to endanger my relations with one whose good opinion I value. I have, therefore, taken the first opportunity of seeking to ascertain wherein the mistake consists."

"No one can better appreciate, or more highly prize candor than I do," said Henry, with rather more stiffness than the occasion called for; "but, as I cherish no resentments, where, consistently with my duties, they cannot be gratified, for the present at least, I see no good reason for giving an explanation."

"But," said Poindexter, "your remark seemed to imply, as does your reply to my present inquiry, that you cherish at least some memory, which is not to my credit."

\* This may be supposed to be fiction, but it is quite as literally true as any other historical fact. The name and occupation of the man are of course fictitious—but there are persons now living who will recognise the character, and know the facts. It is due to him to say, that although appearances were against him, Jackson's suspicions were unfounded, as that distinguished man afterwards ascertained and acknowledged. They were dissatisfied with what they deemed high-handed measures, but their designs were never traitorous.

" Such was my meaning, sir, and such is the fact."

" After which declaration," said Poindexter, constrainedly, " you cannot refuse to explain wherein you mean to asperse me."

" In no way do I mean to *aspouse* you, Major Poindexter," said Henry, with significant emphasis; " I know what I do, when I attribute to you designs and actions highly dishonorable. I only meant that consistently with my duties, I could not just now take any steps towards the gratification of my well-grounded resentment."

Poindexter rose with a darkened brow and flashing eye.

" Enough, sir!" said he; " I presume your delicate sense of duty will not refuse acquiescence if these steps be taken by another?"

" Not all, sir," coolly replied Henry; " it would free me from an embarrassment which I feel to be irksome. But, since in a few days we are to be engaged with a common enemy, I would much prefer a delay of these steps, until our country no longer needs our services. Let me be understood, Major Poindexter: I know you would rather shed my blood than that of one of the enemy of whom I speak; and I as readily admit that, personally, I have no objection to giving you the opportunity. I must, however, decline it until our arms are either victorious or decisively defeated. *Then*, I shall be very happy to meet you at any convenient time or place."

" And how long will this delay probably be, think you?" The frown was gone from his brow, and he gazed thoughtfully upon the floor.

" The General designs taking up his position to-morrow," said Grahame; " it cannot be more than a week, I think."

" Then, sir, I will bid you good morning," said Harry, suddenly looking up, as if aroused from a dream. He passed towards the door, and placed his hand upon the lock, leaving Henry in some amazement at his pre-occupied manner. At the door he hesitated, and turned the bolt several times, but did not open it; then, turning suddenly round, he advanced again into the room, with the expression of his face entirely changed. It was now calm and earnest; and to the half-sneer of cold hatred, had succeeded a subdued expression of sadness and regret.

" Captain Grahame," said he, in low, earnest tones, " I came here with the strongest hope of being able to re-establish the harmony between us, which I felt had, for some unknown reason, been interrupted. I am too well known to you to fear any misconception or suspicion of cowardice, when I say I earnestly and sincerely wished for this result. Even now, sir—even after the almost unpardonable aspersion of your

words—I am willing, nay, I am anxious, that we should be friends. You think I have injured you—perhaps I have. I am willing to acknowledge that my feelings have not always been friendly towards you; but the cause is now removed—I feel it no more—and am sincerely sorry that I ever felt it. I would be sorry, sir, to shed your blood, for no other reason than that I had already done you an injury; and I am mistaken in your character, if you could wish to shed the blood of a present friend, because he has once been an enemy. If you can be satisfied with this explanation, believe me, sir, I shall be your friend in the fullest sense of the word." He extended his hand as he finished.

During this speech, Henry stood gazing at him in the utmost astonishment. What dark scheme has now entered his busy mind? What motive can he have for this sudden and unaccountable change? Could it be possible that he was sincere? That by some strange revolution in his nature, repentance was suddenly in the ascendant? It was very improbable, yet it *might* be so. The hand was extended so naturally, the manner was so unaffected, the words were so appropriate—the whole, his voice, his eyes, his very movement, had so much the air of truth, that Henry was averse to refusing a reconciliation thus earnestly sought.

"I accept your offer, Major Poindexter," said he, warmly, "as frankly as it is made. I will not suspect other motives than those expressed; and you will pardon my mentioning suspicion at all. Your conduct towards me has not been perfectly correct, as you have admitted; but in the same spirit in which the admission was made, I take your hand, as a token that I wish to think no more of it."

"Then, when we meet again," said Harry, "we meet as friends."

"Yes," said Henry, "and I hope will remain so."

Harry reseated himself, and a long conversation ensued. But, as might have been expected, each avoided any topic which might lead them to speak of unpleasant recollections. Once only did Harry refer to any matter which it seemed to be tacitly understood they should avoid. But Grahame immediately changed the subject, and soon afterwards Harry rose to return to his camp.

"Will you not dine with us to-day?" said he; "you will probably meet some acquaintances. We dine at two."

Henry willingly accepted the invitation, and Poindexter left him.

In passing across the hall towards the General's quarters, for the purpose of excusing his intended absence from dinner, he observed con-

siderable bustle among the officers assembled there, and an aid standing at the door, with splashed boots and dabbled uniform.

"What news, Major?" said Henry to a tall, rough-looking officer, who seemed to be leaving in some haste.

"Nothing of much consequence," said he; "only a few of our men forgot themselves this morning, and got soundly thrashed for their pains." And springing into the saddle, he rode down the street at a gallop.

"Captain Grahame," said the General, "you will take these orders to Major Poindexter immediately. Direct him to strike his tents at sunset, and move down the river to the point designated in the order, leaving his baggage in the rear. Go by Colonel Armstrong's quarters, and give him the same order."

Without further inquiry, Henry mounted his horse and took his way towards the lower part of the city. As he passed through the streets, everything denoted a sudden movement. Baggage wagons were standing, in process of being loaded, in front of each commissariat, quartermasters' stores were being removed to the scene of the approaching conflict, orderlies were galloping hither and thither, with even more important visages than those generally worn by such functionaries, and everything was bustle, noise and movement.

"Punctual to the hour!" said Poindexter, as Henry rode up to the tent in front of which he was standing. "Here, Jim, take Capt. Grahame's horse. Capt. Everly, Capt. Grahame—I think you have met before." Henry shook hands with the dignified young man whom he had seen in C—— with Olivia Poindexter. He was little changed—though Henry thought that change for the better.

"Come in," continued Harry, lifting the curtain of the *marquee*; "Lieutenant Lavara, Captain Grahame—a citizen of Bogota, but in my battalion for the present—an appointment of the General, by request." Lavara was a young man of some five or six and twenty, with a dark, though handsome and intelligent countenance, and light, graceful figure. He rose as Henry entered, and bowing slightly, offered him a camp-stool.

"A citizen of Carthagena, Major," said he, correcting him, in a clear, musical voice, and with a slight Spanish accent.

"All the same—all the same," said Harry; "you are a citizen of the United States now, wherever you were born. Jim," he continued, going to the door, bring in dinner."

"I had almost forgotten the orders I had to deliver," said Henry,

heading them to Poindexter. "The general directs that you strike tents at sunset, and move down the river."

"Strike tents?" said the Major, running his eye over the paper; "what does that mean?"

"Adjutant," he added, "give orders to get ready to strike tents at sunset, and then come in to dinner."

The "sergeants' call" was beaten, and soon afterwards the adjutant entered, and they sat down to dinner.

"I heard nothing of this while I was in the city," said the Major; "some news must have arrived."

"Intelligence arrived," said Henry, "about the time you left the Quarter General, I believe."

"When are we likely to be engaged?" asked Lavara.

"I am unable to say; but, at all events, the General intends to take up a position to-morrow."

"Devilish good idea, that of the cotton-bales," said Everley.

"Have you seen the redoubt?"

"Yes; it is a splendid breastwork—I saw it this morning. If we are attacked there, Pakenham will find it hot work."

"Jackson is right," said Lavara; "he has no men to lose."

"Three thousand against twelve thousand, I believe."

"Something like that," said Poindexter; "four to one; and if I had my choice I would never give the British odds."

"Why not?" Everley asked.

"Because they are as good soldiers as we are—and if they have the advantage, may make the world believe they are better."

"They will never succeed in that, I think," said the junior Major.

"I hope we shall make a better fight of it than Bolivar's last," said Lavara; "if we do not, I shall give up soldiering."

"*Apropos*," said Harry; "you were in that last affair, I believe—what is the name of the place?"

"San Mateo—Bolivar's country-seat. It was a miserable affair."

"I have heard," said Everley, "that Bolivar's courage was questioned there."

"It was; and justly," said Lavara; "he is a cowardly traitor."\*

"Where is he now?" asked Grahame.

"At Cartagena, I believe—both he and General Marino."

"Do you think of returning to that country again?"

\* After the battle, or rout, at San Mateo, as indeed after every one of Bolivar's battles, the sentiment here expressed, was the universal language held by almost all the masses to his conduct. We will see more of him anon.

"Yes—as soon as things are settled here. I am anxious to go now; but I have heard rumors of peace between England and this country, and have concluded to remain until that event." He then entered into a long account of the situation of his country—the cruelties and tyranny of the Spaniards—the determination of the people to resist to the last—the attachment of the masses to the cause of liberty—and concluded with a fervent wish soon to be among them. He was evidently an enthusiastic follower of patriot fortunes, and spoke almost extravagantly of the blessings expected to be derived from independence.

"You say you will leave this country, as soon as this contest is decided," said Grahame; "whither do you go?"

"Wherever Gen. Bolivar may be; or to the head-quarters of the Republican Army, if he be not in command."

"But you said he was a traitor," suggested Harry.

"I did"—said Lavard—"and he is, at heart—but his interests are so connected with the cause of freedom that he cannot betray it; and besides he is the only man upon whom we can unite. I shall join him because he sincerely desires the emancipation of the country."

"I will go with you," said Grahame, suddenly.

Lavard extended his hand across the table, and pledged a friendship which we shall trace for many years.

"Let me fill your glass," said he; "and now let us drink success to General Bolivar in his efforts to free his country, and to the soldiers of freedom all over the world."

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm by all present.

"And now," said Poindexter, "let us drink to Andrew Jackson; may he never be compelled to turn his back upon a foreign foe."

This toast drunk, they rose from the table; and soon afterwards Henry took his way back to the city. He had determined to leave the country, so soon as he saw it freed from the invader; and he felt assured that if he waited for this event alone, he would soon be a wanderer in a foreign land. With the same enthusiasm which tinged all his thoughts and actions, he entered into every contest for liberty. And, though the effect of sorrow had been to envelope him in a coating of indifference to every cause, yet when this was once broken through, he was the same being he had been years before. His sympathies were therefore with the Southern Americans, who had then been contending for several years, but with only partial success against the soldiers of Spain, for the liberties which they felt were their natural right. Henry was a wanderer, with only a country, not a home; and

he resolved at once to seek excitement and employment for his thoughts, among the stirring scenes in these struggling republics. It was therefore with a settled purpose, that he pledged himself to enter a service of which he knew scarcely anything, but that its object was liberty, and that its influence might wean him from his unhappy reflections.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

"He was  
Quick, generous, simple, obstinate in end,  
High-hearted from his youth." —*FAUSTUS.*

"The enemy's in view, draw up your powers." —*LEAR.*

THE great preparations the British had been making to take New Orleans, the confidence with which they calculated upon success, and the insignificance of the force with which Jackson opposed their advance, made the fate of that city extremely doubtful. All the disposable force which could be withdrawn from our Atlantic coast, with large reinforcements from England, under command of Lord Pakenham, had been assembled in the fall of 1814, at Jamaica and the Bermudas. The fleet which had recently been employed on Chesapeake Bay, with about fifty sail from other stations, was sent to convey this armament to their destination. It was viewed as almost a matter of certainty,—indeed no other supposition was admitted—that possession would immediately be taken of Louisiana and the whole southern country. And accordingly printing-presses, custom-house officers, and all the incidents to a civil establishment, were sent with the fleet to fill every post and complete every branch of the new government. Even merchants, eager for gain and willing to stake the chances of speculation on the cast of the martial die, were on board the fleet, with their money to purchase the cotton which was to be a part of the plunder. Pakenham, Gibbs, Keane and Lambert were the principal British generals, commanding, (the first named being general-in-chief,) the finest armament which had ever been sent across the Atlantic.

To resist this formidable array, Jackson had scarcely four thousand men. The most even of these were new levies of militia or volunteers, who had never been under fire, nor (which amounts to the same,) under *discipline*, and upon whom, of course, no general of the least experience, except in a case of necessity like the present, would think of

relying. The recent battles in Mexico have proven beyond dispute that these troops are fully equal to any emergency, when well officered and *well disciplined*. The battle of Buena Vista especially, if closely studied, furnishes the whole truth in this matter, and shows that volunteers, like regular troops, *if disciplined*, will hold their ground as long as men can hold it—but if not well officered and accustomed to severe discipline, cannot and will not fight, even when each man as an individual, is fully as courageous as any disciplined soldier, who fights the battle through. It is discipline almost *alone*, that makes the sturdy soldier; and a greater or less degree of personal courage, where the proper course has been pursued by the officer, has but little effect upon the conduct of the man. In the engagement above referred to, those regiments which were partially disgraced, were composed of men of a character not at all dissimilar to that of the men, who composed other battalions which covered themselves with immortal renown. The amount of actual personal courage, if it could be ascertained, would be found as great in one regiment as in another; the only difference lay in in the degree in which that courage had been made *reliable* by discipline. Nothing is so easy to create as a panic—and in moments of excitement example acts with ten-fold force. The slightest trepidation or want of coolness in a commander at such a crisis, is far more apt to dampen the courage of his men than even the fire of the enemy. And if an officer has failed to discipline his men, so as to have them *in hand*, so to speak, before the approach of an enemy, he will find, when the battle grows hot, that even daring personal courage in himself, cannot give men *self-reliance*. With discipline, one body of men is as effective as any other body of equal number and of the same race, and the idea that one regiment or division can be more efficient than another, *caeteris paribus*, is a groundless prejudice.

Jackson's volunteers, however, had been in the service but a very short time—not long enough perfectly to finish their discipline—and they were, therefore, not as reliable as a body, as they were individually. But, with his accustomed energy, he commenced, and prosecuted his preparations for a vigorous and resolute defence. And, having, as effectually as was possible, by means of strict police and severe discipline, cleared the city of the spies and traitors, who lurked in almost every street, he took up his quarters four miles below, where the great battle was afterwards fought.

On the night of the twenty-second of December, Pakenham sent forward forty launches, filled with men, and attacked and destroyed the flotillas on Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain. Being thus in posse-

tion of the approach to the city, he sent a large detachment up the lakes, with the intention of making an attack. But they were met by Jackson on the night of the twenty-third, with about an equal force, and defeated and driven back, with the loss of near five hundred men. Having thus regained the passage, and there being no reason to apprehend an attack in that direction, Jackson again retired to the main work, four miles below the city.

A line of entrenchments, the right resting on the bank of the river, and the left upon an impassible cypress swamp, was thrown up along the line of an old canal or drain, which extended from the left to the right of the position. Part of the cotton which the British merchants had come to purchase from their plundering soldiers, was built up in the shape of a redoubt, guarded in front by a deep trench, and defended by forty pieces of cannon. Behind this redoubt were placed the riflemen and heavy infantry, completely protected from the fire of the enemy, and prepared, literally, to mow them down whenever they should appear. Opposite the position, and on the west bank of the river, General Morgan was posted, with a small body of militia; and Commodore Patterson was anchored with his squadron in the river, so as to enfilade the approach of the enemy upon the main work. Fort Saint Philip, guarding the passage of the river at Detour la Plaque-mine, completed the arrangement.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth of December, Jackson stood, with several officers of his staff, and two or three of the line, on the top of the breastwork, scanning with his glass the various features of his defences, and making his final arrangements for the coming contest. Having completed these, they were standing in a group, watching, and from time to time remarking upon, the several detachments of British, who were then engaged in erecting batteries at the distance of about half a mile.

"There it comes!" said he, leisurely shutting his glass; and at the same moment a volume of smoke issued from the mouth of a piece just mounted. The booming sound rolled away through the wood, and sent back a thundering echo from the opposite bank of the river; a shell came howling through the air, and burst at some distance from where they stood, tearing up the ground, and scattering the fragments in every direction.

"Had you not better retire, sir?" said an aid.

"No—no—let us see how the red-coats work their guns."

Shot after shot, shell after shell, came bounding and roaring along, furrowing the soft loam, bursting around the works, and filling the

neighboring country with a thousand stormy echoes. Hurling through the agitated air, next came a shower of grape-shot; but the range was too long, and falling like enormous hail-stones in the numerous pools around, the shot dashed the mud and water over the whole field. Again they poured down the round-shot, and shells, and burying them in the loam, or sending them high over the works, it was evident that but little alteration would give them the range. Still the group of officers stood unmoved, and at each discharge, Jackson calmly watched the course of the iron missile as it tore through the few trees which had been left standing, or ploughed up the soft ground and bounded over the works into the river.

"Shall I answer them, sir?" said an artillery officer near.

"Not unless you can do better than they have done yet," said Jackson.

"I will try, sir, if you will permit me."

"Fire away, then, but if you cannot touch them, there is no need of wasting ammunition, in empty cannonading."

The officer turned to his guns, and a minute afterwards the booming sound of a twelve-pounder reverberated among the cypress timber to the left, drew a stunning echo from the west bank of the river, and rolled away in the distance, like the passing of a thunder-bolt.

"Very well done!" said Jackson, as the ball, striking the ground about an hundred yards short of the enemy's battery, bounded over the redoubt upon which their guns were placed, and threw a cloud of dust among the gunners. An answering shot flew over their heads, and, tearing through the foliage of a fruit tree in the rear, bounded twice upon the ground, and leaped into the river. At the same moment a second American gun belched forth its fire, and rushing along the very surface of the opposite redoubt, the ball killed two men at their guns.

"You get their range soon," said Jackson; "give them some more."

But this was an accidental success, and was the only one which attended the cannonade on either side during the day. The guns, however, continued to answer each other at intervals until late in the evening, when the batteries of both parties were silenced, and each army lay quietly awaiting the conflict, to which this cannonading was a prelude.

Throughout the three succeeding days the same quiet continued; not a gun was fired from either side; the British had withdrawn their batteries, and both seemed to be nerving themselves by repose for the conflict. Hitherto no advantage of any considerable importance had been gained on either side. The British had been repulsed, indeed, in the

attack of the twenty-third, with severe loss ; but, to compensate this, they had succeeded in burning the "Caroline," which having, in conjunction with the "Louisiana," opened a fire on the British lines, had got aground, and was fired and consumed by their hot shot. Except these, no affair of the least importance, up to the thirty-first of December, had broken the ominous inactivity of the threatening forces.

On the morning of the first of January, Jackson was awakened at an early hour, by a heavy cannonade from three batteries, which Pakenham had advanced and planted within six hundred yards of the American lines, and under cover of which he was preparing to storm the redoubt.

"Let our guns open upon those batteries along the whole line," was Jackson's order, and aids-de-camp shot like arrows to the right and left to deliver the command. In a moment a sheet of flame issued from the mouths of forty pieces of cannon, and the surrounding swamp sent back the deafening roar, as if an hundred tempests were at war in its shades. Jackson was standing on the extreme left of the redoubt, near a battery of five pieces, which was pouring its fire into the dense cloud of smoke, that had collected and was hanging lazily over the plain in front.

"Turn your guns upon the head of that column!" he ordered, suddenly ; and, at the moment, a heavy column, in beautiful order, composed of grenadiers and infantry, and supported and covered by the fire of their batteries, became visible as it pushed its head slowly out of the curtain which had enveloped it. With a firm front and steady step, they pushed unflinchingly on, apparently for the purpose of storming the left of the position. The officer to whom the command was addressed cast his eyes in the direction indicated, and wheeling his pieces trained them upon the devoted column. All his guns were discharged nearly at the same moment ; and tearing through their dense ranks, the shot felled scores of hardy soldiers, and cut down the head of the column almost to a man. But the vacant places were immediately filled, and their calm and steady advance was not checked.

"Give them grape, sir!" said Jackson.

Hurtling and hissing through the air, at the next discharge, the grape flew thick and fast. Falling in every direction, the column began to show symptoms of wavering—a few began to fly towards the rear, and the vacant places were not filled. At the third discharge the column partially broke, and turning disordered into the smoke, they abandoned the attack.

"There is a column advancing upon our right, sir," said an aid.

"Let Captain Armstrong's battery be turned upon them—Captain Grahame," he added, turning to Henry, "deliver this order to Captain Armstrong."

Henry cast his eye over the dense mass of men in the rear of the redoubt; they were drawn as closely under the protection of the breast-work in front as was possible, to escape the shot which they could not return. Knowing that speed was the great object, and not having his horse at hand, he sprang at once from behind the curtain upon the redoubt; passing rapidly along the top of it, he braved the whole fire of the enemy, and bore the order in safety to the extreme right.

"Rather hot work up there, is it not, Captain?" called out Major Poindexter, from below.

"Garramba!" exclaimed Lavara, as Grahame passed above him; "he is the man for Granada! But I fear if he goes on thus, he will never see the country."

"None so hard to kill as those who do not fear death," said the adjutant, sententiously; "and he who seeks it, never finds it."

"Never?" said Poindexter.

"O!" said Everley, "this is not a time for accurate expression."

"What the devil induced you to seek death in that way?" said Harry to Grahame as, having delivered the order, he descended among the *vivats* of Poindexter's men, to many of whom he was well known.

"I had an order to deliver," said Henry, "and that was the quickest mode of doing it."

"True, if it was successful," said Harry; "but that mode of delivering it might have prevented instead of expediting it." And I presume my readers will agree with the Major's reasoning.

"Who is that aid of yours, General?" asked Governor Claiborne, who stood near Jackson at the time; "he is courageous enough even for you."

"He is a very fearless young man," said Jackson, intently watching Henry's progress along the line.

"Safe, by the eternal!" he exclaimed as he saw him descend at the extreme right.

"There goes our shattered column," said Claiborne, soon afterwards, pointing to a large mass of scarlet uniforms and glistening bayonets, which a lifting of the smoke suddenly revealed, slowly retiring from the field."

"He was not too soon after all!" said Jackson, pointing to another heavy column, which was advancing at a quick step towards the right of the redoubt, and was just beginning to feel the force of the battery

which Henry had directed against it. The fire was severe, but still the stern soldiers advanced. The leading platoons were swept down by the shower of grape which poured upon them, but the brave fellows unflinchingly pressed forward to fill the places of their dead comrades.

"Are they not within canister range, now?" asked Grahame of the officer commanding the battery.

"I'll try it, sir!" was the reply.

"Will your rifles reach them, Major?" said he, to Poindexter. Harry looked at the advancing enemy for a moment, and then turning without a word of reply, gave the command to commence firing. The sharp crack of a rifle rung out, and then a shower of balls swept the front files to the earth. The distance was more than two hundred yards, yet many of the riflemen were deadly marksmen; and, combined with the canister now pouring in on them, the irresistible storm soon checked the advance. The column hesitated, slackened their speed, wavered and at last slowly and obstinately retired. The three batteries were soon silenced, the guns withdrawn, and for a week the battle was over.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

"By Heaven!  
I have seen these Britons that you magnify,  
Run as they would have outrun time!"—**BONDUCA FLETCHER.**  
"The arbitrement is like to be a bloody."—**LEAR.**

FROM the first until the seventh but little of importance, and nothing decisive, transpired between the opposing forces. Pakenham was preparing for the final assault, which was fixed for the eighth, and Jackson employed his time in strengthening and completing his works of defence. General Morgan, on the west bank of the river, was more advantageously posted, and his position more completely fortified. Patterson's fleet dropped farther down the river, the better to enfilade the open ground in front of the principal work of the Americans, and that work itself was finished and fully garrisoned. The British camp was moved forward, and the two hosts now lay within two miles of each other, silently but anxiously awaiting the signal for the conflict.

Things remained in this position until the night of the seventh; when the British, having completed their approaches, planted their batteries soon after dark, and setting resolutely down before Jackson's

position, prepared on the following morning to assault and take the works by storm. With the first light of dawn on the morning of the eighth, the fire was opened from all the British guns, and the movements in their camp made it evident that the hour for the final contest had arrived. Their fire was immediately answered by forty pieces in Jackson's lines, and from dawn till near seven o'clock gun replied to gun and shot to shot, in deafening, though nearly harmless cannonade. The material used in constructing the American defences, presented an effectual protection against the British shot; while our gunners played with ineffectual skill upon their naked batteries—the assaulting columns being as yet kept carefully out of range.

A little before seven o'clock, however, the appearance of two dense columns of scarlet-covered soldiers, one directed against the right on the river, and the other attempting to turn the left flank resting on the swamp betokened the advent of the hour of trial. All our guns were immediately turned upon them, sweeping them down like corn before the reaper. Platoon after platoon was mowed to the earth—rent after rent was opened in the dense mass, but still they came steadily on. Rushing through the long column almost from front to rear, the shot opened wide lanes through their ranks—but in a moment the space was filled and their steps not checked. The column attacking the right was exposed, not only to the fire in front, but advancing across a perfectly open level, it presented its flank to Patterson's guns, and was slaughtered and torn with fearful execution. But regardless of all forms of death, amid the blood and carnage, momently increasing as they approached more nearly to their enemies, their steps never faltered.

“Fill up the ranks!” shouted Pakenham, and stepping firmly into the places of those who had fallen, they rushed on to scale the formidable redoubt before them.

“Fill up the ranks!” again and again he shouted—it was the only command he could give; for boldly and unflinchingly his stern soldiers breasted the torrent of death thus sweeping them down.

“Fill up the ranks!” he cried, and throwing his hand to his breast, he fell from his horse pierced and mortally wounded.

“Bear him to the rear!” shouted General Gibbs, upon whom the chief command now devolved. “Come on, my gallant men! let us avenge our General!” And the stern and haughty Gibbs breasted his horse at the deadly tempest which howled around him.

“Close up!” he commanded, and fell, mortally wounded, from his horse.

"Steady, boys, steady," said Jackson, as he rode along the lines of his eager riflemen. "Hold your fire until it can do us some good; wait until you can see their eyes, and then let them have it, with a steady aim—let no man fire without an aim."

"Up to this time not a rifle had been fired; but now the foremost of the enemy began to enter rifle range. Pressing forward with stern fury, bearing ladders and fascines for scaling, at the head of the column, they seemed determined to conquer or die. Nearer and nearer still they came, the living stepping over the dead and dying, and filling their vacant places—snatching up the ladders whose bearers had fallen—shouting a louder defiance as their numbers melted rapidly away—and seeming only to become more maddened by the carnage around them, they pressed furiously forward. Mass after mass, battalion after battalion, with firm though now disordered steps, threw themselves eagerly in the very jaws of death. Scarcely one hundred yards now intervened between them and the dark line of rifles in front; and yet not a ball issued from that ominous row. Nearer and nearer they came, until Jackson's instruction was literally fulfilled.

"Now!" shouted he, "now, let them have it!" And catching up the word as it rang along the line, each regiment and battalion and company poured forth its quota of death. Without precipitation, without excitement, but coolly and steadily those deadly marksmen selected each his man, and sent him howling into eternity. The soldiers who had not quailed beneath the roar of the belching cannon now wavered before this new tempest, and for the first time slackened their advance.

"Forward!" shouted an officer riding forward, and speaking in clear, musical tones; "close up, and forward!"

It was General Keene, upon whom the command had now fallen. As he rode forward, a ball entered his arm, pierced his side, and he was borne fainting from the bloody field.

"Commodore Patterson's guns are silenced, sir," said Grahame, coming up from the extreme right.

"Then Morgan must have been beaten," said Jackson, coolly.

And so it was. Colonel Davis had been advanced with three hundred Kentuckians to the water's edge, to resist the approach of a detachment sent against them, and had been put to flight almost without firing a gun. Undisciplined, even though personally brave, men can never withstand the charge of drilled battalions; and however determined each individual soldier may be, as a body they are worth *nothing*, unless so drilled and disciplined as to be completely at command. This disaster had uncovered Morgan's position, and compelled

overcast in their earlier years, have nevertheless been gilded and happy in their decline?"

"Perhaps so," said he, gazing into the water, which now began to assume the deep green of the open sea; "perhaps so; and it is probably the happiest philosophy, which looks ever through the cloud to the sunshine beyond. But it seems to me but a poor recompense for a miserable youth, to possess even the brightest manhood or the most tranquil age."

"And why?" she asked, eagerly; "does not the recollection of the storm that is past, make more beautiful the sunshine of the present? And is it not better to go to the grave hopeful and happy, than, early in life to consume our years of joy, and, having exhausted our stores, to die hopeless at last."

"Undoubtedly," he replied; "but youth, with its high purposes, exalted thoughts, and trustful enthusiasm, is the season for enjoyment as it is the period of enterprise. But, wanting all these, or having lost all in "the slough of Despond," a withered old age but inadequately supplies them, however gilded and full of enjoyment the external life may apparently be. It is not in external things that the happiness of man consists; and, however bright one's lot may seem, if the spirit be withered and sere, no enjoyment above a merely sensual one, can be felt. It is because a life, led among men as they exist, may produce that blight upon the sensibility of the youthful heart, long before it reaches even middle age, that it is most important that the sky of our younger years should be unclouded."

"I have never felt these things," said Carlota, in a low voice, "because my life thus far has been almost cloudless; but a blasted youth must be a miserable fate indeed. I hope I am not too light, thoughtless as they call me, deeply to sympathize with *all* suffering; but *this* misery I believe would stir my heart more deeply than any."

Henry looked at her in wonder. Hitherto, she had always appeared light, and to his gloomy, almost morose feelings, even trifling. But, now, there was a depth in the tones of her voice, and a natural sympathy with the subject of their conversation, which indicated, that, however much levity there might be in her manner, there was beneath that manner, a fountain of pure, deep feeling.

"I could almost suspect," said he, after a pause, "that some deep sorrow had thus opened your heart—may I ask, is it not so?"

"And do you think that necessary to give sympathy its force?"

"Perhaps not *necessary*," said he; "but it certainly is the most frequent cause of the sympathy we feel for sorrow in others."

"I thought grief was always selfish," said she.

"So it is," said Henry, "until the first burst of sorrow is past; then it begins to think that others may be also suffering. But you do not answer my question."

"I have never known but one sorrow," said Carlota, in a tone still more subdued; "the death of my father; and that is now many years ago. It cannot be that, for I can just remember it—yet I feel sad, very sad, as if my life were not always thus to be unclouded." She leaned over the vessel's side, and gazed into the water. A shadow came slowly across her face, and a tear glistened in her eye.

"But," she continued, suddenly raising her eyes, "why is it that one like you, so young and apparently so happily situated, with the respect and friendship of all who know you, should indulge such thoughts?"

"Apparently, so happily situated!" he repeated almost bitterly; "I hope fervently for your sake, that the appearances of your happiness are not equally deceptive!"

"I am not happy," said she, with the most charming egotism—for her docile mind implicitly followed the direction of his expressions, as if she could think only of that of which he spoke; "I am not happy, and yet I scarcely know why. I *was* happy—at least I *thought* I was, but a week ago; but now I feel a vague fear, which I cannot understand."

"You certainly *should* be happy," said he.

"Then why are not you so?" she asked.

"Have you ever loved?" said he, suddenly, after a pause.

"Never!" she said, and looked suddenly up into his eyes. "Is it not strange?" she continued; "I am almost seventeen years old." She smiled, as if her exemption were a subject of wonder, as indeed it was.

Henry looked at her a moment, and made no reply. The idea of loving her had never entered his mind—nor did it now occur to him. Yet his look was one of intense interest. A deep blush suddenly suffused her face and neck; and, withdrawing her hand from his, as if just conscious of his grasp, she turned towards the sea, and in a slightly hurried tone of embarrassment, talked of the gulls and sea-horses. Shortly afterwards Lavara joined them, and entered into conversation with Henry. Carlota leaned silently upon her arm, and gazed abstractedly over the expanse of waters.

"It must be so," she said to herself; "I *do* love him! Why, why did I not think of this sooner?" She sighed so deeply as to attract .

Lavara's attention ; but he made no remark, and turning from them, she walked across the deck, and went below. Yet she sighed not because she had understood the meaning or connection of the question, which had led to the reflection. It had not occurred to her that he loved.

---

During the three succeeding days the wind continued fair, and with a clear sky and smooth sea, they sped rapidly on their journey. Henry and Carlota were often, indeed almost all the time, together ; Lavara avoiding any interference with their communion, and his mother never coming on deck. The former was well pleased to see an intimacy from which he hoped might spring a lasting attachment—from which, indeed, he already perceived, *had* sprung an enthusiastic, though guarded, attachment on her part at least. He knew nothing of the past circumstances of Grahame's life, and therefore saw no reason why he also should not love, where he thought indifference was impossible. He watched them closely, though furtively, and, although he could see nothing in Henry's manner towards his cousin, except a natural interest in one so beautiful, his wishes blinded him to the fact, that in this very interest lay the surest preventive of a warmer feeling. He knew Carlota loved him ; he could see it in her pre-occupied manner when he was near, but not with her ; it was visible in the fidelity of her eyes to all his movements, in her wrapt attention to all he said. To all these things, however, Grahame was blind ; moved by the engrossing, perhaps selfish thoughts of his evil destiny ; his mind at other times cast forward to the scenes to which he was going, in the hope of forgetting, in their distraction, the memories which haunted him ; he unconsciously sought companionship with one so young and lovely, rather as an escape from harrowing reflections, than as a positive pleasure. And yet there was much in Carlota's guileless character which interested him, and fixed his attention. True, he seldom thought deeply, and never long, upon the subject ; yet when he did so, it was with an interest which his peculiarly sensitive mind almost viewed as an infidelity to *her*, to whom all his best thoughts were due. He had first met her in New Orleans, but a week before sailing ; he had seen her gay, light-hearted and joyous, with no shadow upon her brow, no cloud in her deep, dark eye. Her voice was merry, her step light and graceful, and her spirits full of cheer. He noted a change now, it is true ; for he could not avoid seeing that her step was less light, that she smiled more seldom, that the expression of her eye was grown deeper and more serious ; that her voice was lower and

softer, and that her whole manner was more quiet. But when he thought of these things at all, and it was not often, he attributed the change to her thoughts of the home to which she was returning, or to her apprehensions of the dangers which might beset all she held dear. Had he been more vain, or less absorbed in his own reflections, he would certainly have been more penetrating. But as it was, never for one moment did it occur to him that the solution of the mystery, if mystery there was, might concern him ; and though it was clear to all others who saw her by his side, the thought had never entered his mind that she felt for him more than a passing interest.

He was in the habit of rising early, and going upon deck before the other passengers; but he was scarcely ever more than a very few minutes there alone : Carlota, too, by some strange sympathy, invariably joined him soon after he reached the deck. They were thus together, early and late ; for in the evening, after the decline of the sun, when the breeze came fresher, and the air was softer, together they would walk for hours to and fro on the quarter-deck, conversing in low tones of the thousand subjects which rise to the mind in such an hour ; or, leaning over the bulwark, they would gaze into the deep sea, where the moon and the myriad stars were all reflected, making the water another firmament of glancing lights. It was in these moments that Grahame's gloom relaxed its reserve ; and opening the wealth of his richly-stored mind, he poured forth, in deep, mellow tones, the varied thoughts of his cultivated though fanciful intellect. His views were in many directions distorted by early bias, or shaded by melancholy ; but his heart was naturally too warm to admit the selfish misanthropy which is so often the result of deep sorrow. The effect of misfortune had not been, as in too many cases it is, to blacken and embitter his feelings ; but a haze of thoughtfulness, like the half-cloud of a summer sunset, enveloped his feelings, and softened but could not darken the light beyond.

Carlota listened to him, as to the chords of a low-toned harp, whose grand harmony filled, without oppressing, her enthusiastic spirit ; and gazing into his eyes as he spoke, or into the blue sea, she drank in the sound of his voice with a swelling heart. She loved him, as only he could be loved—with a confidence which could know no limit, but with a reverence which permitted nothing of the sensual or earthly to mar its purity. She was too young, her spirit was too hopeful, to fear the miseries of unrequited affection ; she never even asked herself whether he loved her, because it had never occurred to her that it could be otherwise. She knew that *she* loved *him*, and she was satisfied ; she

was happy when with him, and she looked not forward to, she never even thought of, the hour when they should part. Ah! how many have thus been wrecked in the bloom of early womanhood! How many have gone to an untimely grave, through the trustfulness of a too confiding heart!

“Why are you sad, Carlota?” asked Henry, one evening when they had been walking back and forward along the deck for some minutes in silence.

“I really cannot tell why I should be so,” said she; “nor am I conscious precisely of sadness. I feel as I have felt on a soft spring day, when wandering alone in a deep wood, or sitting on the bank of some bright streamlet, listening to its music—subdued, but scarcely sad.”

“How beautifully all such scenes appear to our fancies at sea!” said he, thoughtfully; “I have myself been thinking of just such delicious days as you describe; though, unlike you, I must pass over many a dark spot in memory, to reach those by-gone days of calmness and peace.”

Sorrow is always egotistical; and when time has mellowed the bitterness of memory, there is even a pleasure derived from thinking of scenes to which, but a short time ago, it was painful to recur.

“I might ask you the same question you have just asked me,” said Carlota; “why is *your* brow so often, nay, so constantly, clouded?”

“You are happy, indeed, Carlota,” he replied, “if you cannot understand how even the gayest may have some gloomy memory—perhaps the only joyless recollection of his life.”

“You have often told me,” said she, thoughtfully, “that there is scarcely one who has not some secret grief, some vain regret, some repented error to remember and sorrow for. But I cannot understand it; I do not know why, in such a world as this, there should be none truly happy.”

“You are perhaps an exception to the rule, *cara mia*,” said he, smiling, though sadly, “and I hope you may ever remain so.”

“I do not wish to be an exception!” said she, suddenly, looking up from the sea into which she had been gazing; “I shall have my sorrows too; I feel it, and am glad that it is so.”

“And why?” said he, in surprise; “Do you love sorrow—are tears pleasant?”

“I do not know why I wish it,” she answered, relapsing again into her subdued manner; “unless it be, if I were an exception, I would be alone. Sympathy is as essential in joy as in sorrow.”

“To the unselfish, perhaps, it may be,” said he; but to the major-

ity of our race, I fear solitary enjoyment is the only unalloyed happiness known."

"Is love selfish?" asked she, suddenly.

"Sometimes," he replied; "generally, I believe—but a more refined kind of selfishness."

"I believe it is true," she said, almost inaudibly; and relapsing into silence, she thought of the secret of her own heart; and in her pure soul, she deemed her solitary, guarded love the spring of a selfish enjoyment. She had concealed it because she felt that it was her own treasure, and she had a vague apprehension that its disclosure might interfere with her exclusive possession. She was open and strangely free from concealment; and, had she not feared this result, she would have had no scruple in acknowledging at any moment the full force of her affection. She was not in want of delicacy either—on the contrary, she was naturally delicate and womanly—but she lacked the false modesty which gives rise to prudish thoughts, and on any other subject would have opened her heart without hesitation because in it there was no thought of evil.

They walked slowly up and down the deck in silence. It was near sunset—one of those golden sunsets of southern latitudes, which, especially when witnessed at sea, are so gloriously beautiful. Withdrawing reluctantly and slowly, like the panoplied hosts around a beleaguered city, when the night sets in, calmly receded the sunlight rays. Gilding the unbroken expanse as far as the eye could reach, with its rich and varying tints, the sheen went slowly down. Mottled all over in alternate light and shadow, the ocean gently rose and fell; and playing gaily with their departing guests, the waters seemed to kiss the fading light. As the sun dipped its clear round disc in the far waters, a thousand lines of effulgence came careering over the swell; and, dashing their joyous colors upon the lonely vessel, left the dark ocean to its own deep green. Playing for a brief moment round the mast-head, as if reluctant to leave the lightly-bounding bark, the rays rested upon the shining topsail, and seemed to lift it far into the blue ether; and then, in one bright, flickering glow, the departing light flashed its farewell and was gone.

In the East, but faintly visible in the mellow sunlight, came slowly up the round, full moon. Gazing down with her mild face, upon the unbroken sea beneath, she tipt each swell with burnished silver, and cast dim shadows from the rigging on the dusky deck. While the sun yet cast his beams far up the western sky, like a departing friend who waves his hand in distant farewell, the moon was calmly sailing

over all, and gently but firmly claiming her dominion. The wind gradually went down; and flapping listlessly in the failing breeze, and then moved only by the even motion of the rocking schooner, the sails hung down relaxed and still.

"Sail ho!" shouted the man at the masthead, who stood relieved against the sky, swaying calmly with the rigging in which he was standing.

"Where away?" asked the Captain, stopping suddenly in his walk.

"On the weather-bow, heading across our course."

"What is she like?"

"A square-rigged vessel—maybe a brig—but I cannot see yet."

The wind which had failed the "Helen," was not yet spent where the strange sail stood; and coming gradually forward, in a few minutes three other vessels were seen following in her wake.

"Where do you suppose them to be from?" asked Henry.

"They head from Cartagena," replied the captain.

"Aury's squadron, perhaps," suggested Lavara; "but what he can be doing here now I am at a loss to conjecture."

"At all events," said the captain, "I see the breeze has failed him too; so we shall probably be better acquainted before we part company."

The foremost vessel, which was now seen to be a brig of considerable burthen, soon began to take in her canvas; and as the wind failed them successively, the other three followed her example.

"I hope it is Aury's squadron," said Carlota: "he is my uncle."

"Is he the patriot admiral?" asked Henry.

"Yes," said she, "and I suppose my mother is aboard his ship."

"If so, do you leave us?"

"I shall go on board, but you will certainly go too?"

"We set out for Cartagena," said he, "and must go on."

"If this should prove to be Aury's squadron," said Lavara, "we cannot go to Cartagena."

"And why not?"

"Because he would not leave the city unless it were in the hands of the enemy; and besides, "Aury had orders, when I last heard from him, to await the movements of Bolivar; and if Bolivar is on board, our path leads wherever Aury sails."

"True," said Henry; "but Bolivar is surely not a fugitive again."

"I do not know," said Lavara, doubtfully; "my countrymen have a strong prejudice against their neighbors, and no national jealousy is

stronger than that between the Caraguin and Granadan. This prejudice may have expelled him from Carthagena."

"In this view of the matter," said Grahame, "what becomes of your project of an union between the two provinces?"

"O!" said he, carelessly, "we must overcome that. It is a mere prejudice and close intercourse will soon counteract it."

"Certainly," said he, "but it seems to me to be the nature of the disease to refuse the remedy."

"It is the only hope," said Lavara, with the air of a man who clings to his theory rather from a conviction of its necessity than of its feasibility.

"Rather a hopeless cause then, I think," said Carlota.

"Unless it has other foundation than this," said Henry, "I think so, too."

"And yet," said Carlota, softly, as Lavara turned thoughtfully away, "and yet you will peril your life in it, hopeless as it is." She looked up into his face, as if she wished him to say he would not. But a few days before, she had hailed his determination to engage in the cause of her country, with an enthusiasm that marked her character in every thought; but now she loved him, and with the apprehension of his danger, came an aversion to the very cause in which she had been so warmly interested.

"And yet you will peril your life in it?" said she.

"I will, most certainly," he replied; "but not as in a hopeless cause, though even that would make but little difference. But the contest is for *liberty*, and as an American, whatever may be the prospect, I give it my full sympathy."

"Yes," said she, "but why attempt to support it, when it is hopeless?"

"My life is of little value," said he, carelessly, "even to myself, and the sacrifice, if I should lose it, will be very small."

What would she have given to have told him how dear to *her*, if not to himself, was that life! But she was silent.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

"Hey-day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!"—*TIMON OF ATHENS*.

THERE had been scarcely a breath of air during the night, and in the morning the relative positions of the vessels were but little changed.

With the earliest dawn the Captain of the "Helen" was upon deck, signaling them. His vessel had for several months been in the employment of the Colombian patriots, and he was thus in possession of the secret signals used by them, both in the ports and at sea. Answering signals were soon flying from the strange brig's masthead, and a light breeze springing up as the sun rose, the "Helen's" canvas was shaken out, and she was soon in the midst of the squadron.

"What do you make them out?" asked Henry, as he came on deck.

"Commodore Aury's squadron," replied the Captain, "bound for Kingston, Jamaica, with Bolivar and many families of Carthagena on board."

"What has happened?" asked Lavara, who now appeared with Carlota.

"Some difficulty between Bolivar and Castillo, if I understand the signal."

"And is Bolivar a fugitive from Manuel Castillo?"

"We will know, soon," said the Captain; "we are ordered to run alongside the Commodore's vessel, and heave to."

An hour's sailing, under the light wind which had sprung up, brought them alongside the "Republic," Aury's flag-ship, and a few moments afterwards Lavara, Grahame and the privateer Captain stepped upon the deck of the brig. Here they found a crowd of swarthy Spaniards, Carthageniens, and foreigners, among whom were numbers of women and children, old and young. Several officers, in rich and gaudy uniforms, stood in groups about the deck; and swinging, half sitting, half reclining in a hammock stretched across the quarter-deck, was a small, dark, nervous, but richly-dressed man, apparently about forty years of age. Near him, talking gravely, and with a severe aspect, stood a tall and very erect figure, evidently, both from the language he used, and from his stately bearing, a Frenchman of the Napoleon school. Self-importance, not unmixed with a dignified consciousness of real superiority, was the principal characteristic of his appearance, as it was of his mind. He did not seem to meet the attention which he evidently thought his words merited: for the complacent figure whom he was addressing was occupied in running his small, white fingers listlessly through the long locks of a very beautiful girl, who leaned over the side of the hammock, and gazed almost passionately into his eyes. He of the hammock was, moreover, smoking a cigar, apparently having but just taken his breakfast; and with an easy indifference, which seemed perfectly natural, he occasionally took the cigar from his mouth, and without looking at the Frenchman, puffed a long line of white smoke.

into the air, as if in answer to his grave observations. The Frenchman bore himself with becoming dignity—wearing the aspect of an offended but anxious tutor, when striving to impress his lessons of duty upon a wayward pupil. With a smile, half amusement and half malice, the assiduous beauty now and then looked up from the face of the Spaniard, and glanced around upon the assembly, as if to enjoy her triumph over the Chief of Bolivar's Staff.

The General (for it was Bolivar who was swinging in the hammock,) was, as we have said, a man of apparently forty years of age, though in reality somewhat younger. Slightly, very slightly above the middle height, even in that climate, but strongly built, he had a handsome, though faded and care-worn face. Dissipation—excessive indulgence of every kind, except perhaps in intoxicating liquors—had left its marks upon his features, and rendered what was once a fine complexion, sallow and colorless. He was still handsome, however, and the light of his brilliant, though restless black eye, was undimmed. But indolence and want of energy were plainly visible in every movement; and a close observer might have seen, even in this moment of relaxation, a furtive expression of childish irascibility, and even treachery, in his glance. To those who are intimately acquainted with the history of this much over-praised man, we need say no more; but to those who have never closely examined his character, it may be necessary to observe, that this treacherous expression in his eye was fully justified, by both the character and actions of the man. His march in 1813, from Cartagena to Caracas, and triumphant entrance into the latter city, had given him a position, in the eyes of the people of that country, far above that warranted either by his patriotism or his ability. His cousin Ribas had been the means of procuring him the command of the expedition, at a time when his recent cowardly abandonment of Puerto Cabello, on the gulf of Trieste, had sunk him almost below contempt. With a generosity, or more probably a fickleness, not unaccountable in the character of that people, they had been induced, by the execution of an enterprise of but little difficulty, to forgive his treachery; and he now occupied a position among the patriots, far above better and abler men. His recent foolish attack upon Cartagena, it is true, had tended to temper the estimation in which he was held; but treachery among the people of that blood, unless it be scandalously apparent, is but feebly condemned. And the sincere patriots—most of whom scorned his cowardice—still clung to him, because of his hold upon the masses, and because the fact that his personal inter-

ests ran parallel to the interests of their country, secured them against the treachery they would otherwise have feared.

The Frenchman standing near him was Colonel Holstein, who had once been attached in some remote way to the Staff of Napoleon; but at his departure for Elba, in 1814, had left Europe for Carthagena, and was now Chief of Bolivar's Staff. He soon quarreled with Bolivar, as no Napoleonist could have failed to do, left him, came to the United States, and died a Professor of Modern Languages in some New York College.

The young lady, whose connection with the General seemed so intimate, was Señorita Pepa, or Josephine M——, who traveled with him everywhere, and whose relation was quite as intimate as it seemed. She was beautiful, after the fashion of that country—had large, dark eyes, intensely black hair, a straight, delicately-proportioned nose, full, red and pouting lips, and a form whose premature fullness, in another clime, would have detracted from her beauty. She was, however, unquestionably beautiful; and the soft, lambent and affectionate expression of her humid but sparkling eye, justified the partiality which it was evident the General felt.

Around this centre group, in various attitudes of morning listlessness, were gathered near twenty persons, of both sexes; with some of whom we will be better acquainted anon. Sitting in a deep-cushioned chair, near the narrow gangway, was a lady, some forty years of age. She had been handsome, but the national fleshiness now smothered the airy expression which had once played around her face. There was, however, notwithstanding her *embonpoint*, a distinct expression of decided *character* about her features, but tempered by benevolence and kindly feeling. Like all the others, with the exception of the group immediately around Bolivar, she was gazing, with deep interest, towards the "Helen," now lying alongside.

As Grahame and his companions stepped aboard the "Republic," Bolivar rose from his listless posture, and with the polished manner of which he was a perfect master, received them, and led them forward beneath the awning. Lavara introduced Henry to Bolivar, and to such of the company present as he himself knew, and then leaving him for a moment, warmly embraced the matron before named, who rose and stepped forward to meet him.

"My dear aunt!" he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you once more!"

"Not more so, my dear Benito," said she, in a sweet, silvery voice,

'than we are to have you among us again. But where is Carlota ? Where is your mother ?'

"They preferred remaining aboard the 'Helen,'" he replied ; "Carlota saw the vessel was crowded, and wished you to come aboard the schooner."

"She was right," said the old lady, quickly, glancing towards where Bolivar stood ; "I will go immediately ; will you order a boat ?"

"And where is the fair Signorita Carlota ?" asked a tall, courtly-looking young man, in a rich uniform, stepping forward, and addressing Benito ; "you have not brought her aboard."

"Ah ! Signor Cevallo !" said Lavara, shaking his hand ; " *Como lo passa ?* No ; she is yet on board the 'Helen.'"

"And will the Señora Valdez accept my escort on the water ?" said he, turning and bowing to Carlota's mother, who was about descending into the boat.

"Most willingly, and with many thanks," said she ; and they descended together.

"So you have come to join us in our struggle for liberty," said Bolivar to Grahame, in French, which language he almost always used—a piece of affectation, by the way, which did little honor to his taste. There is not spoken a more beautiful or powerful language than the Spanish.

"Yes, sir," Henry replied, bowing slightly, "but the cause seems to be depressed at present."

"We have recently met with some reverses, it is true," said Bolivar, in a rather embarrassed tone ; "but with perseverance we hope to redeem ourselves."

"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin," said Donna Pepa, with a smile, repeating an oriental proverb.

"You are bound to Kingston, I believe," said Henry, as Bolivar ran his hand affectionately through the hair of the beautiful proverbialist.

"Yes, *en route* for Aux Cayes in San Domingo, where I hope to procure means to descend upon the coast of Cumana."

"It is fortunate we fell in with you then,—we were bound for Cartagena."

"You have just come from battle, I suppose," said the General ; "we have heard something of it—fought at New Orleans, I believe ?"

"Yes," said he, "the British have just left the country : peace is proclaimed, and I believe was concluded before the battle was fought."

"And is a battle so awful an affair as we women suppose ?" asked the Signorita Josephine, with a smile.

"Death is always terrible," said Henry, "in whatever shape it may come ; and a battle certainly does not lessen its horrors."

"El General Bolivar says it is but child's play, after all," said she.

"In noise and confusion, perhaps the simile is not very inappropriate," said Henry ; "but," he added to himself, "only vanity and a consciousness of being unequal to such scenes, can lead any man thus to speak of them."

"I would much like to see a battle," said Pepa.

"Your wish shall be gratified, my dear," said Bolivar ; "you shall accompany us to Margarita."

"Will you take me too, General?" asked a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, who sat quietly near, listening to their conversation.

"Donna Isabella Soublette, Captain Grahame," said Bolivar, introducing him ; Henry bowed, and Bolivar continued :

"Yes ; certainly you shall go too ; how could I separate myself from you ?"

The Senorita Pepa looked piqued.

"Our General cannot travel without her," said she to Henry, aside, making a slight and rather malicious gesture towards her rival.

"She is attached to his Staff, then," he replied, rather at a loss what to say.

"Her brother Charles is," she replied, "and *entre nous*, has, I think, no other recommendation for the post than his relationship to her."

"Rather an equivocal one, I should think," said he, "for a military man."

"What is that you are telling Captain Grahame ?" asked Bolivar, looking up from Isabella, upon whom he had been lavishing some tender attentions.

"I was telling him how charming you are," said she, laughing.

"Not a very new discovery for one so acute," said Isabella, sneeringly.

"Come, come," said Bolivar, "I'll have no quarrelling among my Staff," and kissing each of them, he patted them caressingly on the cheeks, and in a few moments they were full of smiles and flutter as before. It was evident, however, that the complacency was only in the manner, for sullen and furtive looks of jealousy were exchanged between the rivals, and Henry could see that only Bolivar's presence restrained them.

He was somewhat shocked, as the reader may be, at this style of public intercourse, and augured but ill for the success of a cause led

by so trifling and indolent a man. But setting it down to national custom, of which he had seen something some years before, he continued the conversation with the General and Holstein, who was still standing near.

“Singular General, isn’t he?” said the latter, while Bolivar was engaged in his tender occupation; “too light, sir—much too light,” and the Colonel raised his eyebrows and crossed his hands behind him, as if he had said something he was in no danger of hearing successfully contradicted. Grahame stared at him in wonder,—acknowledging, however, the apparent truth of his remark, but thinking the “singular General” had a “singular” Aid, too.

An awning was soon afterwards spread across the deck, to shelter them from the sun and joining in the general, though somewhat trifling conversation, Grahame, Lavara and the privateer captain remained till noon. They then arose to return to the “Helen.”

“Will you not do us the honor to dine with us, gentlemen?” said Bolivar.

“Do,” said Josephine, in a whisper to Henry; “the General wishes it, and here his wishes are commands.”

“A command from you would be of more avail,” said he in the same tone.

“I never command, except when love makes my wishes sacred,” she replied.

“There will be no wind to-day,” said Aury, gazing at the sky, “so you will have ample time to return to your vessel after dinner.”

They consented, and re-seating themselves, were soon afterwards called to the cabin to dinner. This meal passed like any other dinner on shipboard, except that it was much prolonged by Bolivar’s indisposition to tear himself from any indulgence. Even a long dinner, however, will come to an end; and about an hour before sunset they returned to the deck.

“Come, gentlemen,” said the Captain, “I see the breeze coming; we must get on board as soon as possible.”

With rather ceremonious, but still easy, politeness, Bolivar escorted them to the side of the vessel; and, returning the salute of Pepa and Isabella, who kissed their hands to them, as they descended, they entered the boat.

“You will follow in our wake, and keep a look-out for signals,” said Aury to the Captain, who bowed and gave the sign to push off.

## CHAPTER XII.

"How courtesy would seem to cover sin!"—PERICLES.

"How is it that the clouds still hang on you?"—HAMLET.

As Grahame and his companions approached the "Helen," which had drifted by the action of the swell much farther from the brig than she had been in the morning, Cevallo, the officer who had accompanied Carlota's mother, was descending, on his return to the "Republic." His brow was gloomy, and his manner hurried and angry. He stopped as he observed them approaching, and turning to Carlota, who stood near him, with tears in her eyes, made a gesture towards the boat.

"You think perhaps to wed this stranger, Carlota," said he; "but let me tell you now, you never will—*you never shall*."

"Diego," said she, gently, but still proudly, "I tell you again not one word of love has ever passed between him and me. I will not say I do not love him; but, if I do, he knows it not."

"What becomes of your vow to me, then?"

"That vow, Diego, was made by my parents—not by me; I thought to fulfil it—but I cannot; it would be sin in me to do so. I love another. I am sorry, Diego, very sorry, if you love me, as you say; but I must not, I cannot marry where I do not love."

"And you wish me to believe he knows nothing of this!" he said. "Carlota, I never knew you guilty of falsehood. Only tell me," he continued, taking her hand kindly, and speaking in a soft, almost affectionate tone, "only tell me your heart is bestowed upon one who knows and acknowledges its value—is not sought and won as a pastime by a false-hearted stranger, and I will submit without a murmur. But if it is not so"—his eyes again flashed, and his voice became hard and stern, "if you love one who has stolen your affections from me, with no thought of returning them, so help me God! he shall die!"

Carlota's tears fell fast. "Diego," said she, "I have nothing to avenge in him or another—I do not wish for an avenger—I love—I cannot love you as you wish—I cannot love you now—never—and—I cannot say more."

He dropped her hand and looked over the vessel's side. Grahame was just grasping the chains. Springing over the bulwark, he let

himself fall into his boat. Turning to Henry, with a scowl, he addressed him :

“ Your name is Grahame, sir, I believe ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” said Henry ; “ I have the honor of seeing Captain Cevallo, if I mistake not ? ”

“ The same, sir,” he replied, abruptly ; “ I hope to meet you again.” And at a sign from him, the men pushed off, and rowed swiftly towards the “ Republic.”

“ What ! ” exclaimed Lavara, as he stepped on deck ; “ in tears, Carlota ! What is the matter, now—have you and Diego quarreled ? ”

“ It is nothing,” said she ; and wiping away her tears, she was soon serene and cheerful. But a close observer might have seen that something ruffled the usually calm surface of her feelings ; and her eye occasionally wandered to the “ Republic,” and then returned quickly to Grahame, as if to assure herself that he was still safe.

In the course of the evening she and Henry were again together, though her mother’s presence made their solitary conversation very limited. The wind had now sprung up, and the little vessel was clearing her way swiftly through the water. The moon was full and bright, the sea smooth and placid, and the unbroken stillness was only interrupted by the dash of a light ripple under the schooner’s prow. It was a calm, bright night in early spring, and the balmy western wind was just sufficient to fill the sails, and keep the vessel steady upon her noiseless course. Carlota’s mother and aunt had retired for the night—the latter having not yet ventured from the cabin, and the former somewhat affected by the change from the brig to a much smaller vessel. Henry and Carlota had walked some distance forward, and were leaning over the bulwark, watching the restless, glancing moonbeams as they danced upon the water, and conversing in low, subdued, but natural tones.

“ Some one on board the ‘ Republic ’ told me, Carlota,” said he, after a pause, “ that you and Cevallo are affianced—is it so ? ”

“ We were affianced,” said she, “ by a contract between our parents, who were old friends. But I never loved him, nor will I ever wed him.”

“ And why not ? ” said Henry ; “ is he not handsome, noble and respected ? ”

“ Yes, yes, all that, and more—but I cannot love him. I cannot but even fear him—for he is revengeful and cruel.”

“ But,” said he, “ your gentle spirit would soon correct these faults.”

“ Why do you wish to plead his cause ? ” she asked, suddenly.

"Nay," said he, "I do not plead his cause—but you told me, some time since, that you had never loved; and we do not know what changes may come over our feelings. You may love Cevallo yet."

"Never!" said she, calmly, but decidedly. "I told you the truth when I said I had never loved; but—" she was on the point of adding, that it was true no longer—but she shrank from the avowal, she knew not why.

"You are young yet," said he, not noticing her hesitation.

"Not too young to love," said she, looking quickly up from the water. But her companion was following a train of thought foreign to the subject; and they talked for some time on indifferent topics.

"Carlota! come here, dear," said her mother's voice from one of the cabin windows, after they had been standing thus for some minutes.

"In a moment, *Madre*," she replied; and turning to Henry, she continued, hurriedly, "I have been thinking how I could say what I wish to you—but I shall have to say it now at once. I wished to warn you against the enmity of Cevallo."

"Warn me! against Cevallo!—why, I never saw him till to-day!"

"True," said she; "but—I fear—in short, he suspects—" she stopped.

"That I have influenced you against him—is that it?" said Henry.

"Yes," said she; "why could I not say it? He is treacherous, and I fear he may do you some injury. I must go to my mother now—do not disregard this—will you?" She laid her hand on his arm.

"I cannot think there will be any necessity for caution," said he; "but a warning from you could scarcely be disregarded, were it even known to be groundless. Bidding him "good night," she tripped away, happier than she had been for twenty-four hours.

Lost in thought, but not of the subject of Carlota's warning, Henry strolled forward, and did not re-appear in the cabin until all had retired.

In the meantime, the fleet was careering swiftly over the waters, before a breeze which had now become steady and strong. On the morning of the second day they made the headland of John's Point, and on the following evening, passing the Needles, and sweeping round Port Royal, dropped their anchors in the harbor of Kingston.

"How long is it the General's intention to remain here?" asked Grahame.

"I think, only till to-morrow," replied Lavara; "but we will soon know; I see his boat approaching us."

Coming alongside, with a party of several ladies and gentlemen,

Bolivar left his friends a moment in the boat, and stepped on board the "Helen." Covered with lace and golden ornaments, and wearing a gold-mounted sword, he was dressed even gaudily; but the ease and courtly grace of his manners prevented what might have appeared vulgar in another, from giving him the air of an overdressed man.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, as he perceived Grahame and Lavara, "will you not go ashore with us? We have but a few hours to stay, and we are in haste to make the best of them. Ah!" he continued, and stepped forward as he observed Carlota, "my young friend of Carthagena! How have you been since we parted? You have been wandering a long time."

"I have been well, General," said she, with a formal bow, and an air evidently embarrassed; "but I am rather indisposed, this evening, else I would be glad to get ashore, even for a short time."

Grahame looked at her in astonishment; she had never appeared in better health since he had known her.

"I am sorry for that—very sorry," said Bolivar, with an air of disappointment, slightly biting his lip; "a part, and the greater part, of our object in coming on board was to invite you to join our party into the city."

"I am too much honored, General," said she, still formally, "and am sorry to have been the means of giving you fruitless trouble; but I am really too unwell to leave the vessel."

"The wind has been more fresh," said Henry, coming to her relief, though he did not understand her embarrassment, "the wind has been more fresh during the last two days than it had been previously, and I suppose has had its usual effect."

"In that case, I cannot urge you," said Bolivar, though it was evident that he was not satisfied. "But, gentlemen, *you* will not refuse me—sea-sickness has not disabled you, too?"

Lavara and the Captain accepted the invitation, but Henry declined.

"You will pardon me, General," he said; "as I am not properly one of the party, I will remain. I see only officers of the Staff in your boat."

"What post did you hold on General Jackson's Staff?" he asked, suddenly.

"That of a volunteer Aid with the formal rank of a Captain," said Henry, in surprise.

"That post, sir, if you will accept it," said Bolivar, "you shall have upon my Staff—so you see you *are* one of the party."

"I am grateful for the appointment," said Henry; "indeed none

could suit me better ; but I cannot join until I am uniformed, I could never consent to be the only figure in the group, General," he added, smiling.

Bolivar looked at Carlota, who still stood a short distance from them, silently awaiting his departure.

" Well, well," said he, " as you please ; but I hope to see you free from this objection soon." Bowing to Carlota, he descended the chains and they pushed off for the city.

" Your indisposition was sudden, Carlota," said Henry, with a smile, as the departure of the gay party left them alone.

" I never felt the necessity for falsehood until now," said she ; " and I owe you many thanks for coming to my rescue. I fear I should have broken down at the threshold of my first falsehood."

" But wherein consisted the necessity for falsehood at all ?" said he.

" I did not wish to offend him, and to have refused flatly would have done so."

" But why not have gone ? You must be enamored of this little cockle-shell."

" General Bolivar," said she, with some hesitation, " my mother says, is not a man with whom I should hold more intercourse than I can avoid—even though his popularity compels all good patriots to trust the first command in our cause to him."

" No man," says Henry, " with whom a virtuous woman is not safe, can successfully lead the armies of freedom." But a pang shot through his heart, and the severity of his tone relaxed into thoughtfulness.

" I agree with you," said Carlota ; " but others do not think so. I have no faith in his success in endeavoring to establish independence ; but many are so deeply compromised by recent events, that—having as little faith in the man as I and my friends have—they have, notwithstanding, no choice but to cling to his fortunes."

" But he evidently has talents, too," said Henry, musingly.

" Undoubtedly—but used exclusively, they say, for his own selfish purposes."

" Why, then, do they not desert him at once, and appoint a new leader ?"

" I do not pretend to understand these things," said Carlota ; " but I suppose it is because accident has favored his rise, and design cannot effect his fall. My mother says that uncle Aury will not consent to his again taking the chief command, and that if he should be appointed Dictator again, he will retire from the contest."

"At all events," said Henry, after a pause, "I will accept his appointment—at least, for the present; the struggle is for a glorious object, whether the leader be a proper man or not."

"Does the prospect of defeat, almost certain as it is, make no difference?" she asked. "Are you equally willing to join a hopeless as a promising enterprise?"

"Equally," said he, sadly; "and sorry am I that it is so. I would, of course, rather the cause were hopeful and promising; but I would prefer even that only for the sake of those to whose benefit the success would accrue—not at all for my own."

"Have you nothing then to live for?" she added, in a low voice.

"O, much—very much, I hope," he said; "but let us speak of something else. Of what consequence are my motives or acts?" It was not egotism which prompted the exclamation, but the bitterness which arose from the sincere self-abasement of his heart. Carlota would have answered in his own words, "Much—very much—to me," but he continued—

"Will you and your mother soon return to Cartagena?"

"Not until everything is tranquil there," she replied. "I long to see my home once more; but, it is now in the possession of Morillo."

The conversation turned upon the character of the Spanish Governors, and approached the subject of Bolivar no more. As the night fell gradually upon land and water, they walked slowly up and down the deck; or leaning over the side of the tranquil vessel, they watched the lights in the city, as they gradually appeared, and were reflected in the water. As the night grew older, the lights began one by one to disappear; and when the bell in the city struck eleven, they heard the merry voices of Bolivar's party returning to the "Republic," breaking the sacred stillness with sounds of pealing laughter and joyous song. They came alongside the "Helen," and Lavara and the privateer captain sprang on board, and went immediately below.

"We seem to have missed a merry party," said Carlota.

"And do you regret it?" he asked.

"O! no!" she exclaimed eagerly, looking into his face. But he was thinking of her reason for refusing to accompany them.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you."—**MEASURE FOR MEASURE.**

"Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag."—**HAMLET.**

ON the following morning they again weighed anchor, and with a fair wind were soon running through the water, on their way to Aux Cayes, in Hayti, where Bolivar hoped to procure assistance again to attack the Spaniards in his native land. He had in immediate view a descent upon the island of Margarita—an island of some importance, lying off the coast of Cumana, and only a few leagues from the mouth of the Gulf of Ocumare, or, as it was sometimes called, of Curiaco. He had private, but reliable information, that Alexander Petion, the Governor of Hayti, was not indisposed to give him his countenance, and he hoped to obtain even more substantial assistance. It mattered but little to Bolivar whence the help came, so he were only able to achieve a triumph in his native land; and it was even said by some who knew him well, that at that time his ambitious or patriotic designs, extended no farther than his native province of Caracas. However that may have been, throughout his whole history it is certain that he showed a weak, and often impolitic, preference for his native city; and only exhibited energy and conduct as a General, while endeavoring to reach it, and not always even then. No sooner did he enter this place and succeed in establishing himself as "Dictator," &c., when all his energy, all his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty evaporated, or languished under the indolent and inglorious life he invariably led. Employed in vain display and unmeaning festivities, he left the discomfited Spaniards in the fortresses from which there would have been no difficulty in expelling them. This continued until their activity and perseverance again enabled them to take the field; and then only, when their arms were literally visible from the capital, did Bolivar awake from his lethargy, and in weak, fragmentary efforts, strive to arrest their progress. Strive ineffectually, too, he always did; and after a few weeks of purposeless marchings and countermarchings, it was his first point to be signally defeated, and the next to fly in consternation from the country.

Again and again was this farce performed ; and it was only when the unabating zeal of an outraged and oppressed people had by persistence alone worn out the scanty reinforcements of the Spaniards, that Bolivar was at last able to establish himself permanently as Dictator and President Liberator of the United Provinces of Venezuela and New Granada. Then was exhibited the spectacle, (by no means uncommon in this world's affairs,) of the weakest among a host of leaders, reigning supreme over the people whose liberation he had retarded instead of accelerated. There was not a general in the republican army who was not superior, in every useful quality, to the *soi-disant* liberator.

It is an humiliating reflection—one feebly calculated to encourage the efforts of men of real talents, that circumstances, depending upon mere accident, so often combine to elevate the worthless and depress the deserving ; that where a great number of men are engaged in the same struggle, the chances are so infinitely in favor of men who have done little to win the success of which they enjoy the fruits. Whether it be because there is a specific gravity in worth which carries it downwards, and an empty buoyancy in mere pretension which gives it a tendency to the surface, I cannot say ; but that this is the course of human events is undeniable. Even in an army, where the choice of promotion belongs to the rank and file, aye ! even where it belongs to the more discerning judgment of a superior, the same principle prevails. And after a battle, when the places of the dead are to be filled, the chances are often greater in favor of some white-faced coward, who can play the demagogue or the sycophant, than of the brave, earnest, but unpretending soldier. Recent events in our own army, as well as in affairs at home, have furnished abundant examples of this unfortunate tendency. Cases have occurred within the knowledge of the writer, where scores of deserving men have been passed by unnoticed, subjected to the mortifying spectacle of weak and worthless favorites elevated over their heads, and placed under the command of those who are not acquainted with even the details of regimental drill, liable to be marched and countermarched by men who know not the difference between a canteen and a cartridge-box. Gallant soldiers, experienced and brave officers, have been postponed to men whose cheeks would be blanched as the blood retreated to their fluttering hearts at the report of a musket ; and political or family influence has lifted men from the ravines and hollows where they were hiding in the hour of battle, to the positions of field officers. While others (for example, the line of lieutenants), without those advan-

tages, have been left to the heart-burning of unmerited neglect. Unfortunately, however, this is not confined to the authorities: instances exactly similar have occurred where the choice belonged to the men themselves. When the hour of peril is past, and the good humor of victory succeeds, more regard is had to men's qualities as indulgent companions, than to their fitness for the stations they aspire to. It cannot be avoided; but it is still to be lamented that even those who are most interested in promoting brave and efficient men, should be the first to violate the rule of their own safety; and the only reason why the consequences are not more injurious is, because in the hour of battle, whosoever may hold the formal rank, the *real* leader, be he officer or private, is *the brave man*.

This may appear irrelevant and foreign to our story; but I know there are hundreds, nay thousands, now in our country, who will recognize and acknowledge the truth of my remarks. To every good in life, it may be said there is a corresponding evil; incidental imperfections attach to every human institution; and this is one of the circumstances of evil which attach to our form of Government. It is possible, that a constitution of society, which obliges our officials to look more to popular strength than to the interests or the service of the country, may produce some of the unfortunate tendencies which I lament; yet I cannot but believe, that even in *such* things, the policy which looks to the *right alone*, will eventually be found to be the best; and that the ruler who seeks unwaveringly to follow the path which leads to the best interests of his country, without regard to prejudice or party favor, will be not only the wisest and best, but in the end will also be the most popular and respected. Whatever friendships may be alienated by following the path of duty, are not worth retaining; and he who entrenches himself behind a policy which seeks the welfare of his country, can defy the assaults of all the disappointed office-seekers and alienated politicians under the canopy of Heaven. He, moreover, who seeks a post he does not deserve, if he fail in obtaining it, will to *himself* acknowledge the justice of the decision; and although he may be lost as a friend, he will not be dangerous as an enemy—he can never be hearty and sincere in his opposition; and it is only the enmity of sincere men which is dangerous.

But to return to our story. After having disgraced himself, and temporarily prostrated the cause of freedom by his selfishness and cowardice, Bolivar (to whom all the above remarks were applicable,) was now again a fugitive and a wanderer. Like all other men, he was led by vanity to seek a triumph in the city where he was best

known ; and it was, as the reader knows, to obtain forces to re-enter Caracas, that he was now bound for San Domingo.

On the evening of the third day from Kingston, the squadron cast anchor in the roadstead at Aux Cayes, and immediately all was in the confusion which usually attends a debarkation. Men, and especially women, who have been cooped up in the narrow precincts of a small vessel for any length of time, on reaching their port are as impatient to touch the land as if the vessel were in a sinking condition ; and even where they have spent many pleasant days on board, there is no wish to linger. The prospect of change is always inviting ; we rush into a new scene to-day with the same eagerness with which we sought the present one yesterday, and with which we will seek another to-morrow. Life is only a monotony of unvarying changes.

Besides Bolivar's immediate personal attendants and officers, there was a great number of the citizens of Carthagena, who had fled from the city in fear of the vengeance of the Spanish Captain-General Morillo, to whom the place had been surrendered. Men, women and children, in great numbers and without order or arrangement, were all and each in haste to set their feet once more on *terra firma*. After much bustle and unnecessary noise, however, about sunset, the confusion was over—all except our party, having got landed, safely, (with a few exceptions, who in their haste had been well ducked in the sea,) and were now quartered in the straggling, pretentious port of Aux Cayes. Lavara went ashore in one of the first boats, to secure lodgings for his friends, and was on board again before sunset. A little before dark, Henry with his new acquaintances, found himself once more in a stationary habitation. They were "accommodated," (as the Haytian rather impressively said,) in a long, low house in the upper part of the town,—a house given up for their convenience and his own profit, by a merchant of the place—and in comparison to their late confined situation, they were agreeably quartered.

"This is very different from our home, Carlota," said her mother, "but I hope to be in Carthagena again soon—it certainly cannot be long until these difficulties will be settled."

"I wish we were there now, *Madre*," said Carlota ; "when do we return ?"

"I am afraid, cousin, dear," said Lavara, "if you begin to pine for home now, you will have a long term of sorrowing."

"O," said she, "I shall not fret so long as my friends are with me."

"But," whispered he, leaning over the back of her chair, "one of

your friends—the newest, yet, if I mistake not, the dearest—will soon leave you."

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, unconsciously blushing.

"Mr. Grahame—he leaves us to-morrow."

"You only say so to tease me, Benito," said she, earnestly; "where can he be going?"

"To Port au Prince," he answered; "ask himself."

"Do you leave us to-morrow, Captain Grahame?" she asked, turning to Henry, who was leaning out at one of the old-fashioned bow-windows; "Benito says you are going to Port au Prince."

"I am summoned," said Henry, "to accompany General Bolivar thither at dawn to-morrow morning."

"I had not thought of this," she murmured, and her eyes filled with tears; "but I ought to have known it." Rising, she walked to the door to hide the tears which were about to flow.

"And when do you expect to return, sir?" asked Carlota's mother.

"I shall be absent but a few days, I presume," said Henry; "I understand that, if General Bolivar should succeed in his objects at Port au Prince, he will return immediately to this place to fit out his expedition for the Main."

"You are not leaving us forever, then?" said Carlota, turning towards him.

"I would be sorry to do that, indeed," said he.

"Not so much so as we would be to have you go, I am sure," said she; and the tremor in her voice attested the truth of what she said.

"Why, cousin dear," said Lavara, "you are weeping!"

"I have been thinking of home," said she, drying her eyes. And so she had been; but it was of a home far different from that at Cartagena—a home desolate or blissful, as he was absent or present.

Lavara understood her, and said no more. Soon afterwards supper was announced, and they proceeded to partake of the first repast they had enjoyed on land for several weeks. As the first meal after a voyage always is, for a variety of reasons, the supper was silent and apparently gloomy. When they rose from the table, a note was handed to Henry, summoning him and Lavara to a council, to be held immediately, by the principal men of the expedition, in relation to the course to be pursued in making their application to Alexander Petion, governor of the island.

Carlota accompanied them to the door, and as Lavara passed out, she detained Grahame on the threshold.

"I stop you," said she, "to call to your mind the warning I gave

you against Diego Cevallo, and to ask you again to avoid him as much as possible, for my sake, if not for your own."

"That is too strong an appeal to be disregarded," said Henry; "but do you really think he will seek a quarrel with me?"

"Yes," said she; "and unless you are cautious, he will force it upon you."

"I must not refuse it, you know, if he insists upon it; but for your sake, my fair one, I will try to avoid it." He drew her gently towards him, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. "*Adios!*" said he, and was gone.

She stood a few minutes in the door, with downcast eyes and flushed cheek. He had kissed her. She had felt his arm around her not unwilling form; his kind words were yet ringing in her ears. Did he love her, then? The thought was too dear; but she still heard his voice—she still felt his kiss: it must be so! With a heart-fluttering with emotion, she turned into the house. To the reader we need scarcely say that no such thought had ever entered Grahame's mind. He admired Carlota; had he not met Eliza, might even have loved her for her purity and warmth of heart; she was even too much *like* her whom he loved, to pass before him unnoticed. But even of this limited feeling, a warmth reflected, and only comparative as it was, he was unconscious.

He never carefully analyzed his feelings. Had he done so long before, he might now perhaps have been happy among the quiet scenes of his youthful home. But, though self-communion was eminently a characteristic of his mind, self-examination was quite another, and to him an unknown habit. She had evinced an interest in his safety, which he did not stop to trace to its heart-springs; and, never ungrateful for kindness, he had acknowledged it in the way we have described. He went to the council, totally unconscious that in her heart he held a higher place than that of a passing friend.

With a modern coxcomb, whose life is spent in watching for the impression he seeks to make, this could not have been so; and, had Henry possessed more vanity, or been less occupied with the memories of the past and the hope of the future, it could not have been so even with him. But he had not sought to make an impression upon Carlota's heart, and he was, therefore, not watching the signs of success. He had too many painful subjects upon which to dwell in secret thought, even to conceive the idea of trifling with her; and the best evidence that he had noticed none of the signs which were so plainly seen by Lavara, was to be found in the fact, that he did not avoid her;

for, had the idea once entered his mind, he would immediately have quitted her presence.

\* \* \* \* \*

We will pass over the various counsels and debates which took place at this meeting, with one remark: They were all in regard to how they should *use* the means of which they were not yet *possessed*. On the following morning, Bolivar, with some twenty or thirty in his retinue (among whom was a due, or, as some of his officers thought, an undue admixture of women), set out for Port au Prince. His proceedings, while in that sooty capital, we will skip with like brevity, only remarking, that he, in a few days, returned to Aux Cayes, having the promise from Governor Petion of ample means to prepare his descent upon the island of Margarita. He was to fit out the expedition at Aux Cayes, where Aury's squadron (now joined by a number of other vessels) was still lying, awaiting his movements. The squadron of Admiral Louis Brion had also arrived—equipped from the private resources of that unfortunate man and pure patriot, who afterwards died in extreme poverty, a victim to Bolivar's treachery and ingratitude, and to his own overweening confidence in a heartless self-seeker.

A few days after Bolivar's return, another council was called, at which the final preparatory dispositions were to be made, and shape and character given to the enterprise. Every patriot, therefore, of the least note then in Aux Cayes, was notified to attend at the large hall of Bolivar's temporary residence, together with the members of the General's Staff, and the officers of the two squadrons, then at anchor in the road. All the civil and military officers, moreover, of the Haytian government, then in Aux Cayes (among them General Marion, governor of the city), were also present; as well as many other foreigners from all parts of the world, who designed joining the expedition whenever it should sail. Among the General's Staff were Lavara and Grahame, both now in uniform; the former full of high spirits and hopes, and totally forgetful of his distrust of their leader; the latter calm, unmoved, and, some thought, indifferent.

The principal object of the assembly, in view by Bolivar, was to procure his formal recognition as commander-in-chief of the expedition. Such was his *immediate* object; but as no assemblage of men, under any circumstances, can have place on earth without suspicion, jealousy, or ill-feeling of some kind, so this council had its due proportion; and it was feared (not without reason, as the result showed) that his *ultimate* object was to seize the supreme civil, as well as mili-

tary power; and, should the expedition be successful, to rule his country alone, in right of the sanction which he wished at this council, to extort from the prominent men. This impression was in no small degree strengthened, when, on entering the Hall, which had been prepared under the orders of Bolivar, they found "a kind of throne erected for the General, some two feet higher than the level upon which the council sat, and looking much like the assumption of regal distinction." So wrote an eye-witness,\* sufficiently captiously, but with enough sincerity, we may presume, to satisfy us that in his republican eyes all such assumptions were abominations.

As Grahame and Lavara entered the room, Bolivar was about taking his elevated seat, at the upper end of the Hall, and just opposite to the entrance. On his right and left, but, as we have said, somewhat lower, were seated the other members of the conference, leaving an open space in front of his chair; and standing behind him were several of his officers and personal friends. The room was brilliantly lighted, and by the arrangement of the persons present; and the variegated colors of the different uniforms of army and navy, presented a very imposing spectacle.

"General Bolivar wishes you to be near him, gentlemen," said a secretary, who sat opposite to the General, and near the door where they entered. Walking up the open space, between the rows of anxious-looking faces, they took their places among the Staff, most of whom were standing round Bolivar's chair. Bowing to those with whom he had become acquainted, as he successively recognized them, Grahame's eye fell upon Captain Cevallo, whose knit brow and lowering eye were bent upon him, with a look almost offensive. Remembering his promise, however, to Carlota, he withdrew his gaze, and turned calmly towards Bolivar, who was just rising from his chair.

With a speech, evidently prepared beforehand, Bolivar opened the council, by endeavoring to demonstrate the necessity for a central government, or "a united power in one single man," as he expressed it; leaving it, however, conveniently vague and undetermined, whether his remarks were intended to apply to the expedition just getting under weigh, or the government which its success was to establish. Having, in his opinion, sufficiently explained and enforced his proposition, he requested the persons there assembled, to nominate a man whom they thought fit to take the command, under whom they would be willing to sail and fight; and having made this appeal took his seat.

\* Col. Holstein, then Chief of Bolivar's Staff.

He was followed by his friend, Louis Brion, whose long, unwavering devotion to Bolivar, astonishes all who know the latter's selfish, ungrateful character. He seconded the expressions of Bolivar, in every point—announced that with his ships and his large fortune he would join and assist the enterprise, if commanded by General Bolivar, but not if commanded by any other man. He then produced a paper, which in this country would have been called a "series of resolutions," substantially to this effect: That the expedition should sail first to the island of Margarita, afterwards to the Main, and assist the patriots of Venezuela; that General Bolivar should be the commander-in-chief, and that, until the convocation of a Congress, he should unite in himself the supreme power, both civil and military. Allowing no further time for debate, he turned to each one, and calling him by name, asked his concurrence in the resolutions. Although there were many—probably a majority of the council—who did not approve either the resolutions, or this summary manner of disposing of them, yet there was but one man, Commodore Aury, among all the disaffected, who had the courage to dissent aloud. He refused to sign the paper, giving a few pointed reasons for his refusal, and announced his determination not to join the expedition. We may as well say now, he did not join it; but hoisting Mexican colors, he went privateering, some say pirating—but in either case, in the quaint language of a celebrated writer, "he vanishes from history." All the rest signed the paper—a majority of them, I have said, did so unwillingly. But the position of Bolivar was such as to render any attempt to dislodge him from the command hopeless, without previous understanding. Bolivar was *in possession*—had he been out, no power on earth could have instated him where he was—but in an assembly like that, where there has been no preconcerted arrangement, the man who now leads will be continued, simply because he is *in*.

Within two hours after their entrance, the council broke up, and the fate of Venezuela was again committed to the hands of a weak, incompetent man. Bolivar has had an apotheosis, not slightly assisted by the misfortunes of his later life. Besides, the mass of men look only at two facts—that the country was freed, and that he commanded her armies. Nothing could be farther from truth, than the inference that Venezuela owed her independence to *him*. I will, however, leave this subject for a subsequent page.

As the assembly broke up, Henry stopped a moment at the door, waiting for Lavara, who was detained within. Suddenly he felt some one's arm thrust through his, and Cevallo abruptly asked :

"Will you walk with me a short distance, Captain?"

"With pleasure, sir," said he; "if I do not lose Lavara, for whom I am waiting."

"But a few steps, sir—to get out of the crowd; I wish to speak with you privately."

They walked a short distance down the street, and stopped in front of a house out of the window of which shone a light.

"I wish to ask you," said Cevallo, turning round, so as to face him, "by what right you pretend to the hand of Carlota Valdez?"

"In the first place," said Grahame, calmly, as if he had expected precisely what he heard, "I have no such pretensions: in the second place, if I had, I should still, as I now do, question your or any other man's right to inquire into them."

"You refuse an explanation, then?" said Cevallo, furiously.

"Most decidedly," said Henry, perfectly unmoved.

"Very well, sir—now hear me, I pronounce you to your face a ——."

"Hold, Señor Cevallo!" said Henry, laying his hand calmly upon his arm; "you are about to say something which you would repent, probably, before it were fully uttered. But I see you wish to force a quarrel upon me. Now, sir, understand me: I do not *wish* to be your enemy—but if I *must* quarrel, I prefer to be myself the aggressor."

And lifting his hand suddenly, he struck him, with his open palm, upon both cheeks; and drawing his sword, stepped back for defence, before Cevallo was fully aware of his intention. At the moment, however, Lavara ran up, and throwing himself between them, prevented the rencontre.

"What means this, gentlemen? Are our counsels to end in blood-shed so soon?"

Cevallo slowly sheathed his sword, and glaring at Henry, turned upon his heel. "You will hear from me to-morrow," said he, and left them.

"What is this, Captain?" asked Lavara; "did I not see you strike him?"

"You *might* have seen me do so," said Grahame; "and I did so because he was about to give me an insult, for which I would have been bound either to have chastised him on the spot, or to have challenged him—I preferred to interrupt him, by giving the insult myself. Let him now seek his redress."

"You do not wish to fight him, he having choice of weapons; is that it?"

"Precisely," said Henry. "Ordinarily, it would make but little dif-

ference; but he has sought the quarrel, and I am resolved he shall have no advantage."

"You are right," said Lavara; "and in any event, depend upon me."

Henry took his proffered hand, and together they retired to their lodgings.

---

## C H A P T E R X I V.

"A hit, a very palpable hit!"—HAMLET.

"I bleed, sir, but not killed."—OTHELLO.

Few men, when about to stand the cast of a die which may terminate their existence, can so perfectly command their faculties as to be wholly unmoved. The prospect of death, when the mind is finally settled upon it as a certainty, is not so disturbing as the approach of a moment which may bring us life or death. The instinct of hope never survives, when fear has ceased to live; and even those who sincerely court death, nevertheless fear it, until it has become inevitable. The instinct of life, moreover, clings even to the most miserable; and instances have occurred where men have recklessly, even eagerly, sought to die, and yet fought manfully to protract the existence they were aiming to sacrifice. Suicide in cold blood was never committed; and even in those cases where artifice has been used to conceal it, what appears to have been calm meditation, could it be closely examined, would be found only the reacting stupor of extreme excitement. No man in his senses and in full possession of all his physical powers, can indifferently contemplate death, so long as there is a chance of warding it off. True, there are men whose self-possession would indicate the absence of apprehension; but such coolness always arises from the want of serious thought. Thus, soldiers brave death and all the chances of the fight, apparently with no fear of the fate which may be theirs; but the first always tries their souls more thoroughly than any subsequent action. They may, and often do, fight daringly in their first battle, but it is not because they have no dread of death; and in after trials, the experience of former escapes will do more to sustain them than any amount of physical courage.

Grahame was brave—in circumstances where moral courage was tested, extremely deliberate; and he had now, he thought, little to make life valuable. Yet, calmly thinking of the prospect before him,

he was not without apprehension that his career might be terminated suddenly and ingloriously. This was not because he feared death, either; but from the instinct which lies in every man's bosom, however desperate and abandoned. Could he have known that he was to die—that no effort of his own could save him—no one would have made his arrangements to leave a troubled scene more calmly than himself. But there was no such certainty—his own efforts *might* avert the catastrophe—and strong and healthy as was his mind, no amount of suffering could have made him indifferent to the result. A habit of self-command, however, enabled him to repress every emotion—to look to the coming contest with the same coolness with which he would have viewed the chances of a game.

After the violent scene between Cevallo and himself, he retired to his room, but not to rest. A thousand thoughts of home and friends came crowding through his mind. But determined not to retire until he had calmed the disquietude natural to his position, he continued walking up and down the narrow floor, until hours after the rest of the family had sought their pillows. Memory, ever busy with the shades of vanished scenes, carried him back among the paths of his youth. He thought of his happy childhood, gladdened by the smiles of a mother, who had been borne in the arms of death to a happier clime, ere he learned to value her affection. He thought of the grief of his father for the loss of a companion whom he never learned to appreciate until she had departed. He thought of the hard lessons of disappointment that father had transmitted in mistaken maxims to his son; and when he remembered what misery to himself had arisen from the seeds thus sown, he almost cursed the memory of the parent, to whose counsels he could but attribute his unhappiness. But then came the thoughts of that father's anxious affection, and ceaseless watchfulness to guard him against what he conceived to be error. He remembered the wasted form and sunken eye; and the calm bright evening in spring when after closing his eyes, he had walked into the wood, lonely and bereaved, to commune with his own stricken spirit. No tear came to his eye, for there was a feverish grief within, too deep for tears.

He became calm; he followed the current of his life down to the present; and again arose the prospect of its termination. It was then, that he began seriously to think of his position. The morrow might be his last; and it was in no spirit of vain repining that he almost wished it might be so. Almost; but a memory, taking the form of a hope, and standing in the future instead of the past, rose before him,

and he wished to live. She, whose trusting love he longed to vindicate, beckoned him to the years to come. He resolved to live, and so retired to rest.

On the following morning he rose, calm and self-possessed. There might perhaps have been a slightly increased shadow upon his brow; but it was the shadow which deep thought always leaves. The physical, is less volatile than the mental, constitution—the spiritual may be deeply tried, may even receive deeper impressions, than the material; but the traces of a trial will linger on the latter, long after new new ideas and new feelings have impressed the former. A child often smiles through its tears—the tears are the traces of a past emotion; and the eyes retain the feverish red, long after the cause has vanished from the heart.

"A gentleman in uniform wishes to see you in the parlor, sir," said a servant, opening the door of Henry's room, on the morning after the council.

"Ask him to walk in here," said Henry, suspecting who the visitor was. As he laid down a book, which he had been reading, a tall and rather handsome man of some twenty-five or six years of age, was shown to the door, and taking off his plumed hat, saluted him with a ceremonious, but not ungraceful bow. Mingled with his proud and somewhat haughty manner, there was an appearance of hesitation, even of timidity, but ill-concealed by the condescending grace, which marked his movements. A quick, furtive glance of the eye is natural to the mixed Spanish races; but there was in this countenance, a look of instability, which fully justified the opinion Henry had already conceived of the man, who could found his promotion upon the degradation of his sisters.

"Colonel Soublette, I believe," said Henry. "Be seated, sir."

"The same, sir," said the Colonel, "happy to meet you, though I come to speak of an unpleasant subject."

"Anything which brings *friends* together," said Henry, "can scarcely be unpleasant."

"I am glad you think so, sir," said the other, drawing a deep breath as if much relieved.

"My friend, Captain Diego Cevallo," he continued, "whom I presume you know"—Henry bowed—"has deputed me to make certain arrangements," looking very hard at Henry—who bowed again. "If you will refer me to your friend, I will be happy to attend him immediately. In the meantime here is his cartel." Rising, as if the matter were all settled, he handed Henry a small, neatly-folded note.

"Very well, sir," said the latter, reading and re-folding the note, "Don Benito Lavara will confer with you; I will show you to his room." And rising, he accompanied him to Lavara's door. "My terms, sir, are pistols and fifteen paces,—the time and place yourself and Señor Lavara can arrange."

Soublette looked at him in astonishment. "Pistols!" he exclaimed, rather more loudly than was altogether decorous. "Pistols! of course, sir, I am not the party to suggest, but permit me to say it is scarcely customary."

"I cannot help it, sir," said Henry, decidedly; "my terms are pistols at fifteen paces; and, though, no more than yourself, am I the party to suggest, permit *me* to say, your duty is simply to convey my resolution to your principal, not to question its propriety."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Colonel, hastily, "Good morning." And with another ceremonious bow, (given, however, with more trepidation than accompanied the first,) he entered the door which Lavara held open.

The sword was the weapon then generally used in affairs of that nature, among the Spaniards, and for aught I know, is so now. Pistols were but little used, and it was therefore that Henry made the choice. He had heard, moreover, of Cevallo's skill with the sword, and knew him as a practised duellist, who, however, was never before known to *send* a challenge. For this reason, he forestalled the insult, which he saw Cevallo was about to give; and taking the ground of the aggressor as we have seen, forced his adversary into the defensive, much against his will. He was not prompted to this course by a thirst for blood, nor even by a desire to insure his own safety. But he was too cool to allow an adversary, especially one who evidently sought his life, to secure an advantage that would be important. Placing himself thus in the position of the challenged party, he secured the choice of weapons, a point of much consequence. But though from practice, (not, however, with a view to duelling,) he was what is called "a perfect shot," he had no wish to shoot Cevallo, even in self-defence; but, with the calmness natural to his character, he resolved to frustrate his mad revenge—if necessary, by using his superior skill with the weapon.

It has become fashionable to condemn without qualification, every appeal to the fortunes of personal combat; and I am not disposed to question the propriety of the custom. What is right and proper in a given state of society and manners, may be radically wrong in another. When men really *believed* that God would avenge the right, and pros-

trate the wrong, an appeal to arms was a solemn thing; and I am inclined to think the right was then triumphant far more frequently in such affairs, than the wrong. The story told in some old chronicle of a wicked lord, who appealed to a certain saint in defence of the wrong, and was prostrated by a vision of the threatening countenance of that saint in the moment of combat, was neither improbable nor uncommon. Conscience in that day, was a real, palpable power, and he who fought for the wrong, being conscious of it, necessarily fought under a great disadvantage. This power is not so strong in our day; but even now the knowledge that one is engaged in an unrighteous cause, will unnerve him more than the appearance of a powerful adversary.

“A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”

Retiring to his room, Henry wrote a long letter to Calton, with full directions as to his affairs, to be followed in the event of his never hearing from him again. He said nothing of the proximate reason for so writing, but left it to be the subject of conjecture. Enclosed he also sent a letter to Eliza—short, for he could not trust himself to write at length even in such a moment. Could he have written to another without exposing the secret which he felt was not his own, he would gladly have done so. But she, of all the world, was the person to whom his letter must be addressed. In few, but significant words, then, he wrote precisely such a letter as he did not wish to write. Constrained, even suppressed feeling was evident throughout—a low under-tone of deep affection, but thinly veiled by the formal words he used :

“*Aux Cayes, March 20, 1815.*

“DEAR ELIZA—Circumstances surrounding me, are such as to render it uncertain whether I will ever have another opportunity of writing to you what I wish to say. I may possibly never see you again; and the injury I have done you, may thus be rendered irreparable.

“In such slight degree, however, as is yet in my power, I wish to soften, if I cannot wholly remove, the difficulties which lie in your path. Nor would I enjoy even the limited peace thus far obtained, did I neglect to do all in my power to render less embarrassing the position in which you may, through my thoughtless folly, be now placed. I have heard (and I rejoice that it is so) of your voluntary seclusion; and I am the more grateful, because, although your self-devotion could not benefit me, it was still for my sake that you thus did violence to your natural candor and affection.

" This concealment may involve you in embarrassments from which, without assistance (especially if you have succeeded in saving your father's feelings), you will find it difficult to extricate yourself. You must, therefore, *since the necessity is a consequence of my fault only*, allow me to be the means of saving you embarrassment and anxiety. I have written to Mr. Calton, by the letter which encloses this, without inquiry or remark to deliver to you everything you may call upon him for. You must have no hesitation about so calling upon him, Eliza ; he knows nothing of the reason for these arrangements ; and you may be assured that I have made them with no other desire than to save you anxiety and trouble. You *must* allow me, in this feeble and imperfect way, to testify how full of regret I would prove myself, had I the opportunity to do more. Do not hesitate, therefore, Eliza ; let no consideration of mere delicacy, cause you to do *me* the *injustice* to refuse the gratification I ask ; and when we meet again, our meeting will be all the happier. If we *never* meet again, fare-well.

H. G."

Having finished these letters, he dispatched them by a vessel then about sailing from the port for Baltimore.

" The meeting is to take place at sunset, on the beach below the town," said Lavara, as he returned. " Colonel Soublette seemed to be surprised to hear of your choice of weapons ; but I am inclined to believe you are right."

" I know but little of the use of the sword," answered Henry ; " and this quarrel is not of my seeking ; so I cannot consent to give him any advantage."

" But are you sure of your weapon—the pistol ?"

" I can hit his pistol before he fires, at every shot," said Henry. " Various wanderings, with their exigencies and necessities, have almost forced me to be a marksman, and steady nerves and a quick eye have done the rest."

" Then you have nothing to fear : let us go to dinner."

They proceeded to the dining hall, where the family were already assembled.

The dinner passed without unusual occurrence, no one being aware of the arrangements in progress, and neither Lavara nor Henry alluding to them in the most distant manner. Carlota, upon whose heart was now cast the shadow of no care, laughed even more than usual, merrily and joyously. Her aunt, once more upon land, and free from the dangers of the " dreadful sea," could once more make her appearance. She conversed as a sensible, light-hearted matron, upon whom,

notwithstanding her widowhood, the hand of Time had been but lightly laid. She had been beautiful, and even now she was not wholly devoid of a certain dignified impressiveness, both of manner and look. Grahame, in his accustomed quiet and subdued manner, conversed in unobtrusive, but musical tones, to each alternately, and won rapidly upon the attachment of the whole party. Lavara, who had been himself a little constrained, was surprised to see Henry so entirely free from pre-occupation, in a moment when even the bravest might be expected to betray some anxiety. But seeing nothing of this, his own anxiety gave way before the confidence of his friend, and his conversation assumed its usual gay but earnest tone. No one who looked in upon the quiet and easy enjoyment of that dinner, could have suspected that among them sat one who was about to try "the issues of life and death," and that, perhaps, a few hours might see that speaking face cold in the rigid impress of the last agony. Thus do we sport upon the very brink of the grave ; and immediately beside us stands always the form of death.

They sat long at table, so that after they separated, our friends had but little time to spare. Grahame examined and loaded his pistols, it having been arranged that that ceremony upon the ground should be dispensed with, in order to save time, and lessen the chances of interruption. This done, the declining sun warned them that the hour approached : they mounted their horses, and quietly rode out of town.

" Bolivar had forbidden duelling among those under his command, and denounced heavy penalties against all who should violate his order. Whether this order was given from principle, or from a desire himself to avoid Col. Mariano Montilla, who had challenged him, men were divided in opinion. But by far the greater number believed that he gave it in order that he might avoid the meeting he had provoked, by pretending to set the example of obedience to his own command. At all events, his order was given ; and it was, therefore, necessary, that the utmost secrecy should be observed. When Grahame and Lavara arrived upon the ground—a lone sea-beach shut out from view to the landward by high sandhills—they found Cevallo and Soublette already there on horseback, and unattended, as if out for an airing. Dismounting, as our friends approached, they tied their horses to some driftwood lying upon the beach, and advanced to meet them.

" There is but little time to lose, gentlemen," said Soublette, advancing before his friend ; " Señor Lavara will you walk this way ?"

The two seconds separated from their principals, and stood at some

distance in consultation ; while Grahame and Cevallo, after a distant, haughty salute, walked apart, slowly, up and down the sand.

“ This ground is as good as any we can get,” said Lavara, stepping forward ; “ it is perfectly level, and the sun is entirely hidden by the ridge.”

“ Let us have no more delay, then,” said Cevallo, abruptly.

“ Do be calm, my dear Diego,” said Soublette, deprecatingly ; “ we will take the ground here, if you please, Señor Lavara.”

Benito stuck the point of his sword in the sand, measuring fifteen paces, and without delay the combatants were posted.

“ The words, ‘ fire—one—two—three—stop,’ ” said Lavara ; “ you understand ?”

“ Perfectly,” they both replied, and each handed his friend a pistol.

“ I am to give the word,” Lavara continued, and stepped back.

“ Gentlemen, are you ready ?” he asked, in a strong, clear voice.

“ Ready,” both answered.

“ Then, fire ! One—.” The sound of the word “ two ” was drowned by the report of Grahame’s pistol, and Cevallo’s weapon was seen flying out of his hand, going off in the air.

“ What is that ?” exclaimed Soublette.

“ An accident—only an accident ! I demand another shot !” shouted Cevallo, furiously glaring at Grahame, like a wild beast deprived of his prey.

“ You shall have it, most certainly,” calmly replied Lavara, stepping forward and taking up the fugitive pistol. “ There is no need of excitement.”

On examination it was found that Henry’s ball had struck the lower edge of Cevallo’s pistol, and, glancing down the barrel, had so shattered the stock as to make it impossible again to use it. Fortunately for him, a small guard which covered the hand below, had turned the ball aside, so that his fingers were not touched. Another pistol was given him at his furious demand, and again they took their places. The command was given as before, and again the word “ two ” was drowned by the report of Henry’s pistol. This time, however, Cevallo fell heavily to the ground, his pistol, instead of flying into the air, being dashed violently to the ground, some paces behind him, still retaining its loading. Henry had aimed as before, but the time was not sufficiently long to allow perfect certainty of direction, and the ball had thus swerved a little from its intended course. Striking the weapon on the upper and inner plane of the barrel, it had glanced off, entering Cevallo’s shoulder, and burying itself in the joint. Of

course, he was entirely disabled ; and when they reached his side—which they all hastened to do—he was writhing in excruciating pain.

“The affair, I suppose, said Lavara, may now end. He is not dangerously wounded, is he ?” he added, as Soublette examined the wound.

“I think not,” replied the latter ; “of course the matter ends here.”

“For the present, *only*,” said Cevallo, raising himself on his left arm, and speaking in a voice which, the restraint of the pain being removed, became almost a howl.

“I shall, of course, always be ready to answer your friend,” said Henry, turning to Soublette ; “but I feel bound to say, since I can do so now without misconstruction, that he is entirely mistaken—he has sought a quarrel with me, under an erroneous impression, which I am anxious to see removed.”

“You are certainly not a coward, sir ?” said Cevallo, interrupting him, with a sneer, which the pain of his wound changed into a grimace.

Henry looked calmly at him. “If I had been, sir,” said he, “perhaps your sneer would not have changed to a distortion.”

“Come, gentlemen,” said Lavara, “this will not do. If there is to be another meeting, pray let us wait with some dignity. Colonel,” he added, turning to Soublette, “will you need our assistance ?”

“No—no—” said Cevallo, impatiently ; “I can ride into town.”

“Come, then, Grahame,” said he ; “we will be too late to tea.”

They mounted their horses, and arrived at their lodgings just as their friends were assembling at the tea-table.

“Where is Carlota ?” asked Lavara. She entered the door as he spoke, with a face expressive of alarm and anxiety.

“What is the matter, *Hija mia* ?” inquired her mother. She glanced suddenly round the room, and her brow cleared up.

“One of the servants,” said she, “thinks there has been a duel on the beach below the town—but I see my fears were groundless.”

“Your fears ?” said Lavara, with a smile ; “what fears, my fair cousin ?”

“That either you or Mr. Grahame were of the party.”

“Señor Grahame and I are both too much military men to disobey any order,” said he, “and Gen. Bolivar has forbidden all duelling.”

“I am glad to hear it,” said she, seating herself at the table, “but if he depends, for obedience to his orders, upon such heads as that of my cousin Benito, I fear they will be ‘more honored in the breach than in

the observance.' Señor Grahame, I hope, is more cool, and would not be drawn into so great an error."

A significant glance from Lavara, was answered by Grahame with a smile. Carlota observed it, but was silent.

After tea the family retired to a corridor, which extended the whole length of the house, where they could enjoy the breeze, and command a glorious view of the sea. The sun had gone down, and the waves were assuming the dusky, sober hues of evening. Far out, riding upon the undulating waters, could be seen several sails, their white canvas relieved against the darkening sky, and just receiving the first perceptible rays of the rising moon. Lifting her broad, well-polished disc apparently but a few miles from the spot from which they gazed, she seemed at first to retire timidly behind the waves again, as if she had ventured too near the blaze of the orb of day. But taking courage as the twilight deepened, she came forth again; and tipping the waves with silver, and casting "a wide and tender light" upon the peaceful bay, she sailed in queenly beauty above the shadowy scene.

Henry and Carlota were together, as usual—walking slowly up and down the corridor, and gazing, apparently unconscious each of the other's presence, upon the fading twilight. The sun was gone—the moonlight had lost its paleness, and was shining in luxuriant, gleaming radiance—the hum of voices died away, and the low plashing of the waters became distinctly audible. Occasionally floating in fragmentary, softened notes, came the voice of some lounging singer, returning to his vessel after an evening spent on land—then would succeed the noise of oars thrown down into the boat, and so still was the air that they could even distinguish the creaking of the davits as they were drawn to their hanging berths. The hours wore on, the family one by one retired, and Henry and Carlota were left alone.

"Señor Grahame," said she, as Benito retired, breaking a silence which had lasted near an hour, "did the glances between you and Benito at the tea-table mean that my fears were not groundless?"

"If, *Carlota*," said he, turning to look into her face, "you feared that harm might befall either Benito or me, your fears were groundless but your suspicion was correct."

"Did you not promise me," said she, reproachfully, "to avoid a quarrel with Cevallo?"

"How do you know Cevallo was one of the party?" said he, smiling.

"O, I know of no one else that would wish to harm you."

"Well, well," he said, "I will not deceive you. I did promise you

to avoid the quarrel as well as I could, honorably ; farther, you know, I could not go."

" You do not value your life as you should," said she.

" My life," said he, thoughtfully, " is of little value to any one."

" Oh ! no—no—no ! you cannot think so !" she exclaimed, passionately.

" And why not, *cara mia ?*" said he, looking up in astonishment, not as if he expected an answer, but as if surprised by an answer already given. She covered her face with her hands, through the fingers of which the tears flowed fast and freely. She sobbed, too, as if her heart would break. He reached forth his arm, but she sprang from him, and with a hasty, disordered step, entered the house.

Lost in thought, he sat for many minutes where she had so abruptly left him. He looked up after a while, and she stood beside him ; her tears no longer flowing, and a smile lighting up her face.

" I came back to bid you good night," said she ; " will you pardon me for leaving you so abruptly ?"

" Assuredly," said he ; " but why—"

" Do not ask me, now," said she, hurriedly ; " some other time, perhaps ; I must go now—it is late, and—" she was gone, kissing her hand to him gaily as she entered the door.

It was long before he left the corridor, and when he did, it was with a slow step and a heavy heart.

---

## C H A P T E R X V .

" Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance."—HENRY V.

" Farewell ! a word which must be, and hath been."—CHILDE HAROLD.

MONTH after month passed away, in slow preparation. Bolivar had received supplies of arms, ammunition and military stores from Governor Petion ; and was now occupied in arranging his projected descent. He organized his staff, with Col. Holstein at the head of some twenty or more younger officers—to each of whom, by a confused system of division of labor, was assigned a specific routine of duty. Bolivar did not leave even the details of military duty to the good sense and experience of his subordinates ; but with a busy, meddling spirit, which retarded rather than advanced the duty, interfered in every conceivable way with the province of every officer. To one the least acquainted

with the spirit of a military organization, it will not be surprising, that the preparations for this small expedition were unreasonably lengthened; for nothing tends so forcibly to confuse and retard any operation as the constant intermeddling of a busy, troublesome man of authority. The most accomplished general can never be possessed of sufficiently universal capacity at once to be a brigade and a company officer. The duties are as unlike as day and night, and if both are affected to be discharged by the same man, both are certain to be neglected. It is a forcible illustration of the mutual dependence which characterizes our state of existence: no man, however high or ingenious, can ever wholly dispense with the assistance of others; every man must have some *trust*.

Grahame was attached to the General's Staff, with the rank of Captain, in a position which gave him but little employment, and left him almost uninterruptedly to follow the bent of his inclinations. Of late, however, he had avoided the unlimited intercourse which had subsisted between himself and Carlota; for he felt that he would be doing wrong to countenance, even by ordinary familiar association, the unhappy affection which he now saw she had conceived. He did not avoid her openly; but under various pretexts—among others, that of his official duties—he spent much more time among his brother-officers than he would otherwise have liked. He had, during the first months of his engagement, endeavored to interest himself in the cause in which he was enlisted; but for various reasons, growing principally out of the despondent state of his mind, entirely without success. He was resolved, however, to continue in the service—if from no other motive, for the purpose of drawing his mind from gloomy thoughts, by at least the semblance of an occupation. He spent as little of his time as possible at his lodgings; though, fearing to wound Carlota's feelings, and perhaps not fully appreciating the necessity of acting differently, he still remained domiciled with his friends.

When not occupied at head-quarters, he was generally walking or riding upon the beach southwest of the town; where, shut out from the world by the sand-drifted hills, and looking off upon the lonely ocean, he could indulge his fancies without restraint. Rarely, and only when all were assembled together, did he join the evening circle of his friends. Decidedly, but delicately, even then he avoided being left alone with Carlota—probably in the fear that by leading her to suppose he had sought her, he might raise false hopes. His manner was calm, but kind; and he thought by this course to convince her that the hopes she entertained were unsubstantial and groundless. He wished to awake her pride, without wounding her feelings, and to lead

her thus, gradually to conquer her affection, or at least to temper it into a friendship which should be happy but calm. In all this there was nothing of the conscious importance, the vain ostentation, which would have characterized the manner of a man less delicate than he ; on the contrary he strove, and successfully, to conceal even the fact that he had an object in acting as he did.

It need scarcely be said, that, as far as Carlota was concerned, the effort was entirely futile ; and that months after he had become suddenly conscious of his position, she was not only far from conquering her unfortunate love, but, if changed at all, was only farther from victory than ever. She had, indeed, resolved to conceal her feelings ; but when unobserved, she gazed into his face, with a yearning which was not the less intense, nay, which was the more intense—because it was repressed and covert. She could not avoid observing his manner ; but with a perversity which seemed fated she entirely misconstrued it ; and, though she did not dare to believe distinctly that she possessed his love, neither could she admit for a moment that she was indifferent to him. It would have been strange, indeed, with her absorbed and trustful nature, if she could have done so ; for with the fathomless devotion of an unselfish heart, she had cast all her hopes upon this one altar.

Lavara watched them eagerly and anxiously, hoping that he could, at some future day, clasp their hands together, and see them united. This wish, however, gradually gave way before the conviction which Henry's manner forced upon him. He saw that Henry was conscious of the love she bore him, and that he did not wish to feed the flame. Honoring the motive, he not the less regretted the fact ; for in their intercourse, though it had been short, he had conceived a friendship for Henry which partook of the enthusiasm of his nature. He viewed him as a superior man in all respects ; and *depending upon him for almost all the truth he found among his associates*, it was but natural that a mind constituted as his was, should soon begin to bow to and reverence him. He had conceived the idea of union between him and Carlota even before he discovered her attachment ; and it was with a disappointment proportioned to the warmth of his desire, that he found himself forced to give up the scheme.

“ Why,” said Lavara’s mother, one evening as they sat together in the corridor, Henry, as usual, absent ; “ why is it that Captain Grahame avoids us of late ? We scarcely ever see him now ; and he used to spend almost every evening with us.”

“ He is very busily engaged at head-quarters,” said Benito, glancing at Carlota. She arose and walked to the end of the corridor, to hide

the tears which arose at every mention of his absentee. Lavara followed her and took her hand.

"Cousin," said he, "I have been thinking for some time of speaking to you upon this subject ——"

"What subject, Benito?" said she, looking up through her tears.

"The subject of which you are now thinking, dear—the subject which calls forth these tears," said he. "You are allowing yourself to cherish an affection for Grahame, which may, which *will*, be the source of much misery."

She leaned upon his shoulder and wept. "Yes, yes," she sobbed, "it is hopeless, I feel it—and I ought not to be so weak."

"It is hopeless, dear cousin," said Lavara; "I am grieved to say it is hopeless. But why cherish it, then? Why not conquer it at once?"

"Oh! Benito!" she exclaimed, looking up; "the effort is too much! I cannot!" Her head fell again upon his shoulder, and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I have known of this, Carlota, several months," said he, gently, placing his arm about her waist; "but, like yourself, I hoped your love might be returned—indeed, I could not see how he could avoid loving you."

"And are you *sure* he does not love me?" she asked.

"Quite—quite *sure*"—he replied: "would that I were not!"

"Then it is past—past!" she exclaimed, wildly. "I know not why—but when I told him once, I was happy, he asked me if I had ever loved. Miserable! too miserable! Well, did he ask?" Tottering as if her heart were crushed, she turned from him and passed within the house.

Lavara sighed. "At all events," he thought, "we sail in three days, and then I hope she will be able to conquer—yet I have misgivings."

---

On the morning of the third day after this scene, Henry and Benito entered the room where the family were assembled, to bid them farewell. Brion, now advanced to the rank of post-captain, commanding the squadron, had got his ships repaired, and in condition to sail—and was really the right arm of the expedition. The supplies granted to Bolivar by the Haytien governor had been brought from Port au Prince, and were shipped early in the morning of that day, (10th April, 1816,) so that the fleet was ready to sail. Their baggage and equipments were already shipped, and nothing remained for the two friends, but to take leave of their companions and hasten on board.

Carlota had recovered her tranquillity, but her bearing was downcast and melancholy.

"Farewell, cousin," said Lavara, after having taken leave of his mother and aunt. "Bear up, dear," he whispered, "all will yet be well."

Her eye brightened and she met his look with a face so radiant, that it startled him. But he did not know that even his words of comfort had been transformed by the magic of love into assurances of hope for the future.

"Farewell," said she, almost cheerfully; "let us meet again soon—very soon."

"If you should ever be in Carthagena, captain," said Señora Valdez, "in calmer times, you will not forget us? *A Dios.*"

"And you, Carlota," said he, "shall I not see you there, too?"

"I hope so," said she, but her voice failed her when she attempted to say more. In these words, small and few though they were, was now centred the life of her heart.

"And I hope it will not be long till then," said he; "farewell;" and again his lips touched her forehead, and he was gone. She stood rooted to the floor for a moment—then, slowly turning, she walked away as in a dream. The effort had been a severe one; but she had succeeded in bidding him farewell with something like composure. Once alone, she threw herself upon a couch, and gave free course to the tears she had so long restrained.

Henry and Lavara were soon on board their vessel; and lifting their anchors about noon, the whole squadron moved slowly from the port into the open sea. Unfurling sheet after sheet, as wreath after wreath of white cloud is rolled out upon a summer sky, the vessels were soon bending to the fresh breeze and dancing over the waters, towards the island of Margarita.

How much has been said about the majesty and power of steam! But how tame is the lumbering, hissing, seething machine, compared to the agency of the breath of Heaven! Who, that has seen a ship move away from her moorings before the wind, and lean gracefully to the water as her canvas fills and tightens—who, that has stood upon the deck of such a vessel and felt the noiseless power with which she glides—can ever wish to listen to the deafening roar of pent-up steam, or to feel the jar of laboring wheels?

## BOOK III.

---

"Experience does take dreadfully high-school wages ; but he teaches like no other."—CARLYLE.

"In the human heart, as in the bosom of the earth, there are seeds which can germinate only in the winter of adversity, which yet may have an after-growth of beauty and utility sufficient to compensate the patience which has counted carefully the dark and chilly hours."

---

### C H A P T E R I.

"What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time,  
Be but to sleep and feed?"—HAMLET.

"O ! that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery."—TIMON OF ATHENS.

CAS.—"She is a most exquisite lady.  
IAGO.—And, I'll warrant her, full of game."—OTHELLO.

ON clearing the port, the squadron steered first for the island of San Beata, some ten leagues from Aux Cayes, where they arrived before dark. As they ran within the shadow of the heights on the northern extremity of the island, a fast-sailing pilot-boat, with all her canvas spread, was seen following the fleet, evidently with the purpose of running alongside the General's ship. Bounding over the slightly-agitated waters, it was soon in the midst of the squadron, making sail for Brion's schooner, which stood somewhat to windward of the other ships. A letter was handed to Bolivar from the boat, and immediately the whole fleet were signaled to shorten sail and drop anchor. The flaunting sheets were soon furled, and in five minutes from the hoisting of the signal, the vessels were riding quietly on their cables, with scarcely a yard of canvas set.

"What does this mean ?" was the general inquiry. Lavara came up from below, where Bolivar had retired with Brion and a part of his Staff, and taking Henry's arm walked forward.

"We are to remain here," said he, "until Soublette goes to Aux Cayes and returns, with the Constitution."

"For what purpose?" asked his companion.

"You are aware," replied Lavara, "that Bolivar is much attached to Señora Pepa\* M——; you saw her on board the 'Republic.' Well, she and her mother, it seems, have been delayed at St. Thomas for several weeks; and it was for them that the fleet was kept waiting ten days after all was ready to sail. Bolivar had written to her, and was determined not to set out until her arrival. It was only upon Brion's peremptory demand that we sailed when we did."

"But what has all that to do with this delay, now?"

"Why," said Benito, with a smile, "this boat now brings a letter to the General, informing him that his *dulcina* arrived at Aux Cayes only an hour after the sailing of the squadron, and imploring him not to leave her forlorn in that desolate place, after all her friends have departed."

"And we are to remain here, riding indolently at anchor, until Soublette makes a special journey to Aux Cayes and back, to add one more to this sultan's harem?"

"Precisely," said Lavara, again smiling, for bred in the midst of such things Benito did not feel so much surprise as Henry expressed, however indignant he might be.

The latter was aware, as his friend had said, of Bolivar's attachment, as well as of the peculiar fondness of all Caraquins for women; but he had not dreamed that he would thus delay an expedition upon the sudden success of which depended the freedom of a whole province, for a purpose so frivolous. Bolivar was already surrounded by several ladies, "members," as was facetiously said, "of his staff," including Helen and Isabella Soublette, one of whom we know, and three or four others. And to ordinary men, even if they had not been sensible of its impropriety, this fact alone would have been a sufficient reason for declining supernumerary incumbrances. His friends all knew him to be a trifler; but here was an exhibition of levity of which few supposed him capable.

Henry made no reply to Lavara, but leaning over the side of the slowly-rocking vessel, fell into thought.

"Lavara," said he, at length, "I have enlisted in this expedition, and will remain in it until it shall be either successful or a failure. But that point past, I take leave of Bolivar's service forever."

"And I will go with you," replied Benito, quickly. "You must

\* The Spanish diminutive for "Josephine."

not suppose, because I speak lightly of these things, that I do not reprobate them as much as you do. But I have lived so long among such people, that I have ceased to be surprised by these manifestations which, doubtless, affect your mind very sensibly."

" See ! " he said, interrupting himself, " there goes the ' Constitution now."

Slowly unfurling her sails, the schooner gradually fell off before the wind, then leaning on her side as her canvas caught the breeze, and cutting the water swiftly, she headed again for Aux Cayes.

For forty-eight hours the fleet remained at anchor within the shadow of San Beata, awaiting the pleasure of the Señorita Pepa. During this time, it required every effort of Bolívar and his devoted friends, to prevent the foreigners attached to the expedition, from leaving it at once. One so light as Bolívar thus showed himself, they reasoned, was not only unworthy to command such an enterprise, but incapable of bringing it to a successful issue. Brion and others, most of them Caraquins, having more confidence in his abilities, or more tolerance for his vices, were busy day and night among the malcontents; but it was only when both Brion and Bolívar pledged themselves publicly that such scandal should not be repeated, that the indignant bearing of the foreigners was in some degree mitigated. Probably there were not ten men among them who would have scrupled about living with the Señora on the same terms which characterized the intimacy between her and Bolívar—to have violated every *substantial* law which he violated. But to do so *publicly*, and thus violate conventional *form*, was a sin for which, in their own countries, they would not have been forgiven, and for which, therefore, they were unwilling to forgive him. To outrage decency, and violate every rule of good morals, is nothing; but to incense public opinion by doing openly what the manufacturers of this same public opinion only permit themselves to do secretly, is a transgression entirely unpardonable. Perhaps there may be some propriety in the condemnation; for to do these things openly, furnishes an example and a temptation besides to others; but it would at least appear more sincere in the indignant defenders of the public morals, if they were a little more impartial in their denunciations. Society, in such things, is, in all countries, what Macaulay says it is in England—somewhat periodical. Social virtue is spasmodic, or rather intermittent, like some fevers. Usually transgressions of every kind not only pass with impunity, but without exciting any very considerable degree of either indignation or sur-

prise. Men hear of them, remark upon the frailty of human nature in mental excuse for their own lapsings, button up their coats, and go quietly about their business. But once in a long period, society gets into a virtuous mood ; and woe to the unlucky wight who, in such a time, has suffered himself to "do as the Romans do!" Society is like a drunken loafer at the corner of a street, who endures all kinds of indignities from idle and mischievous boys, almost without a murmur. But after a while some of his ebriety works off, and he becomes furious. The real culprits, being conscious of mischief, are on the watch, and scamper away at the first movement ; and the indignant loafer seizes most likely a quiet spectator, and thrashes an innocent boy—the first who comes in his way—because he is incensed and wants a victim. So it is with society. But after a few innocent, or comparatively innocent persons have been severely handled, for offences which have come to be considered venial by the sluggishness of public opinion, social justice is appeased—the great monster is gorged, and folding his robes complacently about his virtuous form, "goes quietly to sleep for seven years more."

"Society," around Bolivar, was "in a virtuous mood," and, consequently, he was astonished to find that what had passed almost without remark for ten years, now excited a storm which at one time he thought he would not be able to calm. Indignation, however, thanks to loose discipline, found vent ; and after the few dainty words and empty pledges from Brion and Bolivar, above spoken of, censorious opinion came quietly down from its lofty perch and pronounced his forgiveness.

Lavara and Henry had changed their quarters from the Admiral's vessel, as Brion's ship was called, to make room for the expected arrival, and took no part in the noisy discussion. Standing aloof from the excited groups, they conversed in guarded tones of their own plans. What these plans were we shall see hereafter ; at present we have to do with Bolivar.

On the day after Soublette's departure upon his mission of love, the friends were standing near the larboard quarter, when Bolivar came on board, and approaching them, held out a hand to each.

"You will not desert me, my friends, I am sure?" said he, in his blandest tones ; "you will not give up a cause so sacred for a point of mere morals?"

"Mere morals!" repeated Henry. "I will be candid with you, General Bolivar. For one I am resolved to stand by *the cause*, for this expedition at least—"

"I knew it—I knew it," interrupted the General, pressing his hand.

"But," Henry continued, "I will not deceive you, and do violence to my own truth, by allowing you to suppose that I either approve or will sanction the conduct which has produced the discontent."

"O!" said Bolivar, throwing up his head, and smiling, "we will not grumble about that. The main point is, will those who have engaged to go with me to Margarita, redeem their pledges?"

"That I, for one, shall certainly do."

"And what says my friend Lavara?" said Bolivar, turning to him.

"I agree with Captain Grahame, precisely," answered Benito, coldly.

"I knew it—I was sure of it," again exclaimed Bolivar. "I have come on board," he continued, "to invite you both to dine with me. Three o'clock."

They bowed in acknowledgment, and Bolivar went over the side, and was rowed away.

"You have made an enemy for life," said Lavara, turning from the receding boat to Henry.

"How so?"

"General Bolivar, like every other vain man, makes it a point never to forgive any one who either thwarts him or tells him he is wrong."

"I can well conceive," replied Henry, thoughtfully, "that a vain coward (and such I apprehend Bolivar to be), will, in his prosperity, be slow to forgive those who were witnesses of his humiliation in adversity. Petty natures always revenge their own meanness upon others. But he is welcome to do his worst—dismiss me from his Staff; and the sooner he does so, the better I shall be pleased."

"We shall see," said Lavara; "at all events, we will not be in his power long. If he be successful we will leave him; if otherwise, he will have lost the power to injure."

"So that, in any case, I am safe."

At dinner, Henry was placed with Colonel Holstein on one side, and Helen Soublette on the other. With her sister, Isabella, the reader is already acquainted. Resembling the latter very much in the outlines of form and feature, Helen yet belonged to a very different class of beauties; of a style, which, had it not been for the full, pouting, almost sensual lip, might have been called pure. With a form rather above her sister's in height, she was slender and graceful, even airy; but there was an air of intrusion in her movements, and a certain careless lifting of the foot in her step, which indicated not only indelicate carelessness, but a defiant and unwomanly recklessness.

of what all around her might think. To a fine, eloquent eye, she added the unspeakable charm of a low-toned, musical voice. But when she laughed aloud (an act of which she was often guilty), there was a startling hollowness in its tone, which ill accorded with its usual cadence of sweetness and feeling. She was plainly a coquette, as corrupt women of dashing manners are called, and lacked none of the qualities which go to make up the character—physical beauty, vanity, duplicity, and pruriency. To hide her duplicity, however, she affected a blunt, careless manner, and above all things wished to be considered sincere and independent—neither of which qualities did she possess. Haughty without dignity, supercilious without pride, and vain without self-respect, she bore a striking resemblance to Bolivar. Sensitive without delicacy, blunt without candor, and extravagant without enthusiasm, all her public demonstrations were hollow and unsubstantial. Impulsive without warmth, open without confidence, and bold without courage or independence, she was continually shrinking from the consequences of her own acts. Maudlin without affectation, she was exacting without gratitude, and tearful without penitence, an annoyance to those she loved, and to those she hated, equally. Yet with all her evil traits, she had some good ones. She had great beauty, considerable intelligence, dexterity in conversation, and a certain piquancy, which, to very many men, is a great attraction. She had, moreover, sometimes (when you got below the overlying strata of illegitimate wordliness and distorted fancy), an occurring vein of true feeling—thin, indeed, but genuine, and lying all the deeper because covered by so many formations of evil. Had she lived in another sphere, where society is differently constituted, and a healthier tone prevails, she might have been a superior woman. And even as it was, there were moments when she appeared, and probably was, a very different individual from what we have described her. She was in one of these moods when Henry took his seat beside her on the day of which we speak; not absolutely pure, it is true, nor, perhaps, feeling pure, but looking and being so, too, in contrast with the palpable corruption around her. One would have selected her from the crowd, as the collector of curiosities might choose an indifferent shell upon the sea shore, not for its intrinsic beauty, but because of the want of finer shells beside it.

“What,” said she to Henry, in the progress of the dinner, “could induce one like you to leave a country so happy as yours, to engage in a cause like this?”

“Do you not love the cause, then?” said Henry, evasively.

"I know but little of it," she replied; "I only know that hardship and danger and exile are all it has hitherto produced—and I do not anticipate better in the future."

"And if better do not come," said he, "is there not sufficient recompence for suffering, in the thought that we endure it in the cause of right?"

"Not to me," she answered. "But you evade my question."

"A happy country, as you have justly called mine," said he, "may contain unhappy men, and still be worthy of the name. Every one, I think, is unhappy who is afflicted with a rage for wandering—and of my countrymen, many are thus affected."

"Home," said she, thoughtfully, in that soft, low voice of which we have spoken, "home ought to be dear to us all—if we have a home to love." Her eyelids drooped, and Henry thought he saw a tear glistening beneath.

"Except to the guilty, I believe it is," said he; "and even sometimes to them as—a refuge, if nothing more."

"Others, besides the guilty, sometimes need a refuge—the innocent may need it, to avoid becoming guilty." It was impossible for him not to apply her remark to herself—it was so evidently intended. "But," she continued, somewhat hastily, as if to prevent the application, "I have, myself, since I lost all hope of returning to the home of my childhood, often dreamed of a new home—in some tranquil, foreign clime, where the strife of my own land would never reach my ears."

"And do you think," said he, "that you would be happy there? Would not the wide plains and familiar faces of your former home still haunt your memory?"

"Only as a part of the evils," said she, "from which I should have escaped. "Of course," she added, "I would wish to have around me the friends I have loved."

"Is there not a form, not of a relative—or if there is not—could you not wish that such an one should be beside you in that strange land?" The question was a mere common-place, and spoken as such. But as he asked it, she raised her fine eyes to his, with a look which startled him, so deep was the light of its glance.

"I should be happy, then," she said; "it would be the realization of a very recent dream."

"Recent?" said he; "you cannot mean that you have never——"

"Ah!" said she, mournfully, interrupting him, and laying her soft, white hand gently on his arm, "let us not speak of it." And she again

lifted her eyes to his ; withdrawing her hand, she dropped her glance slowly to the ground.

"Captain Grahame !" said General Piar, from the other side of the table, "will you take wine ? I have been trying to attract your attention for twenty minutes."

"You will not blame my absence, General," said Henry, filling his glass, "when you reflect how I was occupied ;" and he glanced at his companion.

"Perhaps not," said Piar, drily, bowing and taking off his glass.

"That hateful man !" Helen exclaimed, in a low voice ; and her eyes flashed with quite a different light from what they had exhibited a moment before. "Do you know he has African blood in his veins ?"

"I did not know it, certainly," said he ; "at least he does not show it very plainly."

"It is true, nevertheless," she said, somewhat positively.

"But," said Henry, glancing round at the company, where there were many others plainly in the same category, "if it be so, it is certainly not a cause of exclusion from this circle."

"No—" said she, "the more's the pity. Ah !" she continued, dropping her voice again, "how I wish I could fly from scenes where so many hateful things must be endured !"

"Will Captain Grahame do me the honor to take wine with me ?" said Colonel Holstein, in his most pompous tone.

"Let me join you, gentlemen," said Bolivar ; and severally filling their glasses, (for there were no attendants at Bolivar's table,) they drank—Bolivar, in rather an inflated tone, giving, "Liberty to all men," as a sentiment.

The conversation became general ; and although Helen endeavored several times to resume its course with Henry, she was so often interrupted that she found it impossible. She failed to make the impression she sought. When the company arose from the table the most of them adjourned to the deck ; and soon afterwards Henry and Lavara took their leave.

"Shall we not see you on board again ?" asked Helen, as Henry rose to depart.

"I presume so," said he, a little drily, as if it were rather a matter of indifference. But she leaned over the side of the vessel as he descended into the boat, whither Lavara had preceded him, and waving her hand-kerchief, watched the boat as they rowed away.

"You seem to be pleased with our young American ?" said Bolivar.

"I am," she replied ; and with a toss of her beantiful head, she passed across the deck with her reckless gait, and went below.

Soon after our friends reached their vessel, the "Constitution" reappeared, with the precious Pepa on board ; and about sunset the anchors were lifted, and the fleet was again under way.

---

## C H A P T E R I I.

"For he is footed in this land already."—HENRY V.

SEVERAL days after the resumption of their journey, the fleet being becalmed, Henry and Lavara went on Brion's brig to attend a council, held to deliberate upon the plan of proceeding at Margarita, which island they were now approaching. During the council the wind arose, and sail being again set, the fleet was under weigh before the conference broke up. They therefore remained on board the brig during the night. In the morning they repaired to the deck, where they found most of the company assembled, standing in various groups, talking and laughing with the lightness and gaiety of their race, they were suddenly interrupted by a shout from the mast-head—

"Two sail on the lee bow!"

In a moment all was in the confusion usually attending such an incident at sea, and every one was gazing eagerly in the direction of the vessels just becoming visible. Looming up in the neighborhood of three elevated rocks, known as the Three Monks, (*Los tres Frailes*), not far from the coast of Margarita, they were discovered to be two Spanish ships of war: a large brig, and a schooner somewhat smaller.

"Run up Spanish colors!" ordered Brion ; and in five minutes the whole squadron were sailing under the blazing ensign of Spain. The Royalists were then expecting a fleet, with large reinforcements from Spain, and their arrival had for some time been looked for daily. Mistaking the fleet of Bolivar for this long-expected squadron, the Spanish commander shortened sail, and allowed Brion's vessel gradually to approach him.

When the order was given to "clear for action," the women, most of them in various stages of hysterics, were removed below; muskets and cartridges were distributed among the volunteers and officers, and the whole were placed by Bolivar under the command of Colonel Hol-

stein—the General having provided for his own safety in the long-boat, where the rudder-beam protected him from shot and shell.\*

“This, to me, appears like cowardice,” said Benito to Henry; “but I doubt not many among his infatuated followers will say it was a wise precaution to preserve a life necessary to the expedition.” And so it proved—there were many who made precisely this apology.

The Spanish commander discovering his mistake, began to crowd all sail—the schooner, perceiving her danger before the brig, and not having yet rounded the point of *Los tres Frailes*, succeeded in eluding the stratagem, and bore away towards Trinidad. But three fast-sailing schooners having been detached in pursuit, she was taken, and brought back some six hours afterwards. In the meantime Brion’s vessel, a much better sailer, easily overhauled the brig, as she was obliged to keep away in order to avoid the shoals north of *Los tres Frailes*. Opening his ports, as he ran alongside, Brion poured a broadside into the Spaniard, and almost at the same moment received one in return. The crashing of the balls through the timbers and the cries of the wounded for a few moments drowned almost every other sound. The stillness of death succeeded—broken, however, by the quick shuffling of feet, as the gunners hastened to repeat the fire—and then another deafening discharge renewed the crash, and added many a name to the list of killed and mangled. The vessels were about equally matched—the royal brig carrying fourteen pieces of eight, manned by about one hundred and fifty men—and Brion’s vessel, armed with eight carronades and one twenty-four pound swivel. To make up the slight inequality in armament, there were more than double the usual number of men on board the latter. The Spaniard, whatever might have been his hopes of victory single-handed, knew that his only chance was to fight the brig before the remainder of the Patriot fleet could come up, and then to retreat. He had on board about one hundred men, belonging to a Spanish regiment of infantry; and these he sent into the rigging. Pouring their musket-balls upon the deck of Brion’s vessel, they killed and wounded many of his men. But the shot did not sweep his decks only—a tempest of leaden hail was returned, with equal effect; while high over all, drowning every smaller report at intervals of but a few seconds, boomed out the deadly broadsides, tearing, rending and splintering nearly every piece of timber above water. The cannonading deadened the wind—so that they lay becalmed almost within pistol-shot of each other. Thus they fought with the fury of

\* This fact is stated upon the authority of Colonel Holstein himself, then chief of Bolivar’s staff—a very honest, though a conceited witness.

demons, and with the certainty attending such proximity, for more than half an hour—each slaughtering the other, but neither gaining any perceptible advantage. Of course the Spaniard must eventually be overcome by the approach of other enemies; and sensible of this fact, he attempted to edge away under a breath of air which came fluttering in among his smoke-enveloped sails, like a butterfly wandering within a furnace. The movement only brought the vessels nearer together; and it was evident, that without more wind, they must soon come in contact.

“Can we not take her by boarding?” inquired Henry of Brion, who was made almost frantic by the havoc among his men.

“Will you lead a detachment of boarders if we fix the grapnels?” asked he, eagerly.

“Yes,” said Henry.

“Then see Colonel Holstein immediately,” said Brion, “for it will not be five minutes before we will be in contact.”

Henry hastened aft, and sought the permission he desired—to take one hundred men and board the brig.

“Certainly,” said the Colonel, “if you wish it—but do you think you can succeed?”

“If my men will follow me, I *know* I can,” said Henry.

“As soon, then, as the moment comes, take the command yourself and board at once; in the meantime marshal your men, and stand to your arms.”

It was, however, some time before the vessels floated near enough to enable them to grapple. Henry’s party was in readiness, each man feeling the excitement which always attends such moments. Henry himself stood in the chains, watching eagerly for the moment of action. After several ineffectual efforts, the grapnels caught at last, and the sudden impulse given to the bows of both vessels, caused them to swing violently together. Waving his cutlass to his men, with one bound, Henry, followed by about half of them, leaped upon the deck of the Spaniard. With the force of ungovernable excitement, they fell upon the swarthy sailors and soldiers, who even at such close quarters were working their guns with the greatest fury. His situation now became perilous in the extreme; for the violent concussion had caused the vessels to part again, and he was left with his little band to cope with the whole force of the brig. Pressing sternly upon them, however, for this was now his only chance, he drove them aft; and making a desperate effort to secure his ground, mastered two of their guns. Seizing these, with a decision which saved the fight, he

turned them at once upon their owners; discharging them into the confused mass, part of whom were rushing aft, and the remainder coming forward to sustain them, he mowed them down like grain before the reaper. At the same moment the vessels again swung together; and pouring over in a swarm, the remainder of his boarders now joined the furious assault. Discharging the captured pieces once more among the crowd, with a loud shout, he waved his men forward. Driving the Spaniards from their guns, he huddled them together in a dense crowd on the quarter-deck, and attacked them fiercely sword in hand. The onslaught, so sudden and unexpected, turned the tide at once against them—and bewildered and confused, their efforts at defence were only fragmentary and almost purposeless. From the deck and rigging of the other vessel, the musketry continually poured a storm of bullets into the dense mass, sweeping them down without mercy, while Henry and his boarders pressed them closer and closer still. Some threw themselves into the sea with the vain hope of swimming to the rocks, and after an ineffectual resistance of more than an hour, the remainder surrendered at discretion and the vessel was taken.

“Who is this Captain Grahame?” said one of the boarders, a tall, dark fellow, who was leaning in the listlessness of fatigue upon one of the captured guns.

“He is an American, I believe, *de los Estados Unidos*,” replied his comrade.

“*Que carramba!*” exclaimed the first with the animation of his race; “but he is a soldier!”

“Pity we haven’t more such,” said the other, with a cast of his eye at Bolivar, who now issued from his hiding place.

“Captain Grahame,” said he, embracing Henry with the frankness which set so naturally upon him, “you have saved the expedition, and deserve the gratitude and respect of every patriot.”

“But you must be careful,” whispered Helen Soublette, “not to think so yourself, Captain—for our General can bear no approach to rivalry.”

Henry smiled and turned away with Lavara, who drew him aside.

“My dear friend,” said the latter, “you have again proven yourself what I knew you to be before this—yet this is not the cause for you.”

“And why not—can you suggest a better?” asked his friend.

“I think I can—I know I can,” was the reply.

He then succinctly recapitulated what he knew of the situation of his native province, New Granada—the tyranny of the Spaniards—the disposition of the people to rise in revolt—the need of a bold man

to raise the standard, and the advantages the country presented for the success of such an enterprise.

"Bolivar," said he, in conclusion, "has to-day proven himself to be the coward his enemies have ever called him, since his betrayal of Porto Cabello. I am very sorry that such is the fact; for I had looked forward from the hoped-for success of this expedition to the deliverance of my own country—I only joined Bolivar as a preliminary to that movement. But I am reluctantly convinced that I was wrong to expect anything from such a man. And I now propose to take leave of his service—for it *is* his service, not the service of the country—as soon as the fate of this attack shall be decided, and hasten to Gra-nada. I wish there to raise the standard of revolt, and commence a movement for real independence."

"But how do you propose to begin?" said Henry.

"By raising a force among the mountains, first, and calling upon all good patriots to join us. It will not be many months before we will be strong enough to make a descent upon the cities and plains."

"I will go with you, at all events," said Henry; "for, like yourself, I am little inclined to augur success to *any* cause under such a leader."

On the return of the detached schooners, the squadron was again put under weigh, and before morning anchored in the port of Juan Griego, in the island of Margarita.

At this time General Arismendi commanded in the island, and from the fiery character of this stern old soldier, it was feared that in his resentment for Bolivar's desertion of the country in 1814 (an act which he had not scrupled to characterize as cowardly and treacherous), he might refuse to recognize the Dictator's authority. Pleased, however, with the result of the naval engagement, and over-persuaded by Brion who preceded Bolivar, Arismendi received him with great distinction. At Villa del Norte, his headquarters, he called a council, at which he delivered to Bolivar the wand of commander-in-chief. At this council, the sanguine spirit of Brion seemed to pervade the breasts of all, and glowing hopes of future success animated each.

Bolivar issued a proclamation, assuring the people of protection and deliverance, and soon afterwards set sail for Carupano, on the Main. Arrived here, as at every other place, his first step was one of suicidal weakness; he detached Generals Piar and Marino, with several barges, and about five hundred men, along the coast towards Barce-lona—thus dividing his force, giving independent command to factious leaders, and preparing the way for defeat and failure. Marino and

Piar, as might have been expected, disregarded his instructions, and declared themselves independent of his orders.

Among the Patriot forces there were more officers than privates. It therefore became a matter of great importance to recruit soldiers in the surrounding country, and to establish such regulations as would enable Bolívar to form his crude and undisciplined force. Occupied in this business—or, rather, himself frittering his time away with our friends Isabella, Helen, and Josephine, while his officers were employed in this necessary labor—Bolívar remained in Carupano several weeks. Upon his arrival, the celebrated Spanish coward, Miguel de la Torre, then in command of the royalist forces in that quarter, had retired with his army towards Valencia; but now, perceiving the slothfulness of the patriots, he began to take courage; and venturing gradually back, as he slowly recovered from his fright, he drove in out-posts and pickets almost every day. He even ventured once or twice so near as to frighten Bolívar into the arsenal, near the fort of Santa Rosa, whence, on the first alarm, he could retire into that stronghold, or embark on board his ships.

The inhabitants of Carupano had retired from the town, leaving all their stores untouched, with a great quantity of provisions which they had not time to carry away. These were broken open and plundered, with the wasteful extravagance incident to such disorderly commissariats; so that the stores were soon consumed, and provisions became extremely scarce. Difficulties accumulated; the country inland was blockaded by De la Torre; it was impossible to forage upon the Main—the island of Margarita, a barren rock, could afford nothing—the barges taken by Marino and Piar did not return, and the only resource left him was to evacuate the port. Accordingly, on the first of July he left Carupano for Ocumare, where he arrived on the third, with thirteen vessels and fifteen hundred men. ¶

---

### CHAPTER III.

“He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, Ieek yeo, . . . than is a puppy dog.”—HENRY V.

“Let us away. We have had enough of this.”—FASTRUS.

A FEW days after his arrival at Ocumare, Bolívar set out with about eight hundred men for Valencia, then garrisoned by only two hundred infantry and riflemen. Having sent forward an advance guard, under

Colonel Soublette, now (since the resignation of Colonel Holstein, a few days before at Carupano) Chief of his Staff, he commenced a straggling, unmilitary march.

The village of Ocumare is situated about two leagues from the bay of that name, on a plain terminated by a range of hills which divides it from the Lake of Valencia. After winding along for several miles among sandy knolls, thinly covered by low thorny shrubs, and occasional stunted trees, the road enters among the hills, and is concealed by undergrowth, which here is very dense. Presenting the greatest facilities for ambuscades, these hills have often been the scene of bloody conflicts ; and no one knew their advantages for that purpose better than Morales, the Spanish Governor of Valencia.

Advancing from the city, that officer placed about one hundred *tirailleurs* under cover of the undergrowth along the road ; and with the remainder of his garrison, assumed a position where he could immediately take advantage of the confusion which must be produced by the sudden springing of his ambuscade. Unconscious of this preparation, and taking no measures to ascertain the position of his enemy, heedlessly and headlong, Soublette advanced with his guard within the narrow and tortuous passage ; while Bolivar, following him in the utmost security, came on with the body of his force. The nature of the ground would have prevented his forming his columns in any disposable shape, if he had been inclined to attempt it. Marching, therefore, "by the heads of battalions," the straggling army entered the passage, and hemmed in on all sides by rocks and impassable thickets, "dragged its slow length," like a huge many-colored serpent.

"Would it not be better," suggested Henry to Soublette, "to send forward a detachment to reconnoitre the pass ?"

"O no," said Soublette, carelessly ; "there is no danger." But even as he spoke a musket blazed from the thicket beside him, and the bullet whistled past his head. Waiting to see no more, he wheeled his horse, and amid a shower of balls galloped off to the rear. From every rock and tree and bush now blazed forth the fire of concealed rifles, killing many and throwing the whole into confusion. A moment afterwards the reserve of Morales came at a thundering gallop down the road, and flourishing their lances and brandishing their sabres, struck with panic the astonished columns.

Upon the flight of Soublette, Henry was left in command of the guard ; and endeavoring by voice, gesture, and example, to hold his men firm until the main body should come up, he succeeded in steady-

ing them for a few moments, to receive the charge of the advancing lancers. Opening his ranks, and ranging them in single files on each side of the road, regardless of the fire from the thickets, he encountered them with a volley delivered at close quarters, though at an oblique aim, which emptied many saddles, and created some confusion. But, riding only two abreast, as the narrowness of the road compelled them to do, they presented at first but a small mark for balls. They were checked, however, and the front files reined their horses back from an array which they little expected to meet. The rear pressed forward upon the front, and forcing them against their will among the patriots, who received them on their bayonets, the road was soon one wild *melee* of horse and foot. Many were unseated by the mere confusion, many were trodden down by the hoofs of the affrighted, riderless horses, and not a few were pierced by the weapons of their own friends. Seeing the check the horse had met, the infantry issued from their ambuscade, and attacking the patriots in the rear, forced them to turn and defend themselves against the bayonet and the knife, though they were already occupied enough in warding the lance and the sabre. Henry's horse fell in the midst of the confusion; but the moment afterwards he heard a light, feminine voice calling to him from the crowd.

"Take this horse, Captain," said the welcome tones; and they rung out over the infernal din, like a silver bell among jarring discords. Henry looked up, and beheld young Jean Ballot—a slight, youthful, almost effeminate volunteer, whom he had procured to be appointed lieutenant for his gallantry in the naval fight at *Los tres Frailes*. A dark, clear eye, brown hair, and fair complexion, with a certain tone of voice and a roundness and softness of limb, gave to his beauty a womanly cast observable in but few of the sterner sex. Now, however, his eye blazed with a fire which suited not its usually kind, though decided expression; and there was a force about the compressed lips which took away all idea of effeminacy from the face. He did not belong to the corps which was then engaged, but had galloped up when the main body halted, and with the enthusiasm of his character had plunged at once into the fight. It was, however, no time for observation, now; but seizing the bridle Henry sprang at once into the saddle, and strove by entreaty and command to re-inspirit and confirm his failing men.

Riding directly upon the head of the Spanish column, accompanied by Ballot, and a few other officers, he laid about him with his heavy sabre, and for a moment checked the loud shouts of the almost

victorious lancers. He even began to have hopes that he would be able to hold Morales in check until the arrival of the main body under Bolivar. But the hope was vain; for at the sound of the first fire, the Commander-in-Chief seeing some fugitives flying towards his column from the front, had followed the example of Soublette. Running over some of his own men, regardless of all in his way, he put spurs to his fine horse, and never drew rein until he reached the port of Ocumare. Arrived there, he immediately embarked, and leaving his panic-stricken army to its fate, he ordered the cables of the whole fleet to be cut, and immediately set sail for the island of Buen Ayre.

Ignorant of this fact, however, Henry and his comrades still struggled on; and though flight and death had thinned their ranks to a mere handful, they held the enemy at bay. Having thus obstinately defended the road for more than an hour, he was suddenly confronted by a brawny, muscular man, in a scarlet uniform, who pushed his way through the ranks of his struggling men, and spurred his horse directly at him.

"Beware—to your left!" shouted the clear voice of Ballot, as he rushed between him and the lancer, whose thrust he was about to parry. Henry turned his horse to meet the attack of his new enemy, who was none other than the Spanish partizan, Morales, and left the lancer to the arm of Ballot. But it was too late; the long weapon bore down the guard of the handsome lieutenant, and entered Henry's arm, inflicting a deep and paralyzing wound. His grasp relaxed, and his sword fell to the ground. At the same moment the bridle of his horse was suddenly seized by Ballot, and turned from the field, the fiery partisan vainly endeavoring to penetrate the dense mass to reach him. Unable longer to continue the struggle in person, and faint from fatigue and loss of blood from several wounds, he still endeavored to animate his men to resist, hoping, every moment, to see the head of Bolivar's column emerging along the road. But seeing him no longer actively engaged in the conflict, and bleeding profusely, the soldiers began to relax their efforts. In ten minutes from the moment of his wound, the whole mass gave way as by a sudden impulse; and flowing along the road in a confused crowd, Spaniard and Patriot inextricably entangled, they rushed wildly towards the rear.

Having retired in this disorderly manner, for near a quarter of a mile, they at last came in view of the main body. Standing halted in the road, irresolute and panic-stricken, the first sight of an enemy was sufficient, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of a few officers who had not followed their General, to put a large number of them to

flight. Each man seeking his own safety, the column melted away almost before the remnant of the guard could reach it, and retreat was now the only resource, if even that were yet practicable.

Everything their officers could do, had not been enough to make them advance to the rescue of their comrades; and it was only by almost frantic efforts, that General McGregor and Lavara had succeeded in maintaining in order about one hundred men of an infantry battalion, for the purpose of forming a nucleus around which the defeated advance might rally. On seeing this force, presenting a front of comparative regularity, Morales judged it better not to risk the success he had gained, by pressing the vanquished too closely, and slowly withdrew his disorderly column.

"Are you able to ride?" asked Lavara, coming forward to Henry, who was dismounted and endeavoring to stop the bleeding of his arm.

"If this bleeding were stanched," said he, "I believe I would be. But where is General Bolivar—where is the main body?"

"The General set the example of flight, and his men dutifully followed it," said McGregor; "we have now nothing to do but to follow him and them."

Henry looked significantly at Lavara.

"Yes," said the latter, replying to the look, "we are absolved now, I believe, and God be thanked for it."

"I wish, Benito," said Henry, looking round, "you would see if you can find Lieutenant Ballot—I fear he has fallen."

"I am here," said a soft voice behind him, "and safe. Can I do anything for you?" Standing in a posture of natural grace, leaning upon his sword, with his lithe, and round though slender form unconsciously exhibited, and his long, brown hair falling in ringlets over his white neck, the youth exhibited a study of grace and beauty. The fire was faded from his eye, and in its place there had come a clear, humid light, like moonlight upon calm deep water; while around the red, full lip there played a shadow as of memory, buried in the heart, regretful but not morose, sad but not repulsive—deep, earnest, melancholy and of almost feminine softness.

Lavara gazed at him for a moment, as if in a dream, and withdrawing his eyes slowly seemed to search his memory for the time when they had met. But it was in vain—they had never met except upon this expedition; and the expression he thought he recognized was the national spirit he had seen upon the faces of many beautiful American women, while he sojourned in the Union. Ballot turned away

as if to avoid his gaze, and Lavara's attention was diverted by the question of Henry to McGregor.

"General," said he, "what course do you propose to take?"

"If I can collect a sufficient force," said the General, a dark, heavy, square-built and determined-looking man, "as I presume General Bolivar has fled the country, I shall endeavor to retire along the coast towards Barcelona."

"To join Generals Marino and Piar, I suppose?" said Benito.

"Yes—and in order to do so, we have no time to lose," added he, and he turned away to make his dispositions.

Ballot now came forward to assist in dressing Henry's wound; a service which he performed with the grace and tenderness of a sister. Lavara gazed upon his small white hands as they passed around the arm, and again became thoughtful and curious. But he made no remark and the bandages were completed. Having provided for their wounded comrades as well as they could in the village, the little band set out on its unmolested march for the sea-coast. When they halted on the bay they were near three hundred strong, some fifty or more of the fugitives having partially recovered from their panic and returned to their colors.

First seizing all the transports and other means of consequence at the bay, McGregor burned the military stores abandoned by Bolivar, and commenced his dreary march along the sea-coast towards Barcelona. Disposing the wounded who were unable to ride on horseback in such carriages as he was able to procure, he left large numbers of those who were too badly hurt to travel and a few who did not wish to undertake a march presenting so few prospects of comfort. With a force which the various drafts upon it had reduced to scarcely more than two hundred men, he directed his course towards the head-quarters of General Piar.

Henry was placed in a carriage seized by Lavara, and at his own request young Ballot accompanied him, to minister to his wants. It was in July, in a tropical climate, and in a part of the country where the heat at all seasons of the year is intense. The wounds Henry had received, though not singly dangerous, were numerous and severe; and the heat of the sun contributed painfully to his annoyance. It was fortunate, perhaps, that he had lost so much blood; for fever at such a time, could not have been otherwise than fatal.

Ballot waited upon him, administering to his comforts with the fidelity of a brother, and the considerate, gentle kindness of a sister. His attentions, accompanied as they were by a cheerful though thoughtful

and sometimes melancholy spirit, contributed in 'no slight degree, to alleviate the suffering of a weary, monotonous journey.

He had first attracted Henry's attention at Aux Cayes, where his beautiful face and feminine look, accompanied by a certain shyness and hesitancy of manner, had excited his curiosity and engaged his interest. Travelling with a simple-minded old Frenchman to whom the youth seemed merely to have casually attached himself, he was totally unknown to all. He had afterwards noticed the gallantry and courage he had displayed in the naval fight of the second of May, where as a volunteer boarder he had distinguished himself for his activity. And above all he had been touched and deeply interested by the look of utter desolation with which he stood over the corpse of his old comrade, whom a chance shot had killed in his absence. It seemed as if his last remaining friend, and only companion, had been torn from him, and he was left desolate and alone.

To turn the current of his thoughts, and to reward him as he deserved, Henry had prevailed upon Bolivar to confer a vacant lieutenancy upon the young soldier. He received the promotion with coolness, though he expressed the gratitude the occasion called for. Yet it was evident that it did not satisfy him—it was not what he wanted; if they had made him *généralissimo* it would not have filled the blank in his heart. He attached himself to Henry, and was of course much with Lavara; but from him he always seemed to shrink. *He and Benito were too much alike to appear friends—perhaps the only deep feeling that can exist between two such natures is that which belongs to opposite sexes, deep, earnest, burning love.* Warm, enthusiastic, but shy and sometimes almost melancholy, he was a study for months of close intimacy; and many an hour did Henry, on the weary march, spend in trying to decipher the enigma presented by his inexplicable companion. There was apparently no concealment about him, except when he was directly questioned in regard to his nativity and former life; then he at once turned to other topics and gave no answer to the question. There might be a thousand reasons for this, every one natural and not at all mysterious; but Henry could not help thinking there was meaning in this conduct, and that something was still concealed. He had never heard him speak any language but French; yet he was sufficiently a Frenchman to detect in his pronunciation that this was not his native tongue; and he was a great deal more puzzled than astonished, to hear him singing one evening at a camp-fire, in low, melancholy, absent tones, and with perfect accent, a song in English. When questioned, he started—admitted that it was his native

tongue, but gave no reason for avoiding it, and at once changed the subject.

"Did I not hear," said he, as they rode along in the rear of the column, "that you and Captain Lavara were about to quit the service?"

"This part of it," said Henry, "we will quit very soon."

"Will you accept another comrade?" said Jean.

"Most willingly, my dear Jean; but you do not ask whether we are bound."

"That," said the youth, mournfully, "is of no consequence—I am alone now."

"Jean," said Henry, after a pause, "will you consider it impertinent, if I express some curiosity as to the relation in which you stood to Bienville?"

"Ties of gratitude," said he, hastily, and blushing as if the question implied more than it did, "attached me to him in New Orleans—gratitude only; but I was grateful for a very great favor—which saved me perhaps from a life of degradation. You will not ask more, I know, when I tell you I do not wish to answer?"

"Certainly not," said Henry, and they both relapsed into silence, which continued while they travelled several miles. Henry was then startled by a question, hesitatingly asked in a voice almost inaudible.

"Are you not from C——, in the State of ——?"

"Yes," said he, surprised; "do you know anything of the place?"

"Not much," said he; "I have seen several of its citizens. Do you know Harry Poindexter?—I have seen him."

"Yes," replied Henry, "he was at the battle of New Orleans."

"Did he go through it safely? Was he hurt?" he inquired, eagerly.

"I saw him after the fighting was over, perfectly safe; but you seem to feel an interest in him—where did you know him?"

"There and elsewhere—I met him once when you were present, at a gambling-house—when you came in to arrest traitors. But he did not seem to know me, and I suppose you do not recollect it."

"I recollect the time and place," said Henry, "but I did not see you."

"He recovered the money I had foolishly lost at a *roulette* table, "continued the young man, thoughtfully, "and I was robbed of it before I reached my lodgings—all I had in the world. It was in a moment of madness, caused by my destitution, that I contracted my obligations to Monsieur Bienville."

"But," said Henry, "if you were there you must have known the fate of Poindexter."

"No—I left the city before the battle, and only heard of it at Aux Cayes."

They were interrupted by the appearance of Lavara, who rode for several miles beside the carriage, conversing with Henry about their plans, and occasionally addressing a remark to Jean. The latter, however, seemed to avoid the conversation, though he listened eagerly, and now and then cast a furtive glance at Lavara, full of meaning—his large brown eyes seeming to take the impress of his form, and drinking in his musical tones, as with greedy thirst. It was arranged that they were to quit that branch of the service as soon as an opportunity offered, and sail for Cartagena, where they were to enter upon their new life of *guerrilla* patriots.

---

## C H A P T E R I V.

"The compensation which thou seekest here,  
Will be denied."—THE CENOT, SHELLEY.

"Out of my sight."—LEAR.

THE retreat of McGregor, celebrated in that day as a master-piece of military art, is too well known to justify a detailed account of it. I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe, at any length, the sufferings of his impoverished and harassed troops, nor the heroic determination with which he slowly and sternly advanced. It was the last hope; for Bolivar, in his panic, had set sail with all the vessels in the Bay of Ocumare; and this in such haste as to leave exposed upon the beach almost all the stores with which he had been supplied by the Haytien government. The remnant, therefore, of his deserted army was cut off from all hope of retreat from the country; surrounded by numerous and sanguinary enemies, defeated, disheartened, and disorganized, and thus wholly without resource except the alternative of a junction with Piar and Marino.

In these circumstances, McGregor collected the scattered fugitives, commenced, and successfully performed a march which, at the time, was extravagantly compared to Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Exaggerated and groundless as was this superlative praise, it was, notwithstanding, a difficult and dangerous enterprise, skilfully and successfully executed. The barbarous, sanguinary spirit in which, at that period, and in that country, war was prose-

cuted, precluded all hope of quarter, if overcome or taken ; so that the resolution was forced upon them by the necessity of self-preservation. At the same time, the inactivity of Morales, who seemed well satisfied with the result of his efforts, and manifested but little disposition to pursue them further, inspired the hope that they would be able to reach Barcelona with no other difficulties than such as were presented by the length of the journey, the heat of the weather, and the dispirited state of the troops. They marched along the sea-coast near three hundred miles, without provisions or munitions of war, and occasionally, though not often, harassed and alarmed by attacks of strolling detachments of royalist troops. Never suffering these things to arrest his march for any considerable time, however, and knowing that upon perseverance and speed depended his salvation, McGregor pushed resolutely forward ; and after a month of almost incredible toils and hardships, had, at last, the satisfaction to join his shattered forces to those of Piar and Marino.

These generals had been acting in an isolated and rather independent manner, almost ever since they had been suffered to leave Carupano, in June ; and had they, or, at least, had Piar, been permitted to do so in the beginning, the war would have been less protracted. Whatever weakness may have been justly attributable to Marino, his associate had far more ability and bravery than Bolivar, and, while acting upon his counsels, was almost always successful. On the other hand, acting under the orders of Bolivar, he was generally unsuccessful, so completely can the inefficient spirit of a superior in authority paralyze the efforts of the very ablest men acting under his orders.

Bolivar reached Ocumare after a race of seven miles, covered with dust, and accompanied only by one aid, Lieut. Col. Perez. He immediately embarked on board the " Diana," and ordering the squadron to cut their cables, set sail for the little Dutch island off Buen Ayre. At this place, where he arrived on the tenth of July, he met Brion (now advanced to the rank of " Admiral of the Republic"), who, with several of his vessels, had been on an expedition to the island of Curacao. The latter, as might have been expected, was both surprised and mortified to find the General there, upon his return a few days after Bolivar's arrival. He reproached him, it is said, with cowardice and want of ability, in thus losing the larger part of his army, and then deserting the rest in the first moment, when his presence was really needed. He reproached him also, says my authority,\* in the most bitter terms,

\* This scene is described upon the authority of a paper written by an eye-witness.

with his cruelty and inhuman selfishness, in bringing away the whole fleet to carry himself alone, and leaving his unhappy army to be cut off by the victorious Spaniards.

A Commander-in-chief, Dictator, Liberator, &c., might have been expected in some measure to resent language so plain from an inferior officer ; but in this case, as in every similar one, Bolivar was extremely docile. Having, by his cowardice and incapacity, lost the power entrusted to him, he was no longer able to preserve the dignity of a commander, " receiving Brion's rebuke with great humility and contrition." The Admiral urged him immediately to return to the Main, and to join Generals Piar and Marino, on the coast of Cumana. The whole fleet was not in serviceable condition, but, " by his violent indignation, and several arguments addressed to the Dictator's cupidity of power and fear of losing it," he at last prevailed upon him to set sail immediately in the same vessel which had brought him away. Brion, at the same time, with the remainder of the fleet, set out for Margarita to refit.

---

Marino and Piar, having, a few days before, been joined by McGregor, had removed their camp a little below the city of Barcelona, and were now encamped about one league from the mouth of the small stream which puts into the sea near that place. Henry had been received by these officers with the greatest kindness, and was now quartered with Colonel Martin (a Polish officer, aid to General Piar), and was gradually recovering from his wounds. At his own request, Ballot had been assigned quarters near his own, and next to those of Lavara.

On a calm evening, a few days after their arrival, the three generals, Marino, Piar, and McGregor, with Colonel Martin and Henry, were assembled on a little knoll in front of the camp, enjoying the repose which the fatigues of at least a part of them rendered necessary. They were shaded from the sun by a large plantain tree, whose enormous leaves were swinging lazily in the breeze. Directly in front ran the stream spoken of above ; and in the distance was visible the expanse of the Gulf, stretching away immeasurably, and calmly swelling and subsiding, as the northern wind pressed lightly upon its rolling bosom. In the haze which overhangs the sea on a summer day, just becoming visible from the shore, rearing its white wings, feather by feather, as it were, from the water, and slowly approaching in its stately flight, was visible a small vessel, evidently making for the mouth of the stream, and carrying the ensign of the New Republic.

The group which awaited her approach, was composed of five as different individuals as probably have ever assembled ; each, however, a specimen of a class then engaged in the struggle for independence. Piar was a tall, robust-looking man, about forty years of age, with a complexion so dark as almost to justify the common impression that he had African blood in his veins. Except a slight curl in his hair, however, there was no other indication of the fact observable in his appearance. His features were rough and cast in a determined mould, furnishing a personification of the hardier qualities of the Castilian character. His eye was extremely brilliant, and, at times, blazed with a fire almost ferocious ; and about his mouth there was a mingled expression of courage and cruelty.

Marino was a slight, sallow-faced man, of about thirty, whose countenance evinced no peculiar quality either of animal courage or intellectual force. He was in appearance as he was in reality—entirely subservient to the stronger will of his confederate general, yielding, irresolute, and dependent. McGregor was short, thick-set, and rather bony, with a mien expressive only of unbending resolution. Bronzed, melancholy, and care-worn, but still handsome, and even elegant in his appearance, Colonel Martin bore the traces of his Polish training ; and, as he stood with arms folded, gazing out to sea with a wistful look of the exile, he seemed the very model of a natural soldier. Henry we have before described ; now, however, his form, usually lithe and graceful, closely knit, and finely proportioned, was somewhat attenuated by recent illness ; and his countenance, generally full and expressive, was thin and pale. But there was still the calm fire in his eye, and the quiet grace and self-possession in his manner, which we have noted before. All, except Colonel Martin, were reclining in various postures upon the grass where the plantain threw its shadow, and watching the approaching sail.

"It must be one of Brion's vessels, I think," said McGregor.

"Where, then, is the rest of the fleet?" asked Marino.

"It resembles Captain Devouille's schooner, the 'Diana,'" remarked Martin.

"The same vessel in which Bolivar sailed from Ocumare," said McGregor, rising.

"Better not come hither," said Piar, "if the traitor be on board."

"If Bolivar be there," said Henry, "he comes by other counsel than his own."

"I think so, too, and rather bad counsel it is," said McGregor, looking significantly at Piar. The latter bowed, as if in acknow-

ledgment of a compliment to his fierceness, and cast his eyes towards the schooner, which was now within the stream, slowly approaching them. The river was wide and almost straight, partaking here of the character of an inlet, so that she sailed with nearly as much ease as upon the open sea. As she came towards them, another republican ensign was run out upon her bowsprit; and a gun being fired by Piar's order across her bows, she dropped her anchor, and swinging upon the chain, hung stationary, with fluttering sails, in the middle of the stream. A boat was lowered from the side, and receiving several passengers, pushed off for the shore.

"General Bolivar and Colonel Perez," said McGregor.

Stepping on land, and cordially extending both hands, Bolivar advanced towards Piar, with the bland and affectionate manner he was wont to assume on such occasions.

"Once more," he exclaimed, fervently, "among my friends!" But Piar drew back from the proffered embrace, and coldly said—

"Before Simon Bolivar, General no longer, can be received as a friend by any here, he must show good reasons for his late unmanly desertion of the cause of independence."

Surprised and overcome by this reception, Bolivar looked round upon the group, but saw only contempt and aversion upon every face.

"And you, too, *mon cher ami*?" said he, turning to Henry. "Have you, too, deserted me?"

Henry quietly folded his arms, and calmly replied—

"The desertion was on the other side, I believe, sir."

"He speaks well," said Piar, abruptly; "none here wish to hold communion with one who has forsaken his truest friends in the moment of greatest need."

"He deserves to sent before a court-martial," said Marino.

"He shall be, by God!" exclaimed Piar, roughly; and turning to Boliver, he added—"If your stay here be protracted only ten minutes longer, I will have you arraigned for cowardice and desertion, and will see that you are shot as a traitor!"

Abashed and confused, the unhappy General stood gazing from one to another in the greatest agitation.

"Away, sir!" again exclaimed Piar, violently; "away, and save your worthless life!"

"'Tis also my advice," said McGregor, coolly; "none here would interpose to save you."

Bolivar covered his face with his hands, and wept.

"Tears only prove your weakness, sir," said Piar, furiously; "be-

gone!" His eye blazed with the fire of which Bolivar well knew the meaning, and he took a step forward, as if to strike him.

"Gentlemen," said Perez, stepping forward, "you would not surely drive your General away with ignominy, such as this."

"Yes, sir," said Piar; "and the sooner he is gone, the better it will be for himself and his minion too."

"Come, Perez," said Bolivar, mournfully, uncovering his eyes, "let us leave them; a mutinous camp is no place for us."

"No more than where the enemy is," hinted Marino.

"General Piar," said Bolivar, as he turned away, "we may meet again. I will remind you of this scene at a future day."

"Perhaps," said Piar, stepping forward, "you will take your revenge now. These gentlemen will not deny the opportunity either to you or me."

"No, sir," calmly replied Bolivar, who had now recovered his composure; "I shall meet you on more advantageous terms, perhaps."

Taking the arm of his aid-de-camp, Bolivar turned towards his boat, and was soon once more on the deck of his vessel. Lifting her anchor, she slowly receded from the river, and before sunset was on the open sea, under a press of canvas, for Aux Cayes—"a port from which, but a few weeks before, he had set sail, with well-founded hopes of the most brilliant success." We may as well say here—what was perfectly natural to so malevolent a disposition, and perhaps justifiable on the principles of retaliation most current in that day and country—that he never forgot this scene; and long afterwards redeemed his promise then made to Piar—"to remind him of it under more advantageous circumstances."

The group on the shore watched the receding vessel until she left the river, and then returned to the knoll they had quitted a few minutes before,

"I think he will not trouble us again soon," said Piar, laughing.

"We are much stronger without, than with him," said McGregor; "and if you will take my advice, you will now proclaim yourself Captain-General."

Piar shook his head and glanced furtively at Marino, but made no reply.

"As you please," said McGregor; "but it is my best counsel." And with the air of a man prepared for any event, and conscious of having discharged his duty, he left the group and entered his quarters. Henry withdrew at the same time, and seeing Lavara and Ballot to-

gether, (rather a common sight of late,) he avoided them, and entered his own *marquée*.

After Bolivar's return to Aux Cayes, from whence he went to Port au Prince, notwithstanding his cowardice and manifest inability to guide to a successful issue the Patriot cause, Admiral Brion and a few other devoted friends still exerted themselves to bring about a reconciliation between him and the chiefs on the Main, and sought to procure his recall. Knowing of no man among the chiefs of the patriot armies against whom there were fewer objections; and actuated more perhaps by zeal for the cause than love for the man, these indefatigable men still clung faithfully to the wavering fortunes of the weak but imperious Bolivar. After several months of uninterrupted activity, during which Bolivar was dallying with the sisters Soublette in Port au Prince, Brion at last obtained the consent of General Arismendi to his recall.

The Generals of the *Llaneros*, or inhabitants of the Plains, Sedeno, Monagas, Paez and Zaraza, had constantly under their command large bodies of cavalry, whom the Spaniards had never succeeded in subduing. Their consent to the arrangement was therefore of as much importance as that of Arismendi; and notwithstanding the unyielding character of the latter, even more difficult to obtain. It was only upon very rigid conditions that it was secured at last. The conditions were these: That Bolivar should direct the military operations alone, assuming no more civil power than was absolutely necessary to make his command effective; and that, immediately upon the establishment of independence, he should call a Congress, to whom the government should be committed, and into whose hands he should forthwith resign his authority. Bolivar, when the arrangement was announced, readily subscribed the conditions, and set sail for Barcelona.

Soon after the Dictator's arrival in the country, General Piar, who had refused every overture having for its object Bolivar's recall, collected a large force of infantry, and being joined by Sedeno with one thousand cavalry, marched upon Saint Thomas de la Angostura, in the province of Guayana. Ninety miles from that place he met De la Torre; and routing him with great loss, laid the first permanent foundation for a revolution. The province of Guayana had not been the scene of any of the commotions which had wasted and exhausted other provinces of Venezuela; and it was therefore able to furnish supplies of every kind in much greater abundance than any other part of the country.

By making it the base of his operations, Piar, who was soon joined

by many other chieftains, began and successfully prosecuted his conquest of the entire province. In the meantime, after his desertion of Barcelona, Bolivar lay concealed in the plains of Cumana, while these officers were driving the Spaniards before them, and making arrangements to establish a permanent and reliable Government. How their patriotic designs were frustrated by the sudden reappearance of Bolivar, who they began to hope was dead, comes not within the scope of our story. Suffice it, that in the sequel he again became prominent, and in his fragmentary way prosecuted the revolution with various success. Our narrative leads us to another scene.

---

For several weeks before Piar commenced his march upon Angostura, Henry and Lavara, to whom was now joined young Ballot, had been seeking a passage in some vessel bound for Cartagena, in the province of New Granada. Piar, who had the keen insight of an able commander, endeavored by every means in his power to induce them to attach themselves to his expedition into Guayana. But Lavara's mind was bent upon his plans of revolution in New Granada; and Henry especially objected to remaining in the service of one who, notwithstanding his bravery and other high and chivalrous qualities, was still cruel, ferocious, and at times inhuman.

Recent movements, too, had increased their anxiety to reach Granada. The patriots in that province, no longer able to endure the oppressions of Morillo, the Spanish Governor and Captain-General, had assembled in numerous *guerilla* parties among the mountains of Antiochia and in several other departments, and had begun to annoy the forces of Morillo even in Santa Martha. They had cut off the communication between that place and Bogota, and between both places and Cartagena. Each day some new advantage, some daring enterprise, successfully accomplished, emboldened the chieftains and dispirited the royalists. The aspect of things promised that ere long the whole country would be in possession of the patriots.

As Henry was now entirely recovered from the effects of his wounds, Lavara was anxious to set out; and the cheering news, often exaggerated and embellished, by no means diminished his impatience. Henry, too, tired of the life of inactivity he had been leading in Piar's camp, was equally disposed to commit himself again to scenes where stirring events would exclude corroding thoughts. Ballot, likewise, with the vivacity of his nature, was all impatience to enter upon a career for which he had imbibed a romantic zeal, from the somewhat extravagant conversation of Lavara.

At length, to crown their wishes, a brig, belonging to an American adventurer, touched at the mouth of the river; and having secured passages for Carthagena, whither the "Washington" was bound, they set sail upon the same day on which Piar commenced his march. That General, lingering behind his more advanced columns, in the hope that even yet they might be induced to engage in his enterprise, accompanied them to the beach.

What melancholy events many of our partings would be, if we could lift the veil of futurity, and see where friends are to meet again, and when farewells are forever! They bade Piar an adieu, which was fated to be the last.

---

## CHAPTER V.

"The setting sun, declining beyond the vast Campagna, shed its rich yellow beams on the woody summit of the Abruzzi."—IRVING. *TALES OF A TRAVELLER.*

"Is not the messenger returned?"—MARINO FALIERO.

"Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme."—HENRY V.

WITH no further notice than the brief account of the last chapter, we will pass over an interval of about fifteen months, and follow the erratic fortunes of Henry and his companions.

Late in the afternoon of a warm September day, a group might have been seen among the mountains of New Granada, about one hundred miles from Santa Fe de Bogota, then, as now, the capital of the province. Loosely assembled together in the shade of a palm grove, upon the slope of a high mountain, around which rose cedar-covered, and almost inaccessible ridges, was a band of about one hundred and fifty men. Armed with carbine, lance, and culass, one inexperienced in their mode of fighting, might have thought them encumbered by the number of their weapons; but their enemies never thought so; and it was only they who were intended to be impressed.

They were scattered in various postures, negligent and natural, enjoying the coolness of the shade and the careless moments of ease, their weapons strewn in various places about them. But few were accoutred, and those apparently constituting a guard, from among whom, at intervals of about two hours, passed a file of men in each direction, up and down the valley in which they were encamped. At the foot of the slope ran a narrow mountain stream, almost covered from view by the verdure along its banks; and swinging slowly up

and down, as they were moved by the noiseless waters, the long blades of grass bent gracefully into the rivulet. On the opposite slope, about a quarter of a mile from the encampment, was visible a narrow and deep-worn road, which wound tortuously down the mountain, and, although not visible, passed very near the point where the men were grouped. Further down the little valley, at a distance of several hundred yards, boldly jutted out a large, flat rock, now covered by the shade of several palms, upon which walked a sentinel armed with carbine and horseman's sabre; and, as he paced slowly from one side of the rock to the other, the jingling of the iron scabbard might be heard in the summer stillness almost to the place where his comrades were at rest. Several hundred yards up the road, and almost opposite to the camp, walked another sentinel, overlooking the road in a northern direction; while the first could see it for a long distance towards the south, as it descended upon the wide plain upon which the range of mountains terminated. Eastward, the mountains were piled in green masses, range above range, until the vision was bounded by the clouds, within which the peaks of the farthest were hidden; and pouring down their sides, in rich luxuriance of varied tint, the shimmering sunlight bathed the scene in mellow radiance. Towards the west, looking from the mouth of the valley, the eye ranged over an almost boundless plain, which, destitute of verdure, except an occasional stunted bush, or thorny mass of cactus, seemed to spread almost endlessly; bounded, however, in the extreme distance by another mass of hazy mountains. And playing along its bown surface, the evening sun tipped every plant with gold, and broke the monotony of the level into waving hillocks, like the swells of a summer sea. The shadows of the western range were thrown far into the expanse, and as the sun went down, its gradually receding line could be traced for many a mile away, in broken, cragged outline; while the road, winding in purposeless wanderings indirectly across the plain, could be distinguished even to the opposite range. As the shadows deepened, and the gorgeous sunlight retreated, the masses of waving pines towards the north and south grew darker, until their disordered ranks lay like a mass of black upon a highly illuminated picture. Everything was still; there was not even a breath of air; and as the eye caught the waving of the grass upon the stream, the ear involuntarily listened for the rustling of the breeze.

There is no such magical stillness in a northern clime as rests upon a tropical sunset; nor does the radiance anywhere bear the spell of *solitude* so deep, as among pine-covered mountains, where the rich

mellow light glides over the crags in rivulets of molten gold, and dashes in among the dark trees, and struggles noiselessly with the shadows; where "every leaf becomes a torch, and every bud a star;" where every branch stands out against the sky, and every opening reveals a passage of fairy landscape, and the very atmosphere seems a transparent, filmy veil, thrown over a scene too fair for mortal eyes.

On a wide *rebaso*, spread beneath a single palm, at some distance from the crowd, and farther up the slope, reclined a group of three persons. The eldest, and the highest in rank, wore a blue uniform trimmed with green, which had evidently seen much service. He was bronzed, apparently by exposure to the sun and wind: but there was a calm, unconscious grace about his figure, which contrasted strikingly with the vivacity and unreserve which, in an almost equal degree, characterized the appearance of his two companions. The elder of these had the dark complexion peculiar to the natives of that climate; and in his deep, brown eye, burned the warm expression belonging to his race. He was smoking; and when he looked upward at the curling wreath, as it floated unmoved upon the still air, ever and anon his glance rested impatiently for a moment upon the spot where stood the southern sentinel. With a fair, sunny face, but little bronzed by exposure, and only made to appear more manly by the tinge, their young companion reclined upon the lower edge of the *rebaso*, swinging up and down a broad *sombrero*, which he held between his fingers by the wide rim, he glanced alternately at the other two as they conversed in Spanish.

"Our messenger is slow," said Lavara; "he ought to have returned by noon."

"Banquilla has probably detained him for further information," replied Grahame, who was now commander of the troop with which he was encamped.

"Still," said Lavara, "he should have returned ere now." He arose as he spoke and walked towards the group under the palms. "How do you like this life, Jean?" asked Henry, looking at his young companion.

"Even better than I expected," said Ballot; "though you seem to doubt it."

"Why should I doubt it?"

"O, there is no reason"—he replied, hastily, as if he were betraying himself; "at all events," he continued, "I hope we shall soon be able to take the plains—our troop now numbers near two hundred."

"Perhaps we shall do so to-morrow," said Henry. "General Urdaneta has entered the plains of Casanare, already. Captain Banquilla is about to join him, and I think our messenger will bring us information upon which we can act."

"Do you intend to join Urdaneta, if the information be confirmed?"

"Yes—as soon as he advances within the plain. But I shall not break up the post here until Banquilla moves from the northern pass."

The Captain Banquilla of whom he spoke, was a guerilla chief of some celebrity in that day, by whose assistance Henry had succeeded in raising his force, and in conjunction with whom he was now blockading the road between Bogota and Cartagena. Information had been received the day before, that General Urdaneta, having collected a considerable force was about advancing upon the plains of Casanare—Henry supposed for the purpose of meeting the Spanish General, Barillo, who had just left Santa Fe de Bogota. And he had sent a messenger to ascertain from Banquilla, who was nearer the scene of action, the expediency of breaking up their pickets and joining their forces to Urdaneta's. It was this messenger whose return he was awaiting.

As Lavara approached the body of *guerillas*, several sprang to their feet like men who were expecting information; and throwing away the *cigaritos* in which they had been indulging, stood awaiting his orders. One would have guessed from the affectionate glances of these bronzed and moustachioed soldiers, that the young lieutenant was a favorite among them; and such indeed was the case. Their Captain, by the daring and self-possession which had distinguished him in their many excursions into the plains, had won upon the respect and admiration of these hardy men; while the strictness of his discipline and the impassable sternness of his bearing while on duty, had begotten something like fear also. We have described him to little purpose if the reader do not know that he was scarcely a man with whom they could take the liberties which endear soldiers to officers. But they knew they would receive nothing at his hands but simple justice; they knew, moreover, that under his leading they would never be unemployed while there was opportunity for action, nor know defeat where success was possible—and they appreciated him accordingly. His first lieutenant, however, added to great bravery and enthusiastic devotion to the cause, a fund of cheerfulness and a kindness of heart, which their leader, however he might feel, but seldom exhibited. He was, therefore, almost if not quite as much a favorite as Ballot, who by the gaiety of his temper and the vivacity and good humor he displayed

even in the hour of danger, together with a certain charm which attached to his feminine beauty, and graceful manner, had become the idol of the band. He mingled less perhaps among the men than either of his superiors—exhibiting at times a shyness and reserve which Lavara found it difficult to account for, though he thought of it much and often.

Henry's ability and bravery, with the command natural to his somewhat imperious character, awed the wild men who composed his band; but perhaps the slightest order he could give would not have been obeyed with more alacrity from fear and admiration, than would those of Lavara and Ballot from attachment. As far as they were able to fathom him, they loved their captain, also; but their love was perhaps more a feeling of dependence upon his head and hand than of affection from the heart. Upon every occasion when kindness was required he never failed to display it; but his intercourse with them was more that of a leader and a judge than of a companion. Mingling but little among them, but ever at their head, especially in moments of difficulty or danger, they followed him with an instinct which was perhaps more powerful even than affection.

For more than a year they had been in the fastnesses of the mountains; but ever active and energetic, their leader had suffered scarcely a week to pass without some enterprise which kept them employed. Excursions into the plains, attacks upon straggling detachments of Royalist troops, and forays upon Royalist provision trains and warlike stores, followed each other in rapid succession. Never wholly defeated, never entirely failing in the execution of his purpose, his quickness of decision and unerring judgment had led his men to look upon success, when they followed him, as positively certain. He had, moreover, succeeded in establishing an *esprit du corps*, than which nothing increases the efficiency of men more materially; and having uninformed his band from the stores taken in one of his attacks upon the Spaniards, his was the only regularly organized and disciplined *guerilla* corps then in the country.

"Was José's horse fresh, Iago?" asked Lavara, of one of the men.

"*Si, Señor*," replied the man; "fresh enough to carry him to Bogota in a single day."

"Mount your horse and ride out of the mouth of the valley a mile or two; then come back and tell me whether you can discover anything along the road."

The man entered a thick grove of palms where were concealed the

horses of the band, and brought out a small, stout, black mustang, which he mounted and rode away.

"Do we take to the plains soon, Lieutenant?" asked one of the men.

"I do not know," replied Lavara; "perhaps José may tell us when he returns."

"Do you think he'd tell you, if he knew?" said another, laughing.

"Why not?" said Lavara. "There are no traitors here, I hope."

"O, no," replied the soldier; "but our Captain keeps his own counsel, and he is right." "Certainly he is," said another; "what good would come of our knowing what he intends?" "We will always know it in good time, said the first speaker. I only inquired because I supposed the time had come."

"Well, *compañeros*," said Benito, "Captain Grahame has no objection to my telling you that he expects information upon which he can march to-morrow."

"*Caramba!*" explained one, jumping from the ground; "and my bridle wants mending!" "And my carbine wants cleaning!" said another.

"You had better get everything in order," said Lavara; for I think José is coming now—he would have been here sooner if he had got no information. Besides, our Captain will expect your arms to be in order, even if we do not march."

"*Que garracho!*" exclaimed several, "so he will." The men hastened in different directions to look to their accoutrements; and in a moment all was bustle and preparation, as if orders to march had already been given.

Lavara turned to meet the messenger, who was now approaching with the man who had gone out to look for him. As José approached the place where his commander awaited him he dismounted and handed his rein to Iago. Approaching Henry on foot he handed him a small package.

"Very well, José," said his Captain after glancing at the first paper. "You have done well—you had better go to rest now, for we have a long march to-morrow."

With a salute, the man retired to his comrades.

"A note from Banquilla," said Henry, handing it to Lavara. "He will await us at the *Passo de la Puenta*, where we must be by noon, to-morrow."

"It is twenty leagues from here," said Lavara, doubtfully.

"We must reach it by noon if it were fifty," said Henry, quietly,

but decidedly. "Here is a letter also from General Urdaneta. Read it." Benito took it, and read :

"My dear, sir—With some difficulty I have succeeded in advancing with two thousand men, as far as this place ; and about one week from this day I expect to meet General Barilla somewhere on the plain of Casanare. His force is greatly superior to mine—but I expect reinforcements from the mountains, in sufficient numbers to augment my column to something like equality with his. No single body of men of equal numbers would add more to my strength, than your admirable *corps*. If, therefore, you can meet me with Captain Banquilla, (through whom this will reach you,) at Los Angelos on the seventeenth *proximo*, I will hazard a battle.

"God and Liberty !

"URDANETA, Gen. Repub.

"*Head-quarters, Passo del Norte, Sept. 13, 1817.*"

"To-day is the fifteenth," said Lavara, thoughtfully. "We cannot reach him on the day he appoints. It is fifty leagues to Los Angelos."

"We must reach there the day after to-morrow," said Henry. "We will then have at least three days in which to recruit our horses. Urdaneta does not seem to be advancing very rapidly. How far is it from El Passo del Norte to Los Angelos ?"

"About twenty-five leagues, I think."

"He has given four days to the journey—that is slow travelling ; but we must join him there. Tell Garcia to come to me."

A young man of dark complexion, slender form, and low stature, made his appearance.

"How far is it," asked Henry, "to Los Angelos, by the nearest road which goes by La Puenta ?"

"Forty leagues, sir," said the guide. "The road passes along the mountains."

"Do you know it well enough to be sure of following it at night ?"

"I think so, sir—I have travelled it many times, both by night and day."

"Be ready, then," said his leader, "to guide us through La Puenta to-morrow."

Garcia retired. Orders were issued to the troop to have everything in readiness to march before day-break on the following morning ; and the activity of preparation was redoubled.

"Jean," said Henry, "you will call in your outposts at midnight—and have the *reveillé* sounded at two o'clock."

"You break up the post entirely, then?" said Ballot.

The sun went gradually lower and lower behind the western hills, and the watchfires were kindled along the mountain. The darkness seemed stealthily to rise from among the rocks and to creep along the deep ravines, embracing in its arms at first only the shorter brushwood—and then, as it were, casting its mantle at once over rock and tree, and plain and hill. Stillness reigned supremely over the scene; and as the fires sank lower and shed forth but flickering and uncertain rays, the recumbent forms of slumbering soldiers, stretched upon the ground without covering, except their *rebasos*, were alternately revealed and hidden by the varying light. A quiet breeze sprang up, and came whispering among the sleepers, breathing balmily the breath of summer, and rustling stealthily among the pines. Voices as of spirits played among the palms—and solitude seemed to descend from the sky, and claim the scene for hers. The deep, bright stars looked calmly down, and their varying colors seemed to lend a thousand hues to the thickly studded heavens. No footstep moved upon the ground. A single watcher sat beside a smouldering fire, and gazed dreamily into the ashes—and he heard the deep breathing of his comrades mingled with the sighing of the wind. Hours wore on—the outposts came in, and threw themselves upon the ground—the bustle of their movements was soon over, and still the watcher gazed upon the fire. Another and still another hour passed; and he looked around, and cast his eyes up at the stars. Thrusting the smoking brands together, he produced a massive watch—the plunder from some battle field—and examined its dial by the blaze. Replacing it, he rose and put a bugle to his lips; and echoing through the answering hills, the shrill notes of the spirit-stirring *reveillé* broke in upon the magic silence.

The men sprang to their feet as the music reached their ears. In a few moments the side of the mountain was blazing with numerous fires; and around them bustled the hurrying soldiers, cheerily preparing their morning meal before mounting for a long journey. Short work is camp cookery. Scarcely an hour had elapsed after the first notes of the *reveillé*, when the frugal breakfast was despatched, and each dark soldier held the bridle of his accoutred steed, awaiting the signal for springing to the saddle. At a word from their leader, the signal was given, and every man was mounted. Ranging themselves in rank, the head of the column wound its way slowly up the valley, and disappeared among the mountains. When daylight lit up the scene again, the watch-fires had burned down to ashes; and there was

nothing visible but that most melancholy of all solitary scenes—a camp but recently deserted by its occupants.

---

## C H A P T E R VI.

*"The word hath passed his lips, and onward driven,  
Pours the linked band through ranks asunder riven."—LARA.*

THE past life of him whose existence has been overcast by the clouds of misfortune, viewed even from distant lands and amid strange scenes, is but a gloomy retrospect. His journey is like that of a traveller who crosses a wide plain upon a stormy day: as he looks back upon the way over which he has come, clouds and tempest hang over even the fairest scene; and distorted and unnatural shapes are assumed even by objects of intrinsic beauty. If for brief moments the sun has broken through the storm, and lighted his pathway with an evanescent radiance—a few more steps and the sunshine is past—the reverting glance sees nothing but the heavy vapors which have darkened the landscape. Or if perchance life has been more favored—he yet looks back, like one who has wandered through a broken, rugged country, over which are still shining the departing beams of a setting sun. Here and there a peak throws itself joyously up, and catches for a brief space the happy sunlight which plays around its head; but between these intervene dark valleys, which no sunshine ever enamels, and where nothing, not even memory, may go.

How much more cheerless is the retrospect, when, with the memory of misfortune comes the consciousness of wrong—when misery takes the guise of evil, and smites the heart with the thought that its own perfidy has produced the misfortune! Consciousness of good intention may be, and often is, a powerful support in the hour of affliction; but there are passages where even self-approval cannot excuse to our own hearts the consequences of our conduct. For although we did not and could not foresee the evil to come from our well-intentioned acts, there is still the vague, but harrowing reflection, that had we looked, as we ought to have done, to the future, the mischance never could have happened. And though we cannot reproach ourselves with premeditated wrong, we are left to attribute the injury that ensued to recklessness or neglect.

Ordinarily, a firm resolution to shun the errors of the past, and to pursue a more blameless course for the future, will give a partial con-

solation. The visions of repentance are often the most radiant of our lives. It is in hours of regret that we see clearly the follies we have committed ; and it is when we resolve firmly to avoid them in the time to come, that the view opens out before us with enchanting clearness ; and the errors we may fall into, even with the best intentions, are yet lying hid in the dark places of that coming time.

But when, immediately before us, rises some overwhelming danger—when even a moment's life is not assured to us, and the prospect of repentance and amendment may in an instant be cut short by the unrelenting hand of death—there is nothing left but retrospection. And if that be dark in its own hues, how much more gloomy does it seem when the light of hope beams not upon it from the time to come ! In the hour of battle, when death rides upon every missile, and the roar of cannon articulates his voice, how many a brave heart is burthened by the weight of increased regret ! Having no bright memories to call up future hopes, how certain seems the doom yet resting within the veil of chance or providence ! Brave though the heart may be, it then involuntarily gives way to its gloom, and, though not from fear, almost shrinks from the impending conflict.

It was thus that Henry felt, as drawn out upon the plains of Casanare the patriot band awaited the onset of the Spaniards. Gloomy and dejected, but not the less firm and resolute, he sat upon his horse at the head of his troop, and watched the bristling array of royalists as they advanced to the attack with the steady tread of drilled battalions. Casting his thoughts once more backward upon the home he had left, and resting again for a moment upon that scene where had been wrecked his own and another's far dearer hopes, the gloom which enshrouded his life rolled in heavy masses even upon the passing moment. Reflecting that this field might be his last—that here, an exile and a voluntary outcast, his unblessed existence might find its period, in a foreign land and among a strange people. He thought of that innocent and trusting heart, whose fondest hopes and brightest prospects, his sorrowing conscience told him, had been withered in their early bloom. With a vacant eye and almost nerveless heart, he gazed listlessly upon the advancing host's array ; and reckless of life, which now seemed more worthless than ever, he resolved that the foreboding should be realized—that here, among these swarthy warriors, he would sacrifice a life which had almost become a burthen.

It was but a momentary weakness. The high and chivalrously beating heart again claimed its strong ascendancy. As he looked

upon the enemy with whom he was about to engage in deadly strife, he felt the blood flow warmer in his veins ; and again blazing with the fire they had so often seen, he turned his eyes upon his silent followers. Wheeling his horse, he rode along the line of flashing pennons that fluttered in the breeze from every lance ; and marking the eagerness of many of his men, and the steady resolution of the rest, he spoke in short and burning language.

"These are the men who burnt your father's house," he said to one.

"This is the hour to avenge your sister," to another.

Wherever he passed there was a movement in the ranks, and his progress down the line might be traced by the shaking of their lances and the rattling of their sabres. Singling out those who had heavy personal wrongs to avenge upon the Spaniards, he appealed in brief words to their deepest passions. Others sympathized with their injured comrades, until the whole band was worked up, as the men of that race may easily be, to the most passionate fury. With no sign of emotion in his appearance, Henry resumed his station in the van, and calmly awaited the attack.

"Colonel Grahame," said an aid, riding up and addressing him by his new rank, "General Urdaneta desires you to attack the enemy's right in flank, as soon as we are engaged upon the centre. Without further orders, therefore, when you think the moment has come, you will lead your men down the bed of this ravine, and come out when you find yourself beyond the head of their right column. You know what to do, then, without direction."

Henry bowed, and the aid rode back.

The forces of the two Generals were nearly equally matched, each having about three thousand men and ten pieces of artillery. Urdaneta had taken up his position on the plain, in the rear of a deep ravine, which was in the rainy season full of water. It was dry now, and its bed being covered with fine gravel, it presented an easily traversed road, which, however, was not accessible, except for infantry, in more than two or three places in the whole space covered by his flanks. His right resting upon a height which commanded the plain, his line extended nearly a mile along the ravine. In the centre were posted eight of his ten pieces of field artillery, on a slight eminence, in front of which the ravine, by a depression of the ground, was more accessible than at any other place. Throwing forward both his wings, so as to form nearly the figure of a crescent, he had mounted on his right the remaining two guns, disposing them to take the

enemy from left to right, and enfilade their line, should they advance with a front of great depth. On the extreme left was posted Henry, now advanced to the rank of Colonel, with his corps of two hundred well-appointed cavalry; while in front of his position, the ravine became so shallow that, by riding a short distance down its bed, he could attain the other side, and, under cover of a grove of mesquit timber, reach the flank of the enemy's column destined to attack Urdaneta's left. To conceal this weakness of his position, the latter had advanced his cavalry beyond the ravine, and had not withdrawn them in its rear, till Barilla had made his dispositions for attack on the morning of the battle. The dead level of the country had afforded no facilities for reconnoitring, and the ease with which the patriot left might have been turned was either overlooked or disregarded.

Barilla advanced to the attack in three strong columns, the heaviest of which was directed against the battery in the centre. The column apparently destined to be launched against the left, was really to be diverted from that direction, to assist in forcing the centre. The third column was directed against the heights on Urdaneta's right, and was designed merely to cover the main attack, by drawing the fire from the guns on that flank, and preventing their raking the first and second columns.

About eight o'clock in the morning the guns on the hill opened upon the third column, and the two circling clouds of white smoke which rose and floated in the still morning air like wreaths of fleece, furnished a signal for the battery in the centre to pour forth its death-notes upon the main attack. They were both replied to by the enemy—the first from three guns in the rear with Barilla's reserve, and the other from a battery erected under cover of a clump of trees, about five hundred yards from the ravine. Dragging itself slowly over the plain, the firm array of infantry did not attempt to reply to the ordnance which tore through its ranks, but steadily and sternly pressed forward towards the ravine. Rent by the guns in front, and broken by the occasional unevenness of the ground, rank after rank alternately appeared and disappeared, but still advanced nearer and more near. The front files reached the brow of the ravine, and springing boldly down into its rugged bed, sustained a deadly fire from the musketry upon the other side. Regardless of everything, they clambered down the steep sides, and with the steadiness which has given the Spanish infantry a world-wide renown, they brought their bayonets to the charge, and hurled themselves against the steep

acclivity with admirable but unavailing bravery. A continually rolling fire ran along the line of patriots above, and mowed them down, as with almost superhuman efforts they strove to scale the height, while, with a havoc as great, the artillery played upon the more distant, unwavering crowd.

Undaunted by death, and excited by the noise and enthusiasm of the fight, the infantry continually filled up their ranks, and charging again and again, strove madly but ineffectually, to force the position. For more than half an hour the carnage continued unabated, but with no sign of yielding on either side. The rear battalions of the centre column still pushed forward, and encouraged by the presence and example of Barilla himself, seemed determined to bridge the deadly chasm with their bodies. And now the first column, which had been slowly advancing towards the patriot left, had, at last, come within long musket shot of that line, when, suddenly diverging from its course, by an abrupt movement to the left, it rushed forward in quick time, and joined the centre. Broken and somewhat disordered by their sudden change of direction, some confusion, but no flight ensued upon the junction. At the same moment, just as the head of this column had again assumed a direction parallel to that of the second, and while the rear was performing its movement to the left, the firing from the patriot skirmishers ceased; and suddenly appearing from the wood they were skirting, Grahame's battalion of cavalry halted for a moment, and ranged itself into a close column of attack.

Galloping to the front, their leader drew his sword, and waving it in the sun, shouted the command, "Forward!" Putting spurs to his horse, and followed by his men, he came down upon the wheeling column. Close upon his heels came two hundred horsemen; and animating them by voice and example, Lavara and Ballot, the latter wild with excitement, spurred their fiery horses full upon the wavering ranks. The column was in the midst of a manœuvre difficult to be performed under fire both of musketry and artillery; and this, of course, would have prevented any formations for regular resistance; even had not the attack been too sudden to be successfully met. Seized, therefore, by sudden panic which was unavoidable even to the bravest troops, many of the soldiers threw away their arms and fled from the field.

Driving furiously forward, the compact squadron fell with a fearful crash upon the disordered mass, and plunging their long lances among the panic-stricken ranks, they broke and dispersed the only formations that remained entire within their path. Riding them down

almost unresistingly, and rearing and plunging along through blood and carnage, the still unbroken squadron drove like a thunderbolt clean through the affrighted crowd. Swinging his sabre aloft, and crushing it down upon the shrinking heads of disordered musketeers, their leader kept in advance; while Lavara and Ballot, side by side, followed closely on his steps, and emulated his bravery. The latter especially, though compared to his companions, his arm was feeble, and his sabre light, by the lithe agility of his movements and his perfect horsemanship, rode unharmed among a thousand dangers; while the wreathed smile of mingled playfulness and earnest enthusiasm which sat upon his beautiful face, gave him the semblance of a spirit fighting for the cause of freedom. First came the crush of organized masses; then throwing away their lances, the horsemen poured their carbine balls among the dense crowd, and swept away whole ranks. Drawing, then, their heavy English sabres, they laid about their unswerving path with the fury of demons; and as sword and bayonet came into collision, the ringing of the steel sounded high over all the tumult.

The momentum of their first charge carried them through the column; but wheeling rapidly around, they again spurred their horses to a gallop, and left the Spaniards no leisure to reform their broken ranks. Hurling themselves again upon them, the whole mass was broken into fragments, and fled with disordered array, in terror from the field. Pursuing them until their flight became a total rout, and they abandoned their arms in their haste, Henry drew off his men in time to avoid the fire of the two pieces on the right, which were disengaged and turned upon the fugitives.

"Where are Lavara and Ballot?" he asked as he rode back.

"Both wounded, sir," said a soldier, in reply. "Not dangerously, I believe," he added; "the first Lieutenant received a shot in his sword arm, and Lieutenant Jean, I believe, is bayoneted in the side."

"José," said he, turning to one of the men, "take Antonio and see that their wounds are dressed and well attended to."

The man touched his hat and rode away, while his commander turned to observe the further progress of the fight.

Barilla, who was really an able man, though sometimes obstinate and headlong, now brought forward the third, or left column, and a part of his reserve, to strengthen the second, which was yet unbroken, and with which he still hoped to force the centre; and answering to this movement, Urdaneta concentrated his left, which was now disengaged upon the threatened point. Barilla obstinately and sternly

hurled his men upon the battery; but they were wasted and mowed away by the continual storm of grape and canister which swept across the plain; and the two pieces upon the height, being now disengaged, opened with a murderous fire upon his flank.

Henry withdrew his men out of the range of the patriot guns, and awaited a favorable moment to renew his charge. The places of Lavara and Ballot were temporarily filled by men appointed on the field. He was himself still unhurt, though he had been the mark of many a bullet.

Having sent him a reinforcement of horse, Urdaneta directed him to hold his corps in readiness to charge in conjunction with a column about to be sent around the heights on the right. The signal was to be the hoisting of a red banner upon the hill—immediately upon seeing which, he was to move upon the second Spanish column.

A deafening discharge of all the guns upon the elevated ground in the centre soon roared forth, and the fire ceased. At the same moment the flag slowly went up on the height, and fluttered and waved rustlingly in the calm southern wind; while with a loud shout, as they cleared the brow of the hill, a strong body was seen descending the slope, and charging in quick time upon the dense mass of Royalists below them.

Drawing his sword, Henry again put himself at the head of his men, and again his now heavier column burst in thunder upon the affrighted infantry. Broken and disordered by their frantic efforts to cross the ravine, and by the injudicious mingling of horse and foot, their officers strove in vain to form them in order to withstand the attack. As the heads of the two charging columns became engaged, one gun sounded from the height as the signal for the advance of the whole line over their entrenchments; and springing with loud shouts down into the ravine, and scaling its steep sides with the agility of mountain goats, the whole patriot force left their entrenchments, and rushed forward with leveled bayonets upon the devoted Spaniards. Overlapping them upon either flank, the two wings wheeled in to the right and left, and enveloped them in a square of serried bayonets. The carnage now became terrible; and almost immediately the affrighted soldiers threw away their arms and fled in consternation towards their camp. Their disorderly approach inspired the remaining portion of the reserve with terror, thus leaving themselves no rallying point. The whole force commenced a precipitate retreat, and being hardly pressed, they soon broke, and were almost all cut to pieces. The Governor of Bogota, in

an official despatch, said that only the General and nineteen men of his whole division ever returned to the capital.

The rout was complete, and for a time uninterrupted. But at the position occupied by the reserve, (a little knoll in the rear of a ravine,) the Spaniards made a desperate attempt to stem the torrent of fugitives. Barilla and his staff, especially, exerted themselves with almost unexampled bravery to arrest the flight of the panic-stricken soldiers, and succeeded in collecting about four hundred infantry, whom they hastily formed into a hollow square. Throwing themselves within it, they encouraged the men to stand firm, and form a nucleus around which the rest could rally.

The Spanish infantry—although since the time of the Great Condé, who annihilated and afterwards attempted to repair its glory, it had never possessed its ancient renown—was still a formidable arm; and the tenacity with which it held to its confidence in the bayonet, made it, even in 1817, a strong and very reliable force. Having once formed a square, therefore, with such troops as these, Barilla began to hope that he might redeem the fight. By skillful manœuvres he indeed contrived to hold the advancing patriots in check for several minutes; while those of his men who still retained their arms were rapidly reforming under cover of his square. The patriots had left their entrenchments, and even abandoned their guns; and if their progress were here stayed, there was danger that the tide might turn so completely that they would be unable to regain their position.

Urdaneta at once perceived the danger. Hastening to repair his error, he ordered our hero, whose corps was still unbroken, though now numbering scarcely one hundred men, to make a detour to the left, as he had done early in the day, and under cover of the ravine gain a position from which he could break suddenly upon the threatening square. Following the bed of the ravine in the same manner in which he had followed that in front of the position of the morning, he at last discovered a passage by which he could emerge almost in the rear, and within two hundred yards of the enemy. A rapid fire was rolling round the square, holding the attacking squadrons at bay, and rapidly thinning the ranks of the assailants. Having formed his men into a close column as before, he broke his cover with a force and abruptness which no resistance could check. Rising his horse directly at the serried rank, he plunged completely through; and followed by his men, sabreing the musketeers almost before they had time to fire a shot, he completely broke the square, and again commenced the rout. At the same moment fresh squadrons poured over the ravine in front; and

taking advantage of the rent made by Henry, literally annihilated whole companies. Their short halt had no other effect than to place them at the mercy of their enemies.

As Grahame plunged through the broken line, his eye caught sight of the brilliant staff collected within, which had not before attracted his notice. Among them he immediately recognized the face of Diego Cevallo, who had deserted the patriot cause, and was now aid-de-camp to General Barilla.

Indignant at the sight of a traitor, he spurred his horse directly at him, and raised his sabre to cleave him down. But, quick as the flash of lightning, Cevallo interposed his sword, and the blow glanced harmlessly down its blade. Returning blow for blow, and being perfect master of his weapon, he now attacked in his turn; and though Henry was physically more powerful, he found it difficult to parry and defend the rapid and skillful thrusts of his lighter antagonist. But the traitor's enemies were pressing thick about him; and nerving himself for a last tremendous effort, he rose in his stirrups and swung his weapon down. It met the heavy blade of Henry's well-tried sword, and snapped off at the hilt. Driven by the force of the blow, the blade glancing downward, entered Grahame's shoulder, and passing down the breast, inflicted a deep and severe wound. Sinking his spurs into his horse's flank, Cevallo now sought to escape; but seizing him by the throat, Henry dragged him from his saddle, and threw him violently to the ground, where he lay stunned and powerless.

Dismounting, Grahame committed his prisoner in charge to one of his men. Covered with blood and weary with the fight, he gave the command of the squadron to a Lieutenant, and retired to a tent, in order that his wound might be examined. As he lifted the curtain, the first sight that met his eyes was Doctor Zea, an old and tried friend—a man noted alike for skill and kindness of heart—leaning over his young Lieutenant, Ballot, and just finishing the bandaging of a deep bayonet wound the latter had received in the side. Beyond the rude couch, with one arm hanging in a sling, stood Lavara—leaning also over the young soldier, with a tenderness and solicitude which well became his manly features. As his commander entered, Benito advanced, and silently taking him by the arm, led him from the tent.

"I have a long story to tell you, *Amigo mio*," said he; "but you are wounded, and I will defer it. Let me call the Doctor."

"Is Jean much hurt?" asked Henry.

"Not much," said he; "but her fighting, I hope, is over."

"*Her* fighting!" exclaimed Henry. But fatigue and loss of blood

had overcome him ; and sinking upon Lavara's arm, he fainted. At a call from Benito, the old surgeon appeared ; and together they bore him into a neighboring tent.

"He has seen an end to his fighting for many a day," said Zea.

"He is not mortally wounded?" asked Lavara.

"No—no," said the Doctor, slowly ; "but weeks and months, perhaps, will elapse before he will be able to take the field again."

---

The pursuit continued across the wide plain, with immense slaughter —those alone being saved, who, by the fleetness of their horses and an early start, were able to reach the mountains. Among these were Barilla and nineteen others ; all the rest were either killed, dispersed or taken. Urdaneta for the present established his camp on the same ground where Barilla's had lately been : before night all had returned from the pursuit, and the fight was done.

## C H A P T E R VII.

"——— lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold."—HAMLET.

"Sir, we have known together in Orleans."—CYMBELINE.

THE severest loss the patriots met in the battle, was the loss of our hero. It was with a deep regret that Urdaneta learned that he was to be deprived of the services of one who had so signally contributed to his brilliant success. For the present, his situation was rendered as comfortable as it could be in a camp, and preparations were immediately made to send him to Cartagena, which had been evacuated by the Spaniards soon after Urdaneta's victory. About ten days after the battle, Henry sat, half reclining upon a couch prepared for him in the tent where his wound had first been dressed. His face was extremely pale but calm, and except the impress of gloom which was habitual, almost serene ; but the thinness and attenuation of his fingers, and the posture in which he reclined, attested the ravages of illness. He was engaged in thought, apparently more hopeful than usual, when his attention was attracted by a small white hand, which timidly lifted the curtain of the tent. He heard Lavara's voice without, but the hand was not his.

"May I enter?" said a soft, musical voice, which he recognized as *Ballot's*. But at his summons, a beautiful female, in the full pride of

blooming womanhood, stepped within the tent and advanced to his bedside. A slight paleness which struggled with the healthy glow of her cheek, scarcely sufficed to make her age appear more than twenty. But the assured look of self-possession, and the calm light of her full dark eye, might have given the impression of several additional years. In her voice, in her carriage, in her face, in her whole manner, there was that show of light and airy youth, mingled with the firmness and complete development of womanhood, which, in some women, is so eminently fascinating. The muscles of her hand, as she laid it upon the curtain, were slightly masculine, as if developed by exercise, but without being in any degree coarse or rigid. Dressed in the loose summer robes of the women of that country, her form was partially concealed ; but the clear, distinct lines of her small foot, and the perfect *contour* betrayed occasionally, as she moved forward, gave the impression of a figure remarkable alike for its symmetry and proportions. Henry gazed at her with a bewildered look of astonishment, which, however, disappeared as she spoke.

" You do not recognize me," said she, with a smile, addressing him in English.

" O yes, I do," said he ; " but if I had not had an intimation of this before, I would suppose you were masquerading."

" I *have* been masquerading, and intended to have done so some weeks longer," she replied ; " but Benito found me out upon the march, and it was all I could do to prevent his terminating my *insog-nita* immediately by telling you."

" And why did you prevent his doing so ?"

" Because," said she, " I was not ready to discover myself."

" I have no wish," said Henry, gazing at her thoughtfully, " to penetrate any concealment which it may be your pleasure to resort to ; and I suppose I have no right to expect your confidence ; but it seems to me we have met before—somewhere else than in this country, too. I am sure I have seen that face years ago."

" Very probably," said she, smiling, " we were schoolmates once, for two years."

" Where ?" he asked, quickly ; " in C—— ?"

" Yes," said she ; " many, many years ago, too." She sighed, and cast her eyes to the ground, as if occupied with the events of vanished days. " But," said she, lifting her eyes and smiling again, " I will not puzzle you any longer—Dr. Zea says you must not be worried—my name is Margaret Seldon."

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why, you were believed to be among the dead years before I left home."

"So I was," said she; "dead to all there but, one, and worse than dead to him. My friends thought I was dead, but I was only lost. You must excuse my not telling you more; but this much I feel bound to tell you, because you were my friend when I needed one more than at any time in my life—save twice, perhaps." She paused and thought, but continued almost immediately, "I have suffered wrong—heavy, grievous wrong; but I harbor no enmity, now, though once I did. I have been a fool, and reaped the harvest of my folly. I was wronged, outraged, and betrayed by one I trusted before all others; but I have forgiven him long since, and now I pray God to bless him, since that wrong has been instrumental in bringing me to a haven where I think I can rest in peace. I left home an outcast, but pure, and determined to remain so. My own hands procured me subsistence. I had not been accustomed to labor, but I was fortunate and met friends, whom God sent in my way. I wanted to leave my country still farther behind. I put on male attire, resolved that no one should ever penetrate my disguise. I toiled and saved—I lived upon almost nothing for long months. But industry and economy were too slow for me. I was impatient to fly from scenes where I met familiar faces. That they did not recognize me was no consolation. I knew *them*, and that was enough. I needed a certain sum of money—about double what I had accumulated; and I saw no prospect of obtaining it, except through more years of slavery and toil. This I could not bear—I must go, *then*—I could wait no longer. The war had brought many whom I knew to New Orleans, where I was living; and I had become impatient to fly from the place and betake myself to some foreign land, where I would never see any familiar faces.

"I was going to say, in an evil moment I was induced to visit a gambling-house; but I will not call anything evil which has led to good. I visited a gaming-house on Gravier street. For several nights I won—I had almost the sum I wanted; and that obtained, I was resolved to quit. But one night—you remember it—you came that night to arrest Renaud, the restaurateur?" Henry bowed. "Well," she continued, "on that night, when I thought I was just upon the point of realizing the amount of money I required, fortune turned against me. I lost rapidly all I had previously won. I then staked my own capital. I lost that as rapidly as I had lost the other. I borrowed a large amount from one whom I thought my friend, and

that followed the rest. I was penniless, and in debt—in debt more than I could ever expect to pay. I stepped back in a state of mind which I will leave you to fancy. At this moment Harry Poindexter appeared—in half an hour he had won all the banker had. I knew him well—I had reason to know him.” She paused, and passed her hand across her brow, as if to dispel a cloud over her eyes. She looked wonderingly at Henry, who had cast his face down upon the pillow, and seemed to be buried in thought. But she made no remark, and continued—

“ I supposed he had not recognized me; but he called me forward, and forced me to receive the money I had lost. He knew me, too; and I shrunk away from the house, as if *I* were the criminal and *he* the injured. I did not fear falling again under his influence—that time was past. But I did not wish to see him again; and on my way homeward I was full of schemes of my immediate flight. Walking along the street, thus buried in thought, I suddenly felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder. I looked up. Two men muffled in cloaks stood before me, and one of them held a pistol to my breast.

“ ‘ We’ll trouble you for your money,’ said he; “ and he made a significant motion, as if to attract my attention to his weapon. Penury and want, and, worse than all, the dread of being compelled to stay longer in that place, flashed before my mind, and I determined not to be robbed. I sprang at the armed man, with the intention of throwing him to the ground. His pistol flew out of his hand, as I struck him, and went off in the air; but he caught me in his arms, and held me as if I had been a child, while the other rifled my pockets. Foot-steps were now heard coming up the street, attracted, probably, by the report of the pistol. One of them struck me a blow upon the head, which stunned me; and both, as I afterwards learned, made off with their booty. I had lost all I had in the world, and owed more than I could ever hope to pay.

“ When my senses returned, I was lying on a couch in a richly-furnished room, near the place, as I afterwards learned, where I had been robbed. Two gentlemen were in the room—one old and the other young. The former I had never seen before, but the latter I recognised immediately. It was Mr. Hollis, from whom I had borrowed the money I had lost, after my own capital was exhausted. The realities of my situation at once returned to my mind, and I covered my face with my hands. The elder gentleman, as soon as he saw me revive, withdrew, and I was alone with Hollis. He rose and locked the door. Until that moment it had not occurred to me that

my throat was bare. But something in his look, as he approached me, directed my attention to it, and I knew in a moment that my sex was betrayed."

She covered her eyes for a moment, but resumed—

"The recollection is too painful to allow me to detail the conversation that ensued. I was cast down, utterly careless and desperate; I was penniless; the war had thrown me out of employment; I was in debt; despair took possession of me. In that moment—utterly abandoned to anything that might befall me, and, perhaps, weakened by the blow I had received—in that moment Hollis, libertine and scoundrel as he was, assailed me with temptations. He was wealthy and I was penniless; he was the creditor, I the debtor. But it is useless to attempt to extenuate: suffice it that I was on the point of forming a criminal and degrading connection with him. I could see no other escape from the fate that seemed so malignantly to have thrown me into his power. I was saved by a knock at the door. At first, Hollis would not open it; but, I think it a proof that I was not wholly abandoned, that I eagerly caught at even the chance of a respite from the fate to which I seemed hurried by a power I was not able to resist. Hollis did not move, but held his hand between the candle and the door. I sprang from the couch with a desperate effort, turned the key, and opened it.

Monsieur Ballot stood in the door. He was the old gentleman who had been in the room when I recovered my senses—the same who was killed in the fight at *Los tres Frailes*. He was one of the best men that ever lived—mild, kind, benevolent, and pure-minded. He took me by the hand, and led me away without a word. Hollis followed me, furiously, into the passage; he saw, in a moment, that his scheme was baffled. He demanded the money I owed him, and threatened me as he had done at first, with even more than the law would have inflicted. My preserver turned and asked me how much I was indebted to him. I told him the amount.

"Come in here and you shall have it," said he; and still holding my hand, he led the way into an adjoining room. I submitted quietly, and without a word, to go wherever he might lead. Opening an *escrutoire*, he took out a roll of notes, and handed Hollis the amount I had named. Then holding the door open, he pointed silently to the passage: scowling at him and me alternately, Hollis passed out and Ballot shut the door. Taking the key from the lock he handed it to me.

"It is too late," he said, "to hear or give any explanations; to-

morrow morning I will call on you. In the meantime,' he continued, 'you had better keep your door locked. This is only a boarding-house, and that villain may seek to gain admittance.' He left me alone, and I locked the door immediately. Weary and worn out with excitement, I threw myself upon a couch, and was soon buried in sleep.

"I was aroused by a knock at the door, and springing up, I found it was nine o'clock in the morning. I did not doubt that it was Bal-lot, and opening the door found that I was not mistaken. Ordering breakfast to be served in the room where we were, as soon as the servants had retired he asked the explanation I felt he was entitled to. I told him my whole history—what I had suffered and what I wished. I will not trouble you with a detailed account of all that was said. Suffice it that he was a French gentleman of fortune, whom the commotions of the revolution had driven from his country. He had, however, saved his property, and was now travelling through different parts of the world, as much to allay a spirit of restlessness as to see the different countries he visited. He had lost a son in one of the tumults of the first years of the Republic, and had never ceased to regret him. He was now on the point of starting for the West India Islands. I wished to go with him, but could not bring myself to propose it. He, however, saved me the embarrassment by proposing to adopt me as his daughter at once. But I had resolved never to put on female attire again—a resolution which you see I have changed—" and she cast her eyes down upon her loose robes. "The reason why I have changed it, I will tell you directly.

"I refused to throw off my disguise, and with very little difficulty he submitted. From that time to the day of his death, I never left him. We sailed from New Orleans a few days before the battle there, and came to Jamaica. From thence we went to Aux Cayes, and by my persuasion joined the expedition to Margarita. I do not know that I can be blamed—but for some time after his death, I reproached myself with having brought him into the position where he met his obscure fate, by my waywardness. That thought has vanished long since; but it troubled me many weeks. Before we left Aux Cayes he executed a will, which I have here"—she produced a paper from her bosom, and continued:—"By it you will see that his relatives all perished in the revolution; and he has left me all his property, of every kind—to what amount I do not know, nor is it a matter of importance. Indeed, I would rather not have it; but I must bring my long story to a close.

"You know what events have taken place in my history up to the present time. I was your Lieutenant, and, I hope, did my duty."

"You did, indeed," said Henry.

"Well," she continued, "I am so no longer—and I now resign my commission into your hands. You will accept it, of course."

Henry took the paper, and asked: "What are your plans now?"

"I have not finished my story yet," she replied. "Benito for a long time, I do not know for what reason, suspected there was something under my disguise which I had not told him; and during the last few days of our stay among the mountains, his suspicions became so vehement that I found it difficult to quiet them. Indeed, on the march hither, I found that I could no longer do so. Perhaps I did not *wish* longer to deceive him. At all events, I told him my whole story. He asked my permission to relate it to you—but I had engaged in an enterprise which I was resolved to go through. Now, I am at liberty to resign. I love Benito far too well to risk my life again unnecessarily. He knows my whole story, and if he does not object to me on that score, no one else has a right to a choice."

"You and Benito are to be married, then? Is it not so?" asked Henry.

"It is," said Lavara, lifting the curtain, and advancing to her side.

"Eaves-dropper!" said she, playfully taking his extended hand, and receiving the kiss which he imprinted on her lips.

"You think me bold," said she, smiling, "but a soldier, you know, should not be backward."

Henry took their hands, joined as they were, and said:

"May God bless you both! And may your lives be happier than so wayward a course could promise!"

"Let us go, Benito," said she; "we fatigue him."

"We will see you again before you start for Carthagena," said Benito.

As they passed out, an orderly entered, and announced that on the following morning the escort would be ready to start with him to Carthagena.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care."—HENRY VIII.

THE streets of Cartagena were full of people, passing and repassing in every direction; and as Henry was carried down the *Calle Real*, towards a 'Meson,' at which he had sojourned on his former visit, he could hear the cheerful greeting of many lately-arrived citizens, whose exile of several years had just terminated. Three vessels, crowded by returning families, had but that morning arrived from Kingston and Port au Prince, and were then lying under the guns of the forts of *Boca Chica*, at the mouth of the harbor. The city was noisy with the bustle of arrangement; and many a dwelling, closed and tenantless for years, was on that evening opened with the light-hearted gaiety which always attends our return to a long neglected home. Staid old republicans, whose presence in the city, while occupied by the Spaniards, would have been dangerous to themselves and to others—matronly *Señoras*, in the pride of much flesh and many silks—youthful maidens, tripping lightly along the pavements, and peeping from under their *mantillas* for the gallants who were wont to greet them—children, to whom the old scenes of their childhood had now even the charm of novelty—each passing in his own direction, or gathered in groups along the narrow side-walks, crowded the busy streets.

Amid this scene of bustling enjoyment, Henry felt with redoubled force his utter loneliness. The men who escorted him, though they attended him with the utmost kindness—the most of them being detailed from his own battalion—were little calculated to alleviate by companionship the solitude of his journey. The feverish state of his blood contributed powerfully to exaggerate this feeling; and as he passed along the street, and saw no familiar face—met only gazes of wonder or curiosity—he threw his throbbing head back upon the pillow, and drawing the curtains of the litter, abandoned himself to the gloom of his reflections.

Well was it said, "it is not good for man to be alone!"

However little one may have of love for home—however slight and feeble may be his tendencies to become attached to "old, familiar faces"

—in the hour of affliction, when the hand of sickness is heavy upon his frame, and his mind recurs in its prostration to the peaceful threshold of his father's house, there will rise painful but happy fancies of the kind voices and loved faces of far distant friends. And as he remembers the assiduous attention bestowed upon the slight afflictions of his earlier years—when a mother or a sister sat by his bedside, and soothed his impatient temper as she bathed his burning brow—he cannot but contrast the loneliness of his present fortunes with those days of kindness and innocence. Thinking of these things, with a mind enfeebled by many weeks of lingering illness, and remembering what had driven him forth upon the world—perhaps indulging a morbid and unhealthy fancy, as in his earlier years—Henry cursed the bitterness of his fate in the half-delirious rage of returning fever.

Inquiring his way, the commander of the escort turned from the *Calle Real*, into another street; and stopping in front of a long building in the heavy Moorish style—with a massive corridor running along the whole front—he dismounted and entered. Untying the litter from the mules, to whose backs it was fastened in the fashion of the country, the men bore it within the corridor and drew the curtain aside.

“This is the place, sir, I believe,” said one of the men.

But the fever had increased so rapidly in the morning ride, that he knew nothing of what was passing, except in the faint glimmerings of delirium. A kind of stupor had succeeded the symptoms of a wandering mind, and he submitted without a word to all they did. They lifted him from the floor, and carrying him gently into the house, laid him upon a rude couch. A crowd of idlers had collected round the door, and were eagerly listening to the accounts the soldiers gave of the person they escorted. A matronly lady, of perhaps forty years, but for whose fleshiness one might have called her very handsome, was passing at the moment.

“Did I understand you,” said she, stopping suddenly, “that Señor Grahame was the wounded gentleman just carried in?”

“*Si Señora*,” said the soldier, raising his sombrero, “*El Coronel Grahame*.”

“Is he an American *de los Estados Unidos*?” she asked.

“I think so, *Señora*,” said the soldier, doubtfully.

“He is, Madam,” said another, bluntly, though still respectfully, an old non-commissioned officer, much trusted by Henry; “he is, Madam; and was with Bolivar at Ocumare. He is in great suffering, and if you are his friend, Madam—”

“I shall certainly not prove wanting in my duty,” said she, inter-

rupting him with some dignity ; " but will you go and inquire whether I can see him—I may be mistaken, perhaps."

The soldier obeyed with alacrity ; and returning in a few moments, led the way into the house. In a long, narrow, dark room, with but one small, latticed window, Henry lay upon a very indifferent bed, only not suffering acutely, because he was partially insensible.

" It is the same, indeed, but terribly altered," she murmured.

" Cannot better quarters be found in this city ?" inquired the officer who at first entered, of the *Major domo* who stood by.

" Except at private houses, these are the best in Carthagena," he replied.

" The Señora," said the man who had led her into the house, and who had watched her eagerly, " seems to recognize him ; perhaps she can tell us how we can make him more comfortable."

" Ah !" said the young officer, who, in the twilight of the room, had not previously noticed her, " Señora Valdez ! I am not mistaken, surely ?"

" Not at all, Captain Parano," said Carlota's mother ; " and how have you spent the many months since we parted in Aux Cayes ?"

" Fighting, the greater part of the time," replied the young man, " under our Colonel, whom, fortunately, you seem to have recognized. He is very much in need of some friend, such as I am sure you are."

" And how did you leave Benito ?" she asked, apparently not noticing his suggestion.

" Quite well, Señora, replied the officer, with a meaning smile, " though he has a slight wound, also. He is with General Urdaneta, in command of the battalion, as the next officer to Colonel Grahame."

The old lady paused, as if embarrassed. " We have just arrived from Port au Prince," she said, " and are not yet in a situation to do as I could wish for Señor Grahame ; but if you can make him comfortable here till to-morrow, I will then have him removed to better accommodations."

" He is very ill," said the officer, " and I doubt whether anything else than better nursing than we could give him in the plains, will ever raise him."

" I can promise him good nursing, at all events," said the Señora.

" Is Carlota in Carthagena ?" asked he.

" She is at the villa," replied her mother ; " shall we not see you there ?"

" Most certainly ; I am ordered to Santa Martha, as soon as I have

seen the Colonel safely quartered; but I will not leave without seeing Carlota, of course."

"She will be glad to see you."

Upon the following morning he was again placed upon the litter, and unconsciously carried up the street which ran at right angles with the river and parallel to the sea. The Señora Valdez received the escort at the door of her own house, and led them into a small, tastefully furnished apartment, the windows of which overlooked the harbor and commanded a view of the sea in the offing. Carlota, but little altered since we last saw her, stood in the room as they entered. She was engaged in smoothing the pillow of a low, neat couch, which, however, was already as smooth as it could be made. As they laid the litter gently upon the floor, she advanced, hesitatingly, to its side, and gazed upon the wasted form and hollow cheek of him she loved. His eye fell upon her in its wandering; but it was vacant and meaningless. The shadows of fever were upon his senses, and though his eye embraced all around him, no impression was made upon the brain. She saw he did not recognise her, and she turned away to hide the rising tear.

The steps of the men were cautious and light as they laid him gently upon the couch, and Carlota and her mother moved noiselessly about the room. The men retired slowly, as if reluctant to leave their leader, casting glances at him even from the threshold, as if they were to see him no more. The Señora retired, too, and Carlota was left alone with the apparently sleeping invalid. Seating herself noiselessly by the bedside, with her head leaning upon her hand, she gazed fondly, but sadly, upon the pale, intellectual face before her.

For many days Henry remained insensible, during which time the attention of the household was uninterrupted and assiduous. The mother of Carlota, though she had at first entertained some misgivings on her daughter's account, when she had once taken the step displayed all the warmth of her motherly heart; and by the most anxious and delicate attendance, endeavored to alleviate his suffering. Carlota, too, with a manner quiet, subdued, but earnest, flitted ever round his pillow, administering to, and anticipating every want, by all those gentle attentions which come so naturally from a loving woman. To the ministrations, therefore, of Dr. Zea, who had been sent by Urdeneta with the wounded to Cartagena, was thus added the most delicate and judicious nursing which affection and natural kindness could suggest.

Their patient recognized no one. To the stupor in which he had been plunged when he entered the city, had succeeded delirium—the consequence of weakness which long illness and bad attendance had induced; and for several days the physician and the male servants were compelled to be constantly with him. He raved of the early scenes of his youth—of his father's counsels, and the effects they had produced, following them with a logical and acute perception of cause and effects; he raved of Eliza, upon whom he called in the utmost agony, and of the thousand exciting scenes through which he had lately passed. Happily, or perhaps, unhappily, for Carlota, these ravings were generally spoken in English, of which language, no one about him, except the Doctor, understood a word. With a discretion, which, unfortunately, his brethren do not always exhibit, he kept these secrets entirely to himself, even when he clearly understood them.

To this frantic state, after a few days succeeded a more quiet tone of mind. He then never spoke a word, but lay and gazed for hours each day, with a vacant, unmeaning, but still mournful eye, upon the open sea, of which his window commanded a view. He still recognized no one, but gently and submissively received everything given him. After doing so he would again turn his eyes to the window, and relapse into the vacant, abstracted look of utter unconsciousness. In these hours, Carlota was ever at his bedside, watchful for every want, and endeavoring, by every means in her power, to recall his memory. Unsuccessful, she would sink again into her chair, from which she had risen in her eagerness; and, gazing upon his unconscious face, seem to pour forth the entire tenderness of her soul in one heart-speaking but helpless look. Fearing for the ultimate sanity of him upon whom she thus gazed, and for a word or look from whom she thus yearned, day after day she felt her heart sink within her, as she entered his room, and still found the same sunken eye and pallid face. Every morning she took her station by his bedside, and neglecting or refusing to see any of the crowd of visitors who wished to see her, she devoted herself with exclusive self-sacrifice to him.

---

One evening, about ten days after Henry became their guest, Carlota sat as usual by his bedside. He had, a few hours before, fallen into a deep and tranquil slumber. After watching his calm, attenuated features for a long time, she had, by degrees, withdrawn her gaze, and allowing her head to rest upon her hand, she fixed her eyes abstractedly upon the sea, and fell into a deep reverie. The scene before her was surpassingly lovely. Overlooking the white

towers of the forts at the mouth of the harbor, the eye glanced afar over the calm, blue waters of the Gulf of Panama. Undulating peacefully, like the gentle swelling of waters visible only in dreams, the surface of the bay and harbor calmly rose and fell ; and tinging the wavy horizon with a thousand hues of blue and green and purple, the soft sunlight seemed to rest upon the waters like an atmosphere of amethyst and gold. In the dim and hazy distance, just rising above the undefined horizon, with its white sails all spread to catch the uncertain breeze, came slowly towards the port a small vessel apparently from Jamaica. Exhibiting sheet after sheet as it rose over the rounded waters, it shone forth pure and white in the calm evening sun, like a distant spirit on the horizon's utmost verge. Gradually approaching, the hull became visible ; and displayed, at the bowsprit, could be distinguished, flaunting listlessly, the tricolor banner of the "stars and stripes."

It was a beautiful evening in early spring ; and as the warm but balmily breeze came floating over the blooming garden under the window, it wafted into the room many perfumes from the luxuriant flowers of that tropical clime. Afar from the city, and beyond its noise, the scene was silent and impressive—so silent that the hum-ming of the bees which played around the flowers without, stole softly but distinctly upon Carlota's ear. She gazed long upon a scene so lovely ; and long did she reflect upon the thousand recol-lections which that approaching sail so vividly renewed. It was upon a vessel like this that her heart was first opened to a consciousness of its own deep passions : there, unclosing itself to new and undefinable sensations, it had first received the light of love. Upon a frail bark like this she had sailed for long weeks with him whose every word to her was as the music of an *Æolian* harp. She recalled the happy but fleeting hours she had passed with him who now lay before her wan and pale and prostrate ; and as she contrasted what he had been with what he was, her thoughts returned, and she cast her eyes upon his face.

When she had last looked upon him, he was sleeping tranquilly and deeply. She hoped that when he waked, the Doctor's expecta-tions would be realized, and the shadows which had so long hung over him would be dispelled. She now again turned her eyes upon his face. They met the calm, clear, and no longer vacant, look of his waking eyes. He had silently awakened while she was gazing out upon the sea, and his consciousness restored, he had recognized her at once.

He looked at her and smiled. The smile was no longer the vacant smile of delirium. She covered her face with her hands and wept.

After a calm and lengthened sleep, he had returned to consciousness. The sleep had been the crisis of the disease, and he was now convalescent. A confused recollection of entering the city flitted through his mind, after which all was dark, and he could remember nothing. Suddenly opening his eyes, he perceived and at once recognized the fair face leaning over him; but the surprise made him dumb. Reflecting for a few moments, with his eyes bent upon her thoughtful attitude, he gradually conceived some idea of his situation. He was about to speak, when she turned her eyes upon him, and bursting into a flood of tears, leaned her face upon the bedside, and sobbed in silence.

"Why do you weep, Carlota?" said he. "Are you not glad to see me alive and conscious again?" His voice was feeble, but the tones were the same.

"Oh! yes!" she exclaimed, raising her head; "I only weep for joy."

"You have a dear, kind heart," said he, softly; "it is to you that I owe the attendance which I feel I must have had—is it not so?"

"Not to me—to my mother," she said quickly. "She accidentally saw you carried into the '*Meson Santiago*,' and had you removed hither."

"Still, Carlota," said he, "I see you have been with me a long time: your cheeks are pale and your eyes dim—from long watching, I fear. You must not injure yourself thus; I will not allow it, now."

"O no—no, no! It does not fatigue me—I am only too happy—" But her tears interrupted her, and she again hid her blushing face.

"Do not conceal your face from me," he said, gently; "I am too grateful to wish you to deny or conceal your—"

He hesitated. She looked up, and her eager, searching glance embarrassed him.

"I can never forget this kindness, Carlota," he continued, without finishing the sentence her glance had interrupted; "but words cannot express my gratitude."

"Not to me!" she said; "O no! you owe me nothing—*nothing!*" She rose from her seat, and drying her eyes almost angrily, moved towards the door.

"Carlota," he said, "you will not leave me so soon?"

"Not if you wish me to stay," she said; the anger of disappointment was past.

"I do wish it, Carlota—I will not keep you long."

She returned to his side, and smilingly reseated herself.

"Tell me," said he, "how long have I trespassed—I can remember nothing."

"You have been here ten days," said she; "but you have been no trouble to us."

"You are too kind, Carlota; and your mother—where is she?"

"She is in the garden, I think; I will call her." She rose to do so.

"No—no," said Henry; "not now. Tell me more—how long have you been in the city?"

"We returned only the day before your arrival."

"And where is Parano? Has the troop left the city?"

"They left a week ago, to join General Bolivar, on the plains of Apure," she replied.

"And Lavara—have you heard from him?"

"He is with General Sanander, advancing upon Bogota. We have heard various reports about him—perhaps you can answer me some questions—"

But she was interrupted by the opening of the door. Doctor Zea entered. He was small, and rather dark, but kindness was expressed even in his gentle walk.

"How is our patient this evening, *Hija mia?*" said he to Carlota. "Ah! I see; he is out of danger now. But, my dear, he must avoid agitation, else he might relapse—I am afraid, Carlota, I must interdict your attendance now."

"I think there is no danger now, Doctor," said Henry.

"But we must not risk it, my dear sir," said Zea. "You shall come in every day, though," he added, to Carlota; "I shall need you to complete a cure which has been more owing to your nursing than to my skill."

"But I must thank you too, dear sir," said Henry; "a stranger among a foreign people cannot always meet the kindness I have met."

"Perhaps not, sir," said the Doctor; "and few men in any country have such nurses as my fair friend here, and her mother."

Henry turned his eyes towards Carlota, and caught her gaze resting upon his face. Deeply as she had loved him before—and indeed it was deeply enough—the solicitude she had felt for him during his illness had even deepened her love—we always become attached to the objects of our protection or kindness—

"Dear is the helpless creature we defend against the world."

She had watched over him day after day; and as she watched the ravages of disease and fancied the approach of death, she daily felt her heart yearning towards him with a devotion which increased with the

fear of losing him. She loved him now with a love which few can feel—a love which was almost, nay quite, idolatry. She blushed and withdrew her eyes as they met his. Perhaps it was selfishness—perhaps the utter want of selfish vanity—which had absorbed him; for human nature is a succession of circles where all “extremes meet”—but until that moment he had never thought of his discovery of her feelings at Aux Cayes. Now, however, it came back to his mind, with a force that made him shudder. He saw how she felt, and he mourned with the sincerest regret, over the prospect of hopeless love.

“I can never discharge this obligation,” said he.

“The Doctor says you must not talk too much,” said Carlota.

“I do say so, now,” said Zea, smiling.

Carlota blushed again, as if even her anxiety to suppress his grateful acknowledgments had betrayed her secret, and slowly withdrew from the room.

“You will not need much more of my attention,” said the Doctor; and after enjoining him, with a peculiarly meaning smile, to avoid all conversation which could agitate him, he left his patient alone.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

“My lord, here are letters for you.”—HENRY IV.

“These words are razors to my wounded heart.”—TITUS ANDRONICUS.

HENRY's recovery was now rapid. A strong constitution, reinforced by the attentions of the household, soon overcame the lingering remains of disease; and although he had been suffering several months, he soon began to think of regaining his feet. Carlota came in each day, and sat a few hours with him; but in accordance with the Doctor's direction, she avoided every topic of exciting conversation. In such moments cheerfulness and vivacity distinguished her tones, as hope and joy marked her features. The moment she noticed the least appearance of weariness in her patient, she left him to repose—observing a self-denial of which but few natures, absorbed as was hers, are capable. She would sometimes return when he had fallen asleep, and take her accustomed seat, generally with a book in her hand; which, however, she rarely perused. She would sit by his side, and with the serene love she felt, beaming from her face, she would gaze upon the reposing countenance before her, until her eyes became dim with tears, the

source of which she could not divine. She had never suffered herself long to doubt that he loved her; and in the hope of his avowing it, was now centred the happiness of her life.

The window by his bedside overlooked a small garden, arranged on successive terraces of a few yards in width, which led, like enormous stairs, to the beach, where the garden was bounded by a low stone wall. Through this you stepped across the threshold of a small postern door, upon a broad, flat rock, which in the flow of the tide was submerged, but in the ebb it was only covered by the shade of the plantain and palm, and provided a delightful resort when the sea-breeze was blowing its balmy breath from the far waters. The garden was one of those beautiful spots to be found only in tropical latitudes—where the nature of the ground had prevented regularity of design—and where was consequently presented all the wild luxuriance of a natural Eden. Winding walks ran along each terrace, shaded and almost hidden by the deep foliage of the olive, the fig and the orange; while the flights of stone steps which connected the terraces were almost covered by the rich luxuriance of the climate, the arbutus and the rose; and along the edges of each terrace ran rows of violets, myrtles, and the various species of thyme. Thus was concealed even this appearance of art—and the eye was left free to contemplate a scene which combined all the beauties of natural wildness. Standing in their native, forest luxuriance along the ledges, without order or arrangement, the wide-leaved plantains interwove their enormous arms with the rich leaves and thick branches of the green and golden orange; while the thinner foliage of the olive, and the dark green of the fig, stood in natural array, without reference to the gardener's art or the pruner's hook. Beds of various flowers, sending forth their almost overpowering perfumes, occupied each winding of the walks, and hung in natural masses over the edges of the terraces. Here and there the rocks were laid bare of the soil, and wrought into the form of rustic benches; and woven masses of grape-vines, bending with their young fruit, were so disposed as, with willows, eglantines and cypress vines, to furnish support for those who wished to recline upon these natural seats. From them could be enjoyed an unobstructed view of the sea, as rolling in lonely grandeur, or undulating in peaceful loveliness, it stretched away in the distance. From here could be seen the solitary white sails which occasionally dotted the deep azure, and gliding slowly across the boundless view, gradually went down the horizon, as one disappears upon the opposite slope of a hill.

Henry soon recovered sufficiently to walk out to this retreat; and it

was with an enjoyment, the zest of which he had never before known, that he once more breathed the pure air of heaven, and felt his strength rapidly returning. By the Doctor's direction he avoided the sunshine—in that clime, even at that season, extremely oppressive in the intervals of the sea breeze. Generally about three or four o'clock in the evening, leaning on the arm of one of his attendants, who, probably with an instinctive appreciation of his young mistress' feelings, had become much attached to him, he would repair to a seat in the lower part of the garden. The thick foliage of a large orange tree protected him from the sun; and looking out upon the extended view before him, there he would remain till near sunset.

There is no scene in nature, even among the brightest and greenest of the fairest land, which so completely absorbs the faculties as the boundless expanse of the calm-swelling ocean. Even in the grandeur of its storm-tossed billows, there is no enchantment so complete as in the quiescent power of its serene calmness, when it lies like a sleeping thing before us, and the quiet heaving of its bosom reminds us of unbroken slumber. And to him who has been long confined to the gloomy and shaded light of a sick chamber, there is a double charm in the peaceful, glancing light which plays upon its surface. It is a great mistake, which many men fall into, that there is no awe except in the more turbulent exhibitions of natural power; that the vivid, flashing lightning, and the roaring thunder, impress us with a more powerful rebuke to our own littleness, than the grand, motionless objects of stupendous might, which loom forth so impressively from the stillness of creation. In the unmoved expanse, the musically rippling surface of a mighty sea, the towering silence of a high mountain, there is an awe far greater. For even the silence, the playful ripple on the pebbly shore, or the nodding of the green pine when the sky is cloudless, are only the softer notes of a terrible music; and by the undefined impression which they give of the power of the ocean when awakened, or the terror of the mountain when crowned by the tempest, impress more indelibly upon our hearts the awe of a power which is the more dreaded because it is unseen. The feeling is akin to that with which we look back upon a great danger through which we have passed. We shudder at the thought of what might have been our fate, had the calmness of the scene been broken up by the convulsive power which lies hid in its peaceful bosom.

Carlota was almost always by his side. Denying herself to those who called upon her, she devoted herself entirely to him. Sometimes reading to him from one of the few books her library afforded, in the

rich and mellow tones of that finest of languages ; sometimes, as his strength increased, listening to his voice, as, with an accent she loved, he read the quaint, and often noble strains of Castilian literature ; or, gazing together upon the broad expanse before them, each full of the thoughts engendered by the scene, they sat in low and broken converse amid the soothing silence of the peaceful garden.

"There are few such scenes as this," said he, one day, after a pause which had lasted several minutes. "I could almost consent to dream my life away, and be buried, in a spot so lovely."

"Almost!" said she, roused from her reverie. "Almost?"

"Yes," said he ; "for there are other scenes, not so lovely, which must claim me soon. I must not become indolent—I must not even rest."

"Why must you seek violent scenes?" said she ; "surely there is no happiness in strife—no pleasure in blood."

"No," said he, musingly ; "war and excitement, from whatever cause, are but hapless pursuits, without satisfaction, without even pleasant memories when past."

"Why, then," said she, softly, "do you still long to be again amid such scenes?"

"There are natures," said he, "which cannot live without excitement; and though I hope I am not so unhappily constituted, I fear that quiet and peaceful scenes serve but to deepen the sadness which I cannot escape."

"And why should you be sad?" she asked ; "with everything you can desire—fortune, warm friends, and a mind formed to enjoy life in the highest, noblest manner, I cannot see why melancholy should shade *your* life."

"With 'everything I could desire,' Carlota," he said, "I would be happy, of course ; but you cannot know how much I want—how much I cannot obtain."

"I cannot, indeed." And her eyes wandered away to the sea.

"Peace," he continued, "might be the lot of one far less fortunate in appearances than I am, and yet might be denied to me."

A tear overflowed from her eye, and rolled slowly down her cheek.

"I must not inquire—" she murmured, almost inaudibly.

"It would only pain you," said he ; "memories haunt me, which I would fain obliterate, but which every effort to forget only makes more vivid."

"At all events," said she, turning towards him, "you will not leave us until you are entirely recovered?"

"No," said he, "but I am recovering fast, and I think in a fortnight I shall be able to sail for Jamaica."

"And do you go thence homeward? will we see you no more?"

"I have no home—none, at least, to which I can return now."

"Why, then, will you—" her voice failed.

"Carlota," said he, gently taking her hand, "it would be treacherous in me to remain longer than is absolutely necessary. You are too good, too kind and pure; I am under too strong an obligation to you and to your mother, to allow me to do anything so unkind, so ungenerous. Do not hide your face, Carlota. I have known, for some time, how dangerous to your peace have been our meetings. Forgive me, if I have been selfish—"

"Oh! do not say so!" she exclaimed, lifting her eyes, now full of tears; "you are not, you have not been, selfish! You are kind, noble—" she burst into a flood of tears, and buried her blushing face in her hands.

"Nay, Carlota," said he, "I feel that I *have* been selfish, and if I had not known it before, this moment would have convinced me of it. You will forgive it, Carlota, when you know it was not premeditated. I feel that I have done you an injury, and in doing so I have added another weight to my own burthen. But this is weakness—bear up, Carlota—brighter years are yet in store for you—even brighter than those of the past."

"Never! never!" she sobbed, almost convulsively. She sprang from him, and disappeared among the winding walks, with her face bathed in tears and her step tottering and uncertain. He would have followed her, but weakness chained him to the spot. Leaning his head upon his hand, he fixed his melancholy eyes upon the wide waters, indulging in one of those morbid strains of thought which had become habitual to him.

He was aroused by a footstep descending the flight of stairs from the terrace above; and turning, perceived a servant approaching him with a package of papers in his hand.

"Some letters, sir, for you—just arrived from Kingston."

He received the package, and opening the first envelope, his eyes fell upon the well-known handwriting of Calton.

He read as follows:

"MY DEAR HENRY—Your movements, for several years, have been so erratic, that I can only conjecture your present *locus*, and must, therefore, send this to a place where you have been, in the hope that from thence it may follow you up.

"In pursuance of your directions, I have administered upon your estate very much as if you were dead, using your power of attorney more as an appointment to an executorship, than to an agency. Your last letter covered one to our young friend E., which I delivered on the evening of its receipt, and witnessed a scene which I do not fully understand. You are, probably, not aware, that she has, for now five years and more, entirely secluded herself from society—the reason for this (to most persons) unaccountable course, having been for several years the subject of conjecture, I had thus not seen her for several months—though, in my character of solicitor for her father, I had been in the house repeatedly. I may as well say here, that her seclusion is attributed to your sudden departure—the coincidence in time, and your previous terms of intimacy, being the grounds of the inference.

"I called in the evening, and, fortunately (as you had requested me to deliver it into her own hands), met her at the drawing-room door, as she was about to retreat on my entrance. I detained her by saying I had a letter for her, when she turned pale as death and sank into a seat. Without seeming to observe her agitation, I gave her the letter, and walked to the window. She opened it with trembling hand ; and when I turned from the window, after having given her time to read it, I found her gazing upon the paper, which she held before her, with fixed, glazing eyes. She seemed to have forgotten my presence. There was something indescribably unearthly in her look, which I must leave you to imagine. I could never adequately paint it. Almost transfixed myself, I stood as if rooted to the spot. I am an old man now, Henry ; I have witnessed many scenes of suffering ; I may even say I have *felt* suffering in a degree which I had thought beyond conception ; but I had never seen, and I hope it may never again be my lot to see, an expression of total misery—misery unmitigated and unexpressible—till I saw that face. As I looked, the rigidity of her features relaxed, and a large tear rolled down her ashy cheek. Redoubling the letter slowly, and gazing upon it still, as if unwilling to lose sight of the writing, she rose from her seat, and, without noticing me, left the room. I waited a considerable time, and supposing she had forgotten me entirely, was about to leave the house, when I heard her step in the hall. She entered, and apologised in tones which I need not describe to *you*, for her rudeness, as she termed it, and sat down beside me. Her countenance was calm, even serene ; and though still sad, she showed nothing of her recent agitation. On the entrance of her father, she excused her-

self, and left the room again, informing me that she would write to me on the morrow.

"I need not say that the conjecture, so generally entertained, which, with me, was almost certainty, was, by this interview, entirely confirmed.

"The following day she wrote me a note, declining the disposition you had directed me to make in her favor, reserving, however, that in case of necessity she would advise me further. Without attempting to pry into the reasons for her or your conduct, in this or any other matter, I understand my duty to be simply to hold everything in my hands at her disposal.

"I think E.'s only companion now (even if *she* be such) is Olivia Poindexter, who is still unmarried. I am informed that E. never returns a call made by any other person, and but seldom sees even her. Her brother Harry, whom you saw in New Orleans, is now a Member of Congress from our District, and, since his first entrance into public life, has been a very popular man. As far as talents are concerned, he is deservedly so, 'further, this deponent saith not.' He is married—an event that took place near two years ago, an old matter with us, though it may be news to you. They have no children as yet of their own, but have adopted a child four or five years of age—a beautiful little girl, by the bye, to whom it is said his wife (*your cousin, Kate Murray*) is much attached. Harry wished to discover whether I knew anything of his attempt upon you, and made several characteristic demonstrations with a view of ascertaining; but I think he is now satisfied that I know nothing about it."

(Here followed some details about Henry's affairs, and the letter concluded thus:—)

"My son (Geneveve—you may have forgotten his name in your wanderings) is now at college, where it is my intention to keep him, until he shall have completed a regular course. I do not think it is to be attributed entirely to the parental partiality which makes every son a prodigy to his father, when I say that even at this early age, he has discovered talents which promise fairly to ripen into respectable ability.

"Margaret is still at the old mansion; and whenever I see her, which is almost every week, she expresses great anxiety for your return. She has related to me all the unhappy circumstances which led your lamented father to form his erroneous views of life. The narrative has satisfied me, that, although we cannot help regretting, we are not justified in censuring, the conclusions which his sensitive and impul-

sive mind could not avoid. Margaret says she fears the effect which a wandering life may have upon your morbid temperament, and wishes you at home, because she thinks the scenes of your childhood would produce a healthier tone of mind than that indicated by your letters. In this wish she is not alone; and I think you will not doubt me when I say, than your return to the home of your early years, nothing could give greater satisfaction to, my dear Henry,

"Your sincere friend,

"G. CALTON.

"C——, 12th Jan. 1818."

Henry read this letter with emotions various and deep. Forgetting all around him, he leaned his face upon his hands, and wept bitter tears of self-abasement and remorse. In this posture, buried in reflections which were one ever-recurring round of bitterness, he remained until he was interrupted by a summons to the tea-table. Thrusting the letters yet unread in his pocket, he walked into the house with a more than usually tottering step.

---

## C H A P T E R X.

"Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?"—HENRY IV. PART I.

We have news for you, Señor," said the Señora Valdez, as he entered.

"Indeed?" said he, absently. His eyes wandered to Carlota, who sat pale and dejected beside the chair reserved for him, with her attention fixed upon her mother.

"Benito with his bride will be with us to-morrow. Do you know her?"

"I think I do," said he; "but why does he leave the army, now?"

"His letter is dated at Achaquas," said the old lady; "and I suppose the battle recently fought there, has terminated the contest—in New Grenada, at least."

"Who commanded the royalists? I presume Bolivar commands the patriots?"

"Yes, and Morillo the Spaniards. Two severe skirmishes, he says, preceded the battle, in both of which he was engaged, as, also, in the final contest, in which Morillo was completely routed, and compelled to evacuate the province."

"And is Benito under the orders of Bolivar?"

"Not immediately, I believe; he is with General Sanander, whose division, or at least its advanced guard, will be here to-morrow."

"But tell us about his bride," said Carlota; "she is an American—is she not?"

"Yes," said Henry; "but I must leave you to judge of her from acquaintance: no description I could give, would enable you to form any idea of her."

"Do you think of resuming your command?"

"Not if I am to be under the orders of General Bolivar," said Henry. "I may do so, however, when I see Benito."

"I hope you may be persuaded," said the Señora, "for he is looking forward to the meeting with that expectation."

"His marriage, then," said Henry, "will not terminate his campaigning."

"I suppose not," said the Señora; and with a want of curiosity difficult to find in women of other nations, she forbore to ask further questions about that most interesting subject—the bride.

"General Sanander's object in coming here, I suppose, is yet unknown," said Henry.

"He is said to be very cruel and despotic," said the Señora, "and, I doubt not, will take vengeance upon the royalists, who are supposed to be in the city in great numbers."

Henry was absorbed in his reflections, and the conversation flagged. Carlota was sad and silent, and upon her cheeks were the traces of recent tears. The fallacy of her hopes had been partially revealed to her; and had it not been for the necessity for concealment before her friends, she would at once have given way to the agitation which filled her heart. There was, however, another stay to her sorrow, which the effort to conceal afforded time to strengthen, and grow into conviction. Although she was sure she could not have mistaken the purport of his words, and had, therefore, temporarily given way, yet, as the paroxysm of tears exhausted itself by its own violence, she partially regained her composure. She was constitutionally sanguine and hopeful; and contrasting his manner with his words, she had almost succeeded in persuading herself, that he did not so much mean that he did not love her, as that the evil of which he spoke, prevented his avowing it. She remembered, too, that he had not said he did not love her; and though the inference from this fact was but shadowy, she yet clung to it with adhesion proportioned to its uncertainty. She reflected, too, upon the scrupulous honor of his prin-

ciples, and hoped that a mere point of delicacy, not connected with his affection for her, had embarrassed him. She had already quite persuaded herself that, should any circumstance overcome that embarrassment, he would immediately avow the love, in which she was determined to believe. She was half conscious of self-delusion ; but this fact by no means diminished the tenacity with which she clung to what was now her last hope.

She had scarcely had time, since the scene in the garden, to think calmly of her position ; but, had it been otherwise, it is most probable she would still have yielded to the illusion. Her natural delicacy, however, determined her to conceal, as far as possible, the affection which, in the conviction that it was returned, she had hitherto almost acknowledged. Her womanly feelings could not bear the thought of unveiling the secret of her heart, while any doubt rested upon the return it met ; at the same time, she almost consciously resolved to cling to the hope that some unhappy passage in his past life, was all that distressed him—that only some point of punctilious delicacy prevented his avowing a love which she had accustomed herself to consider certain. Who that has felt the bitterness of a heart thrown coldly back upon itself, can blame her almost frantic hope ? Who that has felt the intense joy of an appreciated love, and can, therefore, imagine the misery of unrequited devotion, can look disapprovingly upon that enthusiasm which clings even madly to its hope, and refuses to believe its utter loneliness ?

Henry, on the other hand, was deceived by the quiet, though sad and depressed manner she exhibited, and pitied the crushed flower he could not restore. Believing he had made himself distinctly understood, he hoped she would not again fall into the illusion. And wishing by every means in the power of a warm and affectionate heart, to break the suddenness and alleviate the misery of her disenchantment, he sought by the gentle tones and kind manner which he thought he could now use safely, to soothe and console her. When they left the tea-table, he accompanied her out upon the balcony which overlooked the garden ; and renewing, with the freedom of conscious propriety, the course of former conversations, but avoiding everything personal to themselves, he gradually withdrew her from the shadow of sadness, until her eye again became bright, and her lip was smiling and happy.

When they separated, and she laid her head upon her pillow, her face was again radiant, though subdued ; and murmuring with a soft-

ened accent, "He *does* love me!" she resigned herself to happy dreams. The edifice built by prudence had crumbled to the dust!

\* \* \* \* \*

After alternate victory and defeat, in every passage of which his want of capacity was glaringly manifest, Bolivar had at last placed his affairs in a position which gave him a little repose. He had then time to listen to General Sanander's proposition to go into New Granada, with a force around which the discontented might rally and expel their tyrants. Having received a large supply of arms and military stores from England and the United States, he gave Sanander two thousand muskets, and other stores in proportion, and with these that General equipped a formidable force. After various marches and counter-marches, he finally formed a junction with Urdaneta, and with the force thus augmented, took Bogota. Semeno, the Viceroy, with his shattered forces, betook himself hastily to the mountains. Soon after this Bolivar met Barasino in the plains of Achaquas; and, although partially beaten, and compelled to retreat for four days, he returned at the end of that time largely reinforced, and completely routed the Royalists in a battle of five hours duration. He also met Morillo, the Spanish Commander-in-chief, in two engagements; and though Morillo had routed him in several encounters, such were the determined patriotism and exasperation of the people that they finally reinforced Bolivar until he defeated Morillo with great slaughter. The Spanish Captain-General found himself obliged to abandon New Granada, and retreat into the fortresses of Venezuela, which were still loyal, leaving Bolivar and Sanander to prosecute their successes unmolested. The latter having massacred a score or two of Generals, and decimated the population of Bogota, stained the lustre of his achievements by unparalleled cruelty; even overstepped the boundaries of the unsparring temper in which the war was prosecuted. He then set out for Cartagena, at the head of a division of his blood-stained army, with the avowed intention of chastising, (that is, exterminating,) the Royalists, who still lurked in that city.

The agitation and depression consequent upon the news he had received from home, had so much delayed Grahame's recovery, that he was still in the city when Sanander arrived. And, although, having heard of the manner in which that General had '*punished*' the Royalists in Bogota, he had resolved to quit a service where inhumanities so atrocious were permitted, he still consented to attend a council of officers, called by the General a few days after he entered the city, to

which he had been especially invited, with expressions of the most flattering courtesy, by Sanander himself.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,  
Freely I'll speak."—*FRERICLES.*

In a room of very respectable dimensions, in the northern part of the city, where General Sanander had fixed his head-quarters, were assembled about a score of officers of the liberating army. Uniformed, and glittering with ornaments, of which that race are so childishly fond, they stood in various groups, conversing alternately of the success of their arms, and of the array which had greeted them the evening before at a *fête* given by Señor Pineres—one of an influential family of patriots residing in the city. They were awaiting the arrival of the General,—the younger portion, and even some of the elder, with great impatience. They were anxious to despatch the business of the council, which, but for the General's orders, they would not have attended; for there was to be given, at the house of Gabriel Pineres, a *fandango* of the highest caste, which was expected to eclipse that of his less wealthy brother of the evening before. In Cartagena, as in every other city where either army entered, a continual round of festivities occupied the time and distracted the minds of the officers; when the Royalists were in the ascendant, those who agreed with them in politics vied with each other in the splendor of their entertainments; and when the patriots entered, many even of those who had feasted the former were equally assiduous in their attentions to the latter. The family of Pineres, however, were staunch patriots, and during the troubles of the province had been in Port au Prince. It was to celebrate as well their return to their native city, as the triumph of the patriot arms, that the series of balls was now being given, of which this was one. The loose state of morals on the Main at that period made such occasions points of considerable attraction, especially to the young and gallant soldiers who thronged around the standards of the patriot chieftains. And it was, therefore, not strange that they looked with some impatience to the termination of a council, which, while it continued, detained them from scenes of gaiety and intrigue.

Henry entered the room with Lavara, who, with his bride, had arrived a few days before, and was now domiciled with his aunt. They

were immediately surrounded by throngs of officers, some of whom they had known at Aux Cayes, Ocumare, Barcelona and Casenare ; and others of whom were anxious to become acquainted with a man whose name had already spread throughout the army. Henry was overwhelmed with congratulations and praises, some of which he thought extremely indelicate ; but with the self-possession which never deserted him, he received and suitably acknowledged the politeness of all. Lavara's marriage had been known for several weeks, and had been the subject of conversation and curiosity among his acquaintances too long to excite much attention now ; but he, too, was the subject of numerous jests, which in many places would have been thought improper. A few of those present, and these the confidential, trusted officers of the General, stood aloof from them both ; and knowing the jealous character of the Venezuelans, Lavara argued from this fact unfavorably for their good will. It was understood that Bolivar, with inconsistency, (which was, however, unavoidable,) had transmitted to Henry a commission to a generalship ; and to this fact was to be attributed the manifest jealousy of the Caraquin officers. As yet, no official information of such an appointment had been given, and it was supposed that the present opportunity would be taken to announce it.

"The General is late," said a handsome young officer, looking at his watch.

"You are anxious to be beside the fair Juanna," said another, laughing.

"Who would not be?" exclaimed the first, warmly. "I wish he would hasten, and let us off from this stupid conference!"

"Here he is, at last!" A movement about the door, and a general uncovering among the officers near, announced the entrance of General Sanander, accompanied by a single aid. He was a tall, stern-looking man, erect and soldier-like, but fierce and cruel, in aspect as well as in character. He walked with a stately step along the room, greeted with the distant respect which he exacted from all ; and taking a seat prepared for him in the other end of the hall, produced a bundle of papers, and handed them to the aid.

"General Urdaneta," said he, addressing a tall, dark, placid-faced man, who stood near him, "is Colonel Grahame here?"

"He is, sir," said Henry, stepping forward, and answering for himself.

"Ah!" said the General, rising, "I am happy to meet you ; have you recovered from your wounds?"

"Very nearly, sir," said Henry; "and I am glad once more to be able to meet my brother officers; but, as I am rather weak yet, if you will hear me now, I would rather say what I wish to say, and retire."

"I am sorry to detain you in your present state of health," said Sanander, with an attempt at courtesy, which was, however, stiff and constrained; "but I am afraid I will have to ask you to wait a few minutes."

Henry bowed and stepped back. The most of those present sat down, and the General formally opened the council.

"Is not that Diego Cevallo?" whispered Henry to Urdaneta; directing his eyes towards a young man who stood near the General, and was dressed in the staff uniform.

"Yes," said Urdaneta; "General Sanander received his submission, and appointed him upon his staff at Bogota, where he was confined as a prisoner."

"The first business we have to attend to this evening, gentlemen," said Sanander, opening the package before produced, "is to proclaim the 'Fundamental Law of the Republic of Colombia.'" He proceeded to read the article by which the two provinces of Venezuela and New Granada were consolidated and declared a "Republic, free and independent of all foreign dominion." He then read a proclamation, signed by General Bolivar, Supreme Chief, &c., announcing the success of the patriot arms, the consolidation of the provinces, and enjoining obedience to the new Government upon all the inhabitants, mentioning particularly those of Carthagena.

"I read these papers to you, gentlemen," Sanander continued, "for the purpose of informing you what will be your duty in the premises. To-morrow they will be proclaimed throughout the city; and it will then be the duty of every officer here to see that the commands of the Supreme Chief are rigidly enforced. As officers of the Liberating Army, you will be empowered and required to arrest any one, whom you have reason to suspect, from information or observation, of disaffection either to the new order of things, or to the struggle for independence. Persons so arrested must be brought before the military tribunal which I will appoint, there to be promptly prosecuted."

"Which means—*shot*," said Urdaneta.

"You are right, sir," said Sanander, scowling at him; "such are my orders, and such I give them to you—with a suggestion that the smallest disobedience will forfeit the commission of any officer here."

"May I ask," said Lavara, "what kind of Government, if any, is proclaimed in the 'Fundamental Law'? I forget the phraseology."

"A Republic, sir," said Sanander, harshly; "you will do well to be more attentive to my orders, than you seem to have been to the words of the proclamation."

"I am not likely to forget them," said Lavara; and he turned contemptuously away.

"Here are several orders of the Supreme Chief," continued the General, after a pause, "promoting those who have distinguished themselves in the struggle for liberty."

He then read a general order, in which several officers were advanced, and finally came to this paragraph:

"Colonel H. Grahame, who was advanced to that rank by reason of his eminent services in the mountains of Antiochia, is now appointed Brigadier-General, in consideration of his bravery and conduct exhibited under General Urdaneta."

"Receive your commission, sir," said he, rising, with the paper in his hand.

Henry stepped forward. "I am under many obligations," he said, "to the Supreme Chief, and to Generals Sanander and Urdaneta for their kind offices; but circumstances, which it is useless to mention here, will compel me not only respectfully to decline this new mark of their favor, but also to resign into their hands the commission which I already hold."

"What, sir!" exclaimed Sanander.

"I cannot accept," said Henry, quietly.

"You certainly will not refuse a position like this," urged several.

"I certainly will," he replied, decidedly; "I request, therefore, General Sanander, that you will convey to General Bolivar my acknowledgments for the honor he intends me; and in order that he may more worthily bestow the favor, to inform him that for reasons which I decline stating, I am obliged to refuse the promotion, and to retire at once from the service of the Republic and from the country."

"Perhaps the Colonel will state his reasons," said Cevallo, sneering in his face.

"One of them," said Henry, coolly, "I have no objection to stating: the presence of a traitor and a scoundrel, trusted as an honest man and a patriot."

"Do you refer to me, sir?" asked Cevallo, fiercely.

"I do, sir, and mean precisely what I say."

Cevallo drew his sword furiously, but Sanander interposed.

"Put up your sword, sir," said he. "Sefior Grahame, this is a direct reflection upon me." He scowled a look of deadly hate.

"It was not so intended, sir," said Henry; "I doubt not you have been imposed upon by this traitor, and have received him as a sincere and repentant patriot. But you will allow me nevertheless to say, that he is a traitor, and that I have encountered him fighting against the cause which I believe he now seeks again to betray."

"Retire from this room, sir," said the General to Cevallo, who was with difficulty restrained from rushing upon Grahame, with his drawn sword. He, however, obeyed.

"Your explanation is sufficient, sir," continued Sanander, "but I still think you are mistaken. Cevallo, I believe, is sincerely repentant for an error which arose from sudden heat, caused by a severe personal disappointment."

"At the same time," pursued Henry, "you must allow me to judge of the propriety of myself entering the armies of a cause which sudden heat, or any personal disappointment is deemed sufficient reason for betraying."

"Is this your only reason for declining the promotion," asked the General.

"It is not, sir; but this alone would decide me."

"May I ask what other reason you have?"

"I would rather not be pressed upon the subject," said Henry, "because my objections might not have equal force with other men,—though they are satisfactory to me."

"Still," said Sanander, "I would prefer knowing them, in order that I may clearly account to the Supreme Chief for your resignation."

"If you insist upon them," said Henry, "of course I must give them. The cruelty and inhumanity which characterize the operations of this war, the incapacity and selfishness of the Supreme Chief, and the despotism he has succeeded in fixing upon the country, have combined, with what I have heard and seen to-night, to decide me as I have said."

The boldness of this speech, wrung from him as it was, astonished all present, and none more than those who felt the truth of what he said. General Sanander scowled ominously around the room.

"Your resignation is accepted, sir," said he, coldly.

Henry bowed, and turned to depart. The most of the officers present had risen during this colloquy, and crowded round the table where Sanander sat. They now opened in silence and allowed him to pass out. Taking Lavara's arm he left the room. Soon afterwards the council broke up, and most of those present repaired to the house of Señor Pineres.

" You do not think of going to the fandango ?" asked Benito.

" Yes," said his companion ; " I promised Carlota to be there—why not ?"

Lavara made no answer for the present, and soon afterwards they entered the brilliantly lighted rooms of Gabriel Pineres.

---

## C H A P T E R X I I .

" The silver light which hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart and o'er it throws  
A loving languor, which is not repose."—*DON JUAN*.

THE residence of Pineres was situated in the north-western part of the city, fronting on a wide street, and separated from the river, or armlet of the sea, by a large and tastefully arranged garden. The house itself covered three sides of a square—the courtyard thus formed, being paved in mosaic, enclosed a large fountain, whose bubbling waters fell from shells in the hands of nymphs and tritons into an immense stone basin. From thence they were carried off by two or three small aqueducts ; and after winding among flower-beds, skirting gravel walks, and falling in miniature cataracts over the successive terraces, finally ran like threads of silver down the rocky shore into the river. On the outer edge of the stone basin were set various rare flowers ; which taking root in their enormous pots, were twined about in fantastic shapes, on frames whose variegated colors and thick foliage almost concealed the sparkling waters within.

Around this square ran double corridors in the Moorish style, whose mosaic pavements were polished smooth as glass ; mottled, too, in the clear moonlight, by the shadows of the creeping plants that twined around the columns. Forming, thus, on three sides, a delightful promenade, where moonlight, with all the attendant incidents to romantic and gallant converse, and almost any degree of darkness, at the option of the seeker, were to be found, the company frequently assembled by Pineres always availed themselves of its advantages. At the end of each corridor was a broad flight of marble steps, leading down upon shadowy walks ; and each of these was terminated in the garden by a summer bower, over which were running in tangled masses the luxuriant parasites of that genial clime. From these, radiated in every direction numerous smaller walks, winding in many doublings through

out the extensive garden—some leading to the water's edge, others into the large walks, and some by various meanderings terminating suddenly where they commenced. Along these walks, scattered with studied carelessness, as if dashed upon the land by the graceful hand of Nature, stood the many-colored trees, or wound the luxuriant vines and flowers of the tropics—forming in many places little groves, and beds of bloom, and making the air heavy with their rich and balmy perfumes.

Within, everything was brilliant, and in keeping with the beauty of the scene without. The house was entered by a wide hall in the centre; on the right was a richly-furnished ante-room, where were assembled a number of gentlemen who had not yet entered the saloons. Passing directly through the hall, the ladies were ushered into apartments in the rear of the house; and contrary to European and American customs were privately shown into the saloons, as if desirous of avoiding notice. Many thus never entered the dancing rooms at all; but meeting with their gallants upon the corridors, they deposited their *mantillas* upon some window seat or balustrade, and commenced a promenade which not unfrequently continued till the close of the *fête*.

As Henry left the ante-room, he was met at the door of the saloon by Senor Pineres, and led immediately, with some *empressement*, to a beautiful girl who was seated on one of the ottomans arranged along the wall. The lady rose and held out her hand in smiling recognition.

"How do you do, General Grahame?" said she, in the softest tones imaginable.

"By what fortunate accident do I meet the Senora Helen Soublette here?" said he.

"Fortunate, indeed!" she exclaimed; "how glad I am that I came here!"

"You surely did not think of staying away?" asked Henry.

"Not only that—I was beginning to regret having come."

"No man, however strong and cold, is superior to flattery from a handsome woman."

"I shall be most happy," said he, "if my appearance has banished that regret."

"It has done more—it has gone farther—" she hesitated, as if conscious of having said too much. But he reassured her.

"The meeting is as happy to me as to you," he said, more formally, however, than she could have wished: "but before I forget it, I must

correct you ; you addressed me by the title of General—a rank which I have no right to claim."

"O," said she, carelessly, "I know you resigned it, but you surely will not persist."

"I surely will," said he. "But why are you not dancing?"

"Do you dance the *Bolero*?" she asked, as if she *would* dance with him.

"I am not sufficiently well," he replied, "even if I ever danced."

"I am sorry for your ill health," said she, with interest ; "but I cannot regret your not dancing—it is distasteful to me also."

This was not true, except on that particular occasion.

"Let us find a more unconfined place, then," he suggested. Leaning languidly on his arm, she led him to the western corridor, where the declining moon cast a deep, uncertain shade. Sitting down upon one of the many luxurious ottomans, where they commanded a view of the garden and the bay, now glittering in the moonlight, they resumed their conversation.

In the mean time the rooms were gradually filled with the beauty and gallantry of the city and the army. Gay dames, whom the recent troubles had widowed, fluttered in black *mantillas*—the only signs of woe about them—reluctantly refused to join the dancers, and retired to the corridors and garden, where the gallantry of the other sex might console them for their losses. Young ladies, just entering upon womanhood, with heads full of romance, and hearts fluttering with excitement, returned with interest the warmest glances of their uniformed admirers ; or leaning pensively over the railing of the fountain, listened rapturously to whispered tones, not louder than the murmuring waters. Hardy and war-worn veterans, soft-cheeked maidens, young cavaliers and portly dames, mingled in all the rustle of high dress and the flutter of higher spirits. The garden walks were dotted here and there by the white dress of some romantic girl, where the moonlight struggled through the foliage and fell upon her form ; as sweeping along the shadowy avenues, with the measured tread of calm enjoyment, she listened to the tale of love. In the summer houses, and occasionally at the junction of several walks, were assembled gay groups, whose merry laughter rang among the trees and echoed from the walls. Here might be seen a silent pair, leaning over the garden wall, and watching the silver moonlight, as with fairy foot it danced upon the ripples ; here, a solitary guest, standing within the shadow of an orange or an olive, gazing abstractedly, but jealously, upon some lightly-passing form, engrossed by a successful rival !

The corridors were full of gay promenaders, and as the numerous attendants pressed their way through the crowd with cool refreshments, and occasionally stopped to serve some *señor* or *señora*, one might have guessed how necessary were the ices and cooling beverages they carried. Where the moon shone bright and clear, there were but few; but on the shaded sides the throng was great, and formed a solitude, one might have sought in vain among a thinner crowd. Seated here and there, along the outer edges of the darker corridors, almost concealed by the foliage of the vines and parasites which hung around the columns, might be seen a pair of lovers for the night, conversing in low and guarded tones, while their hands were clasped beneath the end of a carelessly arranged *mantilla*. And now and then, as some dark-eyed beauty came sweeping by, you might have seen the quick and jealous glance, thrown furtively upon the half-hidden forms, and instantly turned again in rapt attention to the earnest face of the attendant gallant. Within, all was noise and gaiety; the sound of music came from the open windows with a softened melody, while, through the crowd, might now and then be seen the forms of the joyous dancers, as they whirled along in the giddy waltz, tripped past in the gay *cachucha*, or almost stopped before the windows in the short, quick steps of the *bolero*. Sometimes, in the intervals of the dance, a lovely form would lean exhausted upon the window-seat, and meet, with warmer glance and word, the devoted eye and voice of a lover on the corridor.

Carlota had come in rather later than our friends, and had been forthwith engaged by one of Sanander's officers for a waltz. She had looked in vain for Henry in the various rooms through which she passed; and, under the pretence of a desire for fresh air, had led her partner, nothing loath, out upon the corridor, where now two thirds of the company were assembled. Pacing slowly up and down among the groups of cavaliers and ladies, she looked for him in vain; and, supposing some accident had prevented his redeeming his promise to meet her there, she became so absent and inattentive to the warm compliments so lavishly showered upon her, as even to attract attention.

"I fear your poetry is in vain, Captain," said General Urdaneta, as he passed them; "the averted eye, and absent air, are but unflattering signs, I think."

The handsome young officer blushed, and replied—

"To despair, or even doubt, on meeting difficulties, General, you know, is not the soldier's habit."

"Ah!" said Carlota, hearing, but not comprehending, "he is happy, indeed, who has no cause for doubt."

"Who could doubt *you*?" said her companion, warmly, "and yet, I would not dare to dismiss my thought."

"A friend of mine," said she, "who is worthy of all confidence, tells me always to believe."

"He is a wise friend," said the Captain, "and will you not honor his counsel now, dear Carlota?"

"How?" she asked, as if suddenly conscious she had not understood him.

"By believing me when I tell you, you are dearer to me than all the earth—when I swear—"

"Hush, hush!" said she, "you know I cannot listen to fiction always."

"Fiction! dearest Carlota!" he exclaimed, growing warm. "By all I hold sacred and dear, I swear—"

"That's right, Captain," whispered a laughing girl, who passed, "repeat the oath you swore to me an hour ago."

He stopped short, and frowned; Carlota had overheard it.

"Let us go farther down the corridor," said she, smiling, and they approached the spot where Henry and Helen Soublette were still conversing.

"But you surely will not leave the service *now*," said Helen.

"I must," said he; but at this moment he caught Carlota's eye fixed upon him as she drew her partner towards him.

"Will you not join us?" said he, making room for them, as if glad to be interrupted. Helen was vexed, but rose and embraced her with an affection, if not real, at least well-feigned.

"You are late," said he; "what detained you?"

"I have been here more than an hour," she replied, "but have not seen you till now. Benito is looking for you, I think—there he is."

Lavara approached them, and asked Carlota to dance.

"You must not refuse your cousin, you know," said he; but leaning over her he whispered, as he thrust a paper into her hand, "Refuse me, and give *this* to Grahame secretly." Then rising, "What say you?" he asked.

"Not now," said she, at once; "return in fifteen minutes and I will not refuse you."

"Very well," said he; "don't forget," and he turned away.

Henry felt her soft fingers upon his hand in some surprise, when she threw her mantilla over both, and slipped the paper into his hand.

"Be careful," she whispered; "Benito told me to deliver this secretly."

He closed his hand upon the paper and continued the conversation.

"Now," said Lavara, returning, "will you dance with me?"

"Your quarter of an hour is short," said she, rising.

"Read the paper secretly," he whispered to Henry, and they left him.

He glanced at Helen, and found her engrossed by the officer whom Carlota had left; and turning away he strolled leisurely into the dancing rooms, where he lingered a few minutes conversing with acquaintances whom he had not seen. Passing on he entered the ante-room and found it deserted. Opening the paper thus mysteriously given to him, he read as follows, in Lavara's hand—

*"Captain Devouille sets sail to-morrow morning for Port au Prince. An order has been issued to arrest you to-morrow; and if arrested by Sanander, you know your fate. Find Devouille (who will understand) and go on board to-night. Let nothing detain you."*

"I am watched so that I cannot speak to you. Go, and *A Dios*.—B. L."

As he held the paper over a light, Captain Devouille passed through the room, and, without stopping, whispered—

"I will sail before day-break—my boat waits at the postern of Señora Valdez's garden—be on board in two hours."

Henry nodded his head slightly, and passed again calmly into the saloon. Meeting General Sanander, who was about to leave the house, he addressed him.

"At what hour to-morrow, General," said he, "can I have an audience?"

"I shall be glad to see you at any hour," said the General; "may I hope that you will re-consider your resolution of to-night?"

"I have re-considered it," said Henry; "and if I may trouble you, I will be happy to give you the result of my reflections to-morrow."

"I will be glad to see you, sir; I will be at leisure at eleven."

Henry bowed, and the General passed on.

"Will you honor me, Carlota," said he, as she and Lavara passed, "by leaving our cousin a moment?"

Her face bore evident marks of terror, notwithstanding her efforts to conceal it. In silence she left Benito, and passed out of the room with him.

"*A Dios*," said Lavara, significantly.

"*Au revoir*," replied Henry, and they stepped out upon the corridor.

"Benito has told me all," said she, in a trembling voice; "you will go, of course?"

"Certainly," he replied; "but I must not leave this place immediately, for fear of exciting suspicion. Do you go home soon?"

"Immediately, or as soon as I can see Captain Devouille."

"Let us seek him then," said Henry; "is not that he approaching us?"

"Yes," said she, leaving his arm; "I will see you at home—you had better not be seen with the Captain."

Leaving him she joined Devouille, and drew him aside. Talking to him earnestly, but with some embarrassment for a few minutes, she raised her eyes imploringly to his.

"Well, well, my dear," said he, rather impatiently; "be at the gate in an hour. In two hours Colonel Grahame will be on board."

"Oh! thank you," she exclaimed, seizing his hand, but he drew it away.

"Beware!" said he; "you must not excite suspicion."

Carlota left him, and soon afterwards sought her home.

Devouille was a good-natured, elderly Frenchman, who had commanded a vessel in Brion's squadron for several years, but was now trading in a vessel of his own, doing a miscellaneous privateering business on his own account, between Cartagena and Port au Prince. He had become much attached to Carlota upon a former voyage; he was one of those amiable men, too, to whom the term *approachability* is applicable; and though the few scruples of propriety which the buffets of a very desultory life had left him, did not wholly approve her wish, he was much too good-natured to refuse a request, urged, as was hers, by beauty and an earnest, sweet voice.

Leaving the house soon after he parted with Carlota, Henry proceeded immediately to the residence of the good widow. After completing his preparations for departure, which consumed but a few minutes, he went in search of the family, to bid them farewell. They were all assembled but Carlota. She was nowhere to be found, but on the table in her room lay the following note, addressed to Henry:

*"I cannot bear to bid you adieu. We will meet again. God keep you.—C."*

Appreciating her feelings, he turned to the rest, and bade each of them what was to be a last farewell. Lavara was not there; he stayed at the *fête* to avoid suspicion; but his bride was there, blooming in the freshness of recovered youth, and happy in the first blush of calm wedlock. She was a little sad, now; but it was

natural that she should be so, on the eve of parting with the only one who, among all around her, reminded her of the days and friends of her youth. All that was masculine in her former bearing was gone; and in its place sat upon her white, high brow, the beauty which had first captivated Poindexter, now tempered and deepened by years of thought, and travail, and adventure. She held out her hand to Henry, and smiled, but faintly.

"I will not see you again, probably," said she in English; "you will return to our old home, and be happy. You will not forget your lieutenant, will you?"

"How could I," said he, taking her hand, and kissing her cheek. "But have you no messages for any one there? I may see your friends."

"My friends are here," said she, glancing round. "But you may tell them you saw me, and that I am happy—but where, let them not know."

Her eyes filled with tears—she withdrew her hand to wipe them away, and Henry turned to depart. We will see her no more; but let us hope that the errors and misfortunes of her youth may not shadow her age!

Leaving many kind messages for Carlota, Henry repaired to the postern, where he found a boat waiting, according to arrangement.

"Our Captain has just gone aboard with the gig," said the boatswain.

"Pull away then," said Henry, as he stepped over the gunwale; and waving his hand to his friends on the shore, he was soon on board the schooner. Lifting her anchor, and setting her sails to the gentle land-breeze then blowing, by sunrise the little vessel was "hull down," in the northeast, making fair speed for Jamaica.

---

### C H A P T E R   X I I I.

"The whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play,  
And on the woods and on the deep  
The smile of Heaven lay."—SHELLEY.

"There is much that hath no merit but its truth,  
And no excuse but nature."—FESTUS.

BEFORE a fair wind, the schooner soon left the shores of Granada far astern. Bounding lightly from swell to swell, at breakfast time

she was upon the wide waters, with no land in sight, except from the mast-head. Henry remained on deck, anxious and depressed, until summoned by Captain Devouille to the morning meal. Descending to the cabin, he found the officers of the vessel assembled around the little table; and greeting them briefly, he sat down beside the Captain, and drank his coffee in silence:

"The lady, sir," said the steward to the Captain, in a whisper; "shall I call her?"

"No, no; let her alone," the Captain replied, in the same tone, glancing at Henry. The latter overheard the words, but did not heed them. Engrossed by his own reflections, his mind was far away. After breakfast he repaired again to the deck; and overcome by the fatigue which his weakness and recent wakefulness had produced, he threw himself into a hammock swung across the deck, and soon fell into a deep sleep. An awning was spread over him, and as the sun rose higher his slumbers deepened. The Captain came on deck, and slowly and pensively paced back and forward—now and then casting a glance upon the sleeper, or down the cabin gangway, as his steps approached each in turn.

The vessel had hitherto been running under mainsail and foresail alone—but now square sail, jib and flying jib were rigged; studding sails alow and aloft were successively hoisted, and the little bark careered before the freshening breeze as if she disdained the waters over which she so daintily flew. The rocking of the vessel, though she was as steady as such a craft could be, communicated to Henry's hammock a cradle-like motion, which deepened and continued his sleep. The Captain still paced the little quarter-deck—gazing anxiously out upon the lonely waters or up at his well-stretched rigging, and ever and anon casting a look of expectation down into the cabin. This continued till near noon. He then descended; and after an absence below of a few minutes, reappeared with a lady on his arm. As she reached the deck she threw back the light mantilla, and revealed her features. It was Carlota!

Impulsive, loving Henry as only one of her ardent race can love, she had heard of the necessity for his sudden departure, with a pang to be imagined, not described. Hopeful and confiding, she had schooled herself, notwithstanding his explanation, into the belief that he loved her, and the more she thought of his strange language, the more firmly was she convinced that some point of delicate honor alone prevented his avowing it. Revolving what he had told her of his former life, she had become satisfied that there could be nothing in it to prevent his

and that nothing was requisite but some opportunity, ~~soo~~ would overcome the empty scruples of fastidious delicacy, to ~~make~~ him crown her happiness. Knowing that in the haste of his departure she could not expect this avowal, she had suddenly, with a desperation which her circumstances produced, if they did not excuse, taken the resolution which Captain Devouille's good nature thus enabled her to execute. She was pure as the snow upon the far mountain peak; and because of that very purity, in her impulsive, unsuspecting nature, there was no thought of impropriety. She loved, and had persuaded herself to believe, with no shadow of doubt, that she was beloved. Resolving, when the crisis came, that no mere point of too scrupulous hesitation should, as she felt it would, ruin the happiness of both, she determined, in the heroism of her affection, to go with him—never doubting that this would produce the avowal she thought was often trembling on his lips. The risk was a fearful one—but it was one worthy of the courage of a pure, loving heart.

Once, and once only, she thought of the possibility of her being mistaken—and of the shame, and remorse, and loss of reputation which would follow. But she dismissed the thought in the moment of its occurrence. What to her was reputation in Carthagena, if he loved her? She would go with him to his own home, she thought, and happy in her romantic affection, she would not heed the sneers of those who could be nothing to her, for good or for evil. And if he did not love her, what to her were all the things she now valued? Who shall say that in this pure and lovely soul there was aught but heroism—a brave resolve to save herself and him she loved, from life-long disappointment?

It were not true to say, that when she came on deck, and looking around upon the boundless solitude, could no longer see the shores of her home, no memory smote her heart—no pang shot through her breast, at the thought that she was alone, speeding over the wide ocean. But her eye fell upon the calm, pale face of him she loved, sleeping peacefully, unconscious of the misery in store for his waking—and the painful thought vanished at once. She approached and leaned over the hammock where he lay, gazing upon him with one of those deep, hushed, almost holy, looks, which came so thrillingly through her dark, soul-speaking eyes. Devouille turned away, with a humid eye and faltering step—the only signs of emotion he had ever been known to exhibit—and busied himself with his duties. He reproached himself with a mistaken complacency—a too yielding good nature—which something whispered would bring misfortune upon the

bright creature before him. He knew her impulsive, enthusiastic nature—and his conscience told him he should have thought of it, before he yielded to her entreaties. He had hastily concluded, however, on the night before, that her request was predicated upon a relation between her and Henry, which, if it did not justify, at least in some measure excused, the step she wished to take. Supposing that his compliance might save her from an exposure, of which all his knowledge of her purity could not prevent his naturally lax principles from entertaining a suspicion, he had complacently, even benevolently, yielded to her urgent request. Experienced only in the loose society of the Spanish Main and the Indian Isles, he had acquired a habit of judgment, which the state of that society was but too well calculated to induce. Having learned to believe that where there was so much corruption, none except comparative purity could exist, he had not hesitated, in the slight thought he had given to the matter, to admit this suspicion. Kind-hearted, and, like most Frenchmen, imprudently yielding where one of the other sex was concerned, he had allowed himself to give this suspicion more weight than he should have done; and willing to save her from the consequences of her supposed imprudence, he had, in a moment of evil compliance, consented to take her on board.

But since then he had reflected; and now he doubted whether he had acted the part of a friend.

He knew Henry well—and all his knowledge of him forbade the supposition that any circumstances would induce him thus to betray one so innocent and pure. Ignorant of the unhappy history whose recollection made him shrink from betrayal, or even from duplicity, he could not but observe his singularly scrupulous honor. Added to the spotlessness of Carlota's character, which he now, too late, remembered, were her unsullied manner and the perfect guilelessness of her heart, which he now perceived; and as he gazed for a few moments upon her earnest look into the face of him she loved, he saw that no impure thought—not the faintest shadow of guilt—was in her soul—and he cursed the sinful compliance which had thus made him an instrument for destruction, in the hands of her impulsive purity. Full of self-accusing thoughts, he paced slowly to and fro across the narrow deck.

In the meantime, Carlota had drawn a cabin stool beside the hammock, and seated herself upon it, with her eyes still fixed upon the reposing face. Resting her head upon her hand, she patiently awaited his awakening. Her imagination returned to the scenes she had left. She reviewed the gay days of her sunny childhood—when her country

was yet at peace, her father alive, his hopes all centred in her ; she thought of her mother, her grief at the death of her father, while she was yet a child ; she thought of the long years of love and kind solicitude she had devoted to her. She thought of her *now*—how her heart must be wrung by her flight—and a large tear rolled down her pensive cheek. But her eye rested upon *him* ; and, casting out the remorse which began to steal into her heart, she thought of the sunny years of a gilded future, which love flashed before her fancy ; she dwelt fondly upon each feature of the life of which she dreamed ; of its vision-like quietness ; of its summer-day stillness—of its unruffled peacefulness. She looked forward to the time when peace should have revisited the shores of her native land, and she should return, a happy, contented wife, to the arms of her mother. Large tears rolled down her cheek—but they were tears of joy, not of sadness—and she dismissed the regrets which began to creep into her heart—thinking only of those shining days, which fancy so richly enamelled.

Noon was past and still she gazed and thought—the hours wore slowly away, but her eyes were not withdrawn. Fatigue and anxiety had produced their usual effect, and still he slumbered.

How earnest and lovely is the gaze of her, who watches “o'er one she loves while sleeping !” When she has cast off all other ties, and thrown the wealth of a pure heart, a sacrifice too often upon the altar of love, how complete is the absorbing spirit of affection which hovers over the couch of him, upon whose life and love depends all earthly happiness ! There is something so still, so calm, so holy, about quiet slumber—something so like death, the almost breathing death of the young and lovely, whose spirit has been wafted away like a perfume on the breath of summer—that a feeling of subdued awe, an indefinable mournfulness, like the melancholy of a hazy, still autumn day, falls like an invisible cloud upon the hushed soul.

It was thus that Carlota watched Henry. She thought how calm must be the heart over which slumber thus threw its imperceptible chain. She loved the very air that lifted now and then the lock of brown hair which had fallen carelessly across his forehead. She compared the depth of his slumbers to the stillness of death, and an involuntary start moved her frame. A melancholy which she could not account for fell upon her spirit, and with the face of a sorrowing angel, she still gazed. He turned slightly on his pillow, and the rich masses of hair fell in profusion over his face. Gently, and almost fearfully, but with an affection which spoke in every movement, she drew it aside, and revealed again the bronzed though pale features upon which

she had gazed so long. But his slumbers were broken ; turning uneasily in the hammock, he opened his eyes, and met the timid but earnest light of her look.

" Carlota ! " he exclaimed, " you here ! " He sprang up and looked around him.

" Yes, Henry ; do you wish me away ? I will leave you if you do." She spoke timidly and softly, and fixed her eyes with an earnest, imploring look upon his face. He gazed at her in silence for a few moments, and by degrees he understood it all. Covering his face with his hands, he cast himself back upon the pillow.

" Oh ! God ! " he exclaimed, in agony ; " why am I always to bring misery upon the best and brightest ! "

Frightened, overwhelmed, she gazed wildly at him. Gradually it became clear to her—he grieved that she was with him ! Drawing herself up, with a fire in her flashing eye which had never before been seen there, she looked the image of outraged affection—deep, stern resentment usurping the place so lately held by the softest and warmest feelings of her woman's nature.

" Was it for this ! " she began, but her feelings were too strong for words. Her hands fell to her side, her eye lost its brilliancy, her head drooped upon her breast, and tottering, exhausted, she fell heavily upon the deck. Devouille sprang towards her, but Henry had anticipated him. Lifting her gently in his arms, he bore her below. The only female on board was a black woman belonging to the cabin ; with quick intelligence she set about her task and soon restored her to life—consciousness was no more for her. There was a wild fire in her blazing eye, and a rigidity in the muscles of her face, which gave her obstinate silence a terrible meaning.

She was a lunatic—utterly, hopelessly mad.

The shock had been too great for her. When she recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, every feature was yet the same ; but there was no trace of that deep spirituality which had so distinguished her face before this sudden and powerful revulsion. She had clung so resolutely to the thought that he loved her, that it had finally become to her a certainty. But in Henry's grief she saw it all—in a moment, like that in which a broad pencil of sunlight illuminates a place hitherto obscure—rushed upon her mind a recollection of her trustfulness, which she now thought had been beguiled and outraged. She remembered the irrevocable step she had taken, the friends she had abandoned, the sacrifice she had made for him, who now, as her distorted fancy pictured to her, spurned her from his feet. Grief, remorse,

crushed affection, utter loneliness, combined to produce a desolation complete and overwhelming. Her reason had at once sunk under the blow, and was shattered for ever.

A dull, unmeaning smile hung around her full lip, and seemed to mock the sunny beam which had once shone from her eye. That eye was yet bright and even sometimes affectionate; but the brightness was the wan light of insanity, and the affection was the softness of her character bereft of its intellect. Her hands wandered nervously over her clothing, and her slender fingers picked uneasily at its folds. Now and then she pointed, with that dull smile, at a spot on some article of dress, as if its color pleased her; and when Henry approached her, she seized his watch chain and seemed delighted with its beauty. Twining it round her fingers she laughed, a vain, empty laugh, as the light was reflected from the gold. But her glance wandered in a moment, and dropping the chain, she caught at something else—some trinket, or some spot of bright color in her clothes; and playing childishly with it for a short time wearied of it, too. She seemed to have lost all recollection of what she had been, and of the faces and voices she had known. She did not even know Henry, and answered his agonized questions with a vacant stare and a meaningless smile.

Miserable and broken in spirit, Henry hovered round her bedside throughout the day, and took no thought of time or of anything but the unhappy girl. Devouille retired to his state-room about the middle of the afternoon with a sorrowful face and an accusing heart. The vessel still kept on her way.

"Carlota, dear Carlota," Henry would exclaim, "do you not know me?"

But she answered him only with a vacant smile, or, heeding him not at all, she caught, with deplorable childishness, at the buttons on his coat, or the glittering chain. Long, and by every means in his power, he strove to recall her wandering intellect; but in his infinite mercy, God had taken it away, and would not restore it. Until late at night he remained with her, when she fell into a deep, undisturbed slumber. As he sat gazing mournfully at her calm, though vacant features, it, for the first time, occurred to him, that they ought to return to Cartagena. Agitation had hitherto prevented reflection; but now he resolved, in as far as was possible, to repair the wrong his forgetfulness had produced.

"I have thought of that, too," said Devouille, when Henry found him. "I will return, but not until you are safe. Be ruled, sir," he

continued, as Henry made a gesture of impatience; "your return to Carthagena now, could do no good, even to Carlota. It would subject you to unnecessary danger, and would be a source of additional unhappiness to her friends. No, no; it is better to go on—the evil is done now—no human hand can mend it. In seven days I can be there again, and will explain all. Your return would but deepen the wound already made."

It was long before he could be convinced; but he at last consented to be landed at Kingston, on condition that Devouille would return forthwith to Carthagena. It was the wiser course.

In the evening the wind freshened and blew strongly from the southwest. After sunset on the fourth day, Devouille dropped his anchor in the harbor of Kingston.

---

## C H A P T E R X I V.

LAERTES.—"Alas, then she is drowned.

QUEEN.—"Drown'd, drown'd."—HAMLET.

"And to die young is youth's divinest gift."—FESTUS.

"Lay her i' the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh.  
May violets spring!"—HAMLET.

CONVINCED, though reluctantly, that his return would work injury instead of good, both to the feelings of Carlota's friends, and to the safety of those who had so kindly contributed to his escape, Henry at last yielded to Devouille's entreaties and representations. The latter, now certain that no farther injury could be done to Carlota, and wishing, as much as possible, to save the feelings of her bereaved friends, was, at the same time, actuated by still another motive. His fortune depended upon the countenance of his trade; and, if it became known in Carthagena that he had assisted in Henry's escape, he could return there no more. Carlota would be as safe with him as if Henry were on board. He could, therefore, see no objection to his consulting his private interests, since Henry's return with him would at once reveal the channel of his escape. Depressed by accumulated afflictions, Henry felt that he had no right to involve any one in further evil on account of his misfortunes; and, though neither of them avowed the motive, the consideration of Devouille's interests had a strong influence with both. He, therefore, consented, instead of going back in person, to write to Carlota's mother, detailing, as far as

was necessary, and his feelings would permit, the circumstances of her affliction. It was a delicate task ; but, without attempting a defence of his own conduct, to which he left her to do justice, he attributed her distraction to the intense excitement to which she had been subjected, and the sudden revulsion that had followed. His letter, as might have been expected, was incoherent and unsatisfactory ; but despairing of being able to make it more intelligible, he left to Devouille's explanation the task of reconciling its inconsistencies, and closed an epistle which he felt his inability to make appropriate or complete.

Having finished his ungrateful task, he delivered the letter to Devouille, and repaired to Carlota's bedside, just as they came in sight of the lights of the city. Entertaining no hope of being recognized, he still felt an irresistible wish once more to look upon so much loveliness so terribly blasted. With a sorrowful step he approached the couch where she lay. She was leaning on her arm, laughing lightly at the large white moths that were playing round the lamp ; and as one of them would approach her in its evolutions, she would reach out her small, white hand, and with a merry laugh at her failure, grasp eagerly at its light form as it eluded her pursuit. She looked up as Henry entered, and the same sickly, unmeaning smile, which had usurped the former expression of her sunny face, hung dully about her lips.

"Look !" she exclaimed, as her eyes reverted to the moths.

It was the first word she had spoken since the dreadful hour of her bereavement ; Henry started at the hollow, unearthly sound of her voice, and, as if frightened herself, she knew not at what, she shrank timidly back, and covered her face with her hands.

"Carlota, dear," said he. But she did not look up. He repeated her name several times in vain. He took her hand gently in his, and withdrew it from her face. She looked vacantly at him, as if in childish wonder at his efforts to recall her wandering recollection. The soulless smile still flickered upon her lips, and told him too plainly of the utter ruin which had befallen her intellect. Let us draw the curtain. The ways of God are beyond our comprehension ; we only know that all is for the best, and, in this instance, she was happier than she could have been, conscious of the trial which had befallen her.

Melancholy and self-accusing, Henry at last gave up the effort ; and casting a long, lingering look upon her still beautiful face, he retired from the cabin. Pressing Devouille's hand in silence, he descended into the boat which awaited him, and a few minutes afterwards was landed and left alone upon the pier.

Without himself going on shore, Devouille immediately set sail for Carthagena, where he hoped to arrive after a run of two or three days. He had, even with the fresh wind that had been blowing, carried a press of canvas which his little vessel had seldom before borne, even in the calmest weather. The wind had shifted to the southeast, and had been gradually increasing in force for more than thirty-six hours; but still he did not shorten sail. Running down the bay, he entered upon the open sea, with a recklessness which his men had never before noticed in his usually calm, unexcited manner. The circumstances under which Carlota had come on board, were known to none of the crew; but it had become a whispered rumor among them that she was mad; and when they heard Devouille's peremptory refusal to his mate, who suggested the lowering of the studding sails, they half suspected that their commander had contracted the same disease. The mate, a bluff Englishman, came again, and suggested the expediency of shortening sail. The little craft was plunging along through waves that were continually rising higher and higher, and threatened every moment to engulf her. But she still sailed beautifully; and though she sometimes rocked and plunged, and under the successive blows of tremendous billows, reeled terribly, she yet danced almost merrily from crest to crest, and careered along the boiling waters, as if borne aloft by a higher power, playing only in sport upon the hissing surface of the sea. Still, with all the sailing powers of his admirable vessel, it was a rash undertaking thus to defy the very winds of the awakened Heavens, and carry in a storm a press of canvas scarcely to be borne in the very gentlest weather.

Dark, murky clouds had now arisen, and came rolling and floating rapidly upon the wings of the southern wind, which was fast increasing to a gale. Torn by the blast into shapeless fragments, large masses of the rent storm came careering so close to the water, that when the schooner rose from the trough of the sea upon the breast of a billow, her masts seemed to penetrate and rend the pall above. The men involuntarily stooped as they passed about the decks, as we do in moving under a low ceiling. Anon, as if collecting all its strength to overwhelm an enemy which had thus scattered its advance, the deep, black tempest, like a mighty army, marched slowly up the southern sky. Column after column, mass after mass, seemed to hurry up from the rear, until the whole host of wheeling storms seemed to halt in front: and the motionless line was only broken by the evolutions of successive masses gathering on the advance.

The wind still howled through the groaning rigging—the sails

cracked and sprung from their extreme tension—while through the uproar might be heard the sharp, quick flapping of the pennon at the mast head, now worn to half its original length. The gallant little vessel rolled terribly sometimes; and her yards, if her rig had admitted them, would have dipped in the brine by her side; but recovering herself, she would again dart forward, madly endeavoring to escape the pursuing storm.

Devouille was thoroughly roused; and as he stood upon the quarter deck, gazing with knit brow and folded arms upon the boiling waters, a wild enthusiasm, fierce as wild, raged through his usually calm heart. In the darkness and terror of the tempest he found the only refuge from self-accusations, which to one of his usually quiet temper were doubly painful. He turned his eye upon the approaching storm—where now fitful and lurid lightning played in a thousand threatening tongues, and sent its muttered warning in rumbling thunder far over the agitated waters. His eye lit up with a strange fire, and gazing into the frothy sea over which his bark was bounding, he felt the wild excitement which reckless and defiant daring always gives. He felt proud of his noble ship, which thus so gallantly held her way, when many a stouter vessel would have disobeyed her helm and gone down for ever. He felt proud of his own daring—the unfortunate national tendency of Frenchmen—and above all, he felt a sweet though agitated satisfaction in thus giving vent to the boiling emotions within. No feeling makes one so reckless in acts of daring as the consciousness of wrong; and nothing so rapidly reconciles us to ourselves as looking a fierce tempest in the very face, and defying the power of the elements.

"Had we not better shorten sail, sir?" suggested the mate.

"No," thundered Devouille, "when I wish it I will so direct."

"We will all be in eternity before midnight at this rate," muttered the mate; but he turned coolly away, as if to say if Captain Devouille could go he certainly could follow.

Devouille walked to the windward and fixed his eyes again upon the cloud. Apparently, he was perfectly cool, but he was not so, really; though his excitement was somewhat diminished by his brief colloquy with the mate. The vessel lay almost on her beam ends, and the leeward bulwarks often touched the crests of the waves over which she sped. Thus careened, but singularly steady, she dashed along with the speed of the wind. Devouille had never before felt this excitement; though in his chequered life he had passed through many scenes of intense interest, and even of absorbing danger. And as it

gradually wore away he began to feel conscious of the desperation of his course. He turned to give the order which his mate had solicited, when he was startled by an apparition very near him. Carlota, in her white night clothes, stood by his side, gazing with a delighted countenance out upon the agitated ocean. With parted lips and head bent forward, she stood with her hands clasped before her, wholly unconscious of all but the wild scene. A vivid flash of lightning illuminated her face, and revealed to him a form fit for the model of a sculptor, unprotected by the loose garment which the gale almost tore away.

"Oh! how beautiful!" she exclaimed, and clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"Carlota," said he, gently, approaching her, "you must go below, my dear."

She looked round at the sound of his voice and pointed to the waves glittering in the blaze.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" she repeated, and again clapped her hands and laughed loud and merrily. Devouille shuddered and approached still nearer, awe-stricken and affrighted.

"Come, dear," he repeated, "will you not go with me?"

She looked round again. Her face was calm and bright, though indescribably mournful, and the expression of her eyes was almost sane. She gazed earnestly into his face.

"Where is *he*?" she asked, in a voice which startled him with its natural tone. But her movement dashed the hope he had formed. She leaned over and placed her lips near his ear, and looked fearfully round, as if afraid of being overheard. "Is he dead?" she whispered.

Devouille knew not how to act. He hesitated a moment, and was about to reply soothingly when she again fixed her eyes upon his and wildly exclaimed,

"He is! I know he is! I see his spirit! See!" She pointed to the waters illumined by the storm-fire. "Look!" she exclaimed again; "he beckons to me! Henry, oh! Henry! yes, I will come!" and with a movement Devouille tried in vain to prevent, she sprang upon a chair, and with outstretched arms threw herself into the boiling ocean. One long, wild shriek went up to Heaven, and she sank to rise no more.

"Put up your helm! All hands shorten sail! Stand by to drop anchor! Lower away the long-boat!" shouted Devouille in quick succession. She rounded suddenly and dangerously up—the sails, strained before, now taken aback, ripped and split in a thousand

places, and streaming in the wind in numberless ribbons, soon left her under bare poles. Their rottenness, probably, saved the ship, and the lives of all on board. Almost at the same moment the storm broke upon her in all its fury, and the boat swamped almost as soon as it touched the water.

"We must ride it out here," said Devonille to the mate ; "no boat can live in this sea, but we must recover the body if possible."

They had been running along the coast of Jamaica, and finding they were near enough to the land to gain soundings, he was alarmed lest the wind should strand him before morning. There was no help now, however, and dropping his best bower, he prepared to ride out the gale.

All night he paced the deck in a state of mind defying description. Twice he ordered the boat to be lowered again for another effort to recover the unhappy girl. But no boat could live for a moment in that sea, now lashed into tenfold fury. Scarcely would it touch the water before it filled ; and, at last, in anguish which was the more intolerable because he felt not guiltless, he was forced to give up the effort, and turn his attention to his vessel. Not answering to his expectations, the wind did not lull when its first force was expended ; but howling through the rigging, and tearing to shreds even the ribbons of canvas that still hung to the ropes, the storm continued unabated. In a few moments the rain began to descend, pouring down in drowning floods, making the very air thick with water. A new danger now appeared : he soon found that his anchor dragged, and inferring correctly from the shallowness of his soundings, that he was very near the coast, he had reason to apprehend that his vessel would be forced upon the strand, and torn to pieces by the tempest. Every few minutes, as he paced rapidly back and forward, he would be almost overthrown by a sudden movement of the vessel, as the anchor slid along the bottom. Occasionally a tremendous billow would lift her off her cable, and jerking the heavy bower from its hold, would hurl her madly a long distance towards the shore. The horrors of his situation were increased, too, by the terrors of imagination, now vividly excited by the awful tragedy which had been enacted before his eyes ; and he thought that at intervals he could hear that wild, drowning shriek, as it rose upon the roaring wind far away to leeward.

By almost imperceptible degrees the wind went down. Another anchor was dropped ; and, at last, when the roaring of the surf upon the shore could be distinctly heard in the intervals of the tempest, he had the satisfaction to find that his vessel no longer moved. Had the

gale held an hour longer, he must inevitably have been stranded. When day dawned, the wind had fallen to a gentle breeze, and the clouds having been borne away, the sun shone out in the splendid brilliancy of that tropical latitude. Directly astern, and not more than a mile distant, lay a low, flat shore, wreck upon which he had thus almost miraculously escaped. Every boat was lowered with the first dawn, and taking one himself, and directing the others to row along the shore on each side of him, Devouille set out to search for the corpse of her who could no longer be living. In a current such as had been running all night upon the shore, it was probable that so light a body would be drifted upon the sands ; and, as he neared the shore, his expectations were confirmed.

Lying folded in the arms of death, drifted like a flower among the seaweed which twined lovingly around her, near the brink of the now rippling waters, lay the lifeless form. It was a scene to touch the hardest heart ; and as they laid her gently into the boat, not a word was spoken. In silence, and even in tears, the rough sailors pulled away again for the schooner. Not an eye was dry as they lifted over the vessel's side the beautiful, though cold form of her who had, but a few days before, been full of life and love and hope.

---

Raising his anchor, Devouille again set sail, and heading towards Carthagena, he was soon far away from the spot which had become so full of painful recollections.

---

## C H A P T E R X V.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."—HENRY V.

It would be difficult to describe the state of mind in which Henry landed at Kingston. Already depressed by recollections which lapse of time and change of scene had scarcely mellowed, this new misfortune fell upon him with benumbing force. Consciousness of rectitude of intention, however strong it may be to sustain us under most circumstances, is but a weak support when we cannot avert the consequences of our mistakes, or rebuild the ruined happiness of others. Henry felt, indeed, that he had not been so culpable as he had been in earlier days ; but he could not help reproaching himself with criminal neglect, in not sooner flying from an intercourse which had resulted so tragically. And though in his moments of reflection, he knew he

had intended to avert evil, by giving the explanation he had made, yet he also felt that that explanation had not been as full as he might have made it. And now he was painfully convinced from Carlota's subsequent course, that she had not understood him. He blamed himself, therefore, as every morbidly sensitive mind would have done ; and in grief which no companionship or diversion could alleviate, he remained in melancholy inaction among the strange people of Kingston. He had but one acquaintance there whom he recognized, except in the reserved manner which had become natural to him. This was an English merchant, whom he had constituted his agent, and through whom was transacted all the intercourse he yet kept up with his native land. His association even with him was limited almost entirely to the business transactions in which he was employed ; and but seldom did any communication take place between them, except upon such occasions.

With a strong, active mind like his, however, mere melancholy and inaction could not long prevail ; and recovering gradually from the stupor in which he had been steeped when he landed, he began again to long for active employment. He had never heard of the catastrophe which had so suddenly terminated Carlota's existence. Devouille had been retained at Carthagena, and again attached to Brion's fleet, which was then cruising off the coast of Cumana. Left thus to believe that she had reached her home, and striving to think that familiar scenes would soon bring back her wandering intellect, his mind gradually recovered its tone.

He had landed in Kingston in December, 1819, and it was now late in the following year. For more than twelve months he had heard nothing from home—not even a newspaper had fallen into his hands. Newspapers were not named *Legion* in 1820, as they are now in 1850. But strolling one day into the store of Mr. Langley, he was shown into the counting-room, and for the first time in several years his eye fell upon an American journal. It was of but little interest in itself, but it came from his native land ; and all who have ever been long separated from the scenes and friends of their early life, will understand the avidity with which he perused its columns. It contained, among other dull things, a debate in Congress, in which the clear intellect and bold tone of thought that distinguished Harry Poindexter, had been brought to bear upon a question of statesmanship. Henry read it with the same avidity with which he would have read anything else from home ; and was not disposed to disagree with the warm compliments of the editor in his review of the speech. It was "a masterly effort," and

though the ~~com~~ments were from the special organ of Poindexter's party, in C——, Henry felt that, contrary to the usual fact, they were just and well-founded.

Turning the paper, his eye fell upon a list of marriages; and among others, was announced the marriage of Miss Olivia Poindexter, to Charles Everley, Esq., whom the reader will recollect. In close and appropriate proximity were announcements of deaths; and he started when his eye fell upon the following paragraph:

*“Died, at his late residence in Fulton street, on Friday evening, Frederick Preston, Esq., in the forty-seventh year of his age.*

“Funeral this evening, at 4 o'clock.”

Full of the crowding recollections which this announcement recalled to his memory, he laid the paper down, and left the house.

She was alone, then! and he who had aspired to cherish and sustain her was far away, among strange scenes, in foreign lands! His first resolution was to return to her immediately; but with reflection came calmer thoughts. He remembered her scruples, her delicate feelings of honor, her self-denying love, and, more than all, the wrong he had done her. He had no reason to think that years had been more powerful to efface the memory from her mind than from his own; he reflected, perhaps correctly, that his return would again open the wounds which time alone could close; and he was certain that if he even knelt to her as he had done before, she would reject his hand now, as she had done then. She could not want friends, for he knew her father had left her wealth; he recollects the contents of Calton's letter in regard to Olivia Poindexter; and as she was now married, he doubted not that he would find Eliza, if he ever returned, an inmate of her house. Time not only works many changes in mere external things, he also changes the feelings with which we view them; and what is now not to be thought of for a single moment, a year hence may appear most natural and proper. A few years before, perhaps the very last place he would have thought of selecting, would have been any place where she was likely to meet Harry Poindexter; now, time and occurrence had so changed all the circumstances, that he almost took it for granted that with Olivia she would not only most probably seek, but also there would most properly find, a refuge.

Still, he longed to return. Long wandering had wearied him, and made him wish for repose. But calm, though perhaps not very logical reflection soon satisfied him that the time had not yet arrived. He had never given up the hope of once more meeting his earliest and his only love; he had not even ceased to ~~and~~ <sup>anticipate</sup> the removal of her objec-

tions to becoming his ; and it was with a feeling of hope, almost the only ray which illuminated his otherwise dark pathway, that he looked forward to their meeting. But he felt that many years would be necessary to blunt the emotions and mellow the feelings which had produced the necessity for his absence. He felt that time could not effect a more rapid change in her than in him ; and he therefore determined to lengthen the period of his voluntary exile, until his consciousness should assure him that his return would secure the happiness, the hope of which he could not relinquish.

Having once formed this resolution, he felt the necessity for action returning upon him more forcibly than ever. He had received several letters from General Bolivar, one of which disclaimed the severe measures of General Sanander, and invited him to return to the Main. Another had reached him by the hands of Francesco Zea, whom he met at Saint Thomas, on his way to England, to procure the countenance of that government to the new Republic. This letter detailed the articles of an armistice and convention, which had been entered into between Bolivar and Morillo, by which the sanguinary mode of conducting the war hitherto pursued, was to be superseded by "the ordinary usages among civilized nations." Henry had left the service chiefly because he felt that the cause of liberty, stained as it was by such cruelties as those practised, perhaps in justifiable retaliation, by Sanander, could never prosper ; and the removal of that objection was of course a great inducement to rejoin it. But, absorbed at the moment of their reception by the recollection of Carlota's recent bereavement, neither the letters nor the splendid offers and representations Zea was authorized to make, had moved him for a moment from his resolution.

In the present moment, however, his mind returned to them ; and looking again for the letters which he had thrown aside, he read and re-considered their import. His strongest and only insuperable objection was now removed ; and this fact, combined with his renewed anxiety for action, decided him at once to write to Bolivar, to ascertain whether he was still willing to receive his services. That chieftain, after various successes and reverses, unnecessary here to be enumerated, had at last driven the Spaniards in New Granada into three fortresses, Carthagena, Santa Martha and Mompox, and taken complete possession of the remainder of the country. In Venezuela, he had on foot about twelve thousand men ; and though they were scattered with his usual want of concentration, they were still sufficient to hold in check, and indeed to confine, the Spaniards to Calabozo, Porto

Cabello, and a few other places on the sea-coast. The Royalist cause was evidently on the decline. Don Pablo Morillo, the able Viceroy, as soon as he had concluded the armistice, had retired from the country, to console himself for his many toils in the arms of a rich, young and beautiful bride, who awaited his return at Cadiz. The patriot cause wore a more promising aspect that it had worn for many years; and nothing now but the most egregious incapacity could fail to drive the Spaniards from the Main for ever. Bolivar, taught by experience the value of foreign troops, had assembled about four thousand foreigners, whom he had organized into an efficient corps; and was anxious to augment it by every means in his power.

Although himself a man of very limited military capacity, he had learned to detect superior ability in others; and he neglected no opportunity to secure the services of any foreigner or native, who he thought could serve the cause or himself. It was with this view that he had written to Henry. What he had himself seen, combined with the representations of General Urdaneta, had convinced him that by his bravery, zeal and talents, he could be of great service to the cause. It was with very considerable chagrin, therefore, and probably with an increased respect for Henry, that he had heard of his refusal to accept the promotion tendered him; and he likewise expressed great dissatisfaction with the course of General Sanander. Even the harsh language reported to him, (at least not diminished in rigor,) as coming from Henry to himself, had not decreased his regret on losing his support; and overlooking the insult to himself, for the time, (with, however, a determination to avenge it when he could afford to do so,) he wrote to Henry as we have related, again offering the commission he had rejected. It was with considerable disappointment, then, that he learned, (through Zea,) that his overtures were coldly received and immediately declined. Now, even in the promising state of his affairs, it was a source of great gratification to him, to receive the letter which Henry wrote him. He lost no time in replying—offering such honors as would have satisfied a far more ambitious man than Henry.

Arranging his business, therefore, the latter left Kingston in the beginning of 1821, on board a French brig; he sailed for Barcelona, from whence he immediately set out across the country for San Fernando de Apure, where Bolivar's head-quarters then were.

Arriving in Bolivar's camp on the eve of a movement upon the interior of Venezuela, where Miguel de la Torre, the famous coward, then commanded, he was received by the General with great distinction publicly; and privately, with the open courtesy which distinguished him.

"Welcome!" exclaimed Bolivar, embracing him and leading him into his marquée, "I have been anxiously looking for you for several days."

"I was detained at San Carlos," replied Henry, "by some informality in my pasaport; and without your letter I might not now have been here."

"My orders have been very stringent," said Bolivar, apologetically, "on account of the Royalist emissaries traversing the country. But you are in time."

"I see signs of a movement—may I ask whither?"

"You have not forgotten the signs of the camp, then," said he smiling. "We march to-morrow for Carabobo,—I hope for the last time. Will you oblige me by taking command of your old corps for the present? Your commission shall be made out at the earliest moment possible."

It may be as well to say here that this promise was never fulfilled.

"Is the battalion here?" asked Henry, in surprise.

"Yes—arrived yesterday, under command of a young officer—"

"Captain Parano?" interrupted Henry.

"The same, I believe," said Bolivar; "too young to command so large a force, however experienced he may be."

"Time must have dealt roughly with me," thought Henry. "Parano is at least three years older than I am."

"I will excuse you now," said Bolivar, "so that you can visit and inspect them—I will expect you at dinner."

Henry bowed and went in search of his battalion, now augmented to nearly a thousand a men. Already the news of his arrival had spread among them, and several hundreds were assembled upon their parade ground, and among the line of officers' tents, awaiting him. His meeting with the companions of so many dangers, and the announcement that he was once more to take the command, were received with an enthusiasm which went far to reconcile him to a service, even yet somewhat distasteful.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,  
The feast of vultures and the waste of life!"—LAKE.

THE village of Carabobo, towards which Bolivar now directed his march, stands some six leagues from the city of Valencia, and about the same distance from San Carlos, although these two places are not, on a straight line, twelve leagues apart. The road here passes between a deep and impassable morass on the one side, and on the other a succession of rocky hills, at that time supposed to be inaccessible even to infantry. Immediately in front of the village the plain furnishes room enough for thirty or forty thousand men to manoeuvre very conveniently; but closing suddenly up between the hills and the morass, it forms a pass where no more than a front of one hundred men could be at once engaged. Beyond this the plain again opens as the hills recede, but not so widely, confined as it is on one side by the morass; and the line of low, bushy, and rocky ridges, cut up into frightful gullies and dark ravines, furnishes a support for the flank of an army not to be turned. At least such was the opinion of Morales, who suggested the position to De La Torre.

The Spanish force, consisting of about seven thousand men, was posted on the hither or village side of the pass, with its right resting on the hills and its left upon the morass. La Torre had so disposed his cavalry as to sally through the pass upon the first attack, and in case of necessity retire through an opening which was protected, and could be again filled, by infantry. Upon the hills on the right, and at convenient distances along the line, was posted his artillery, supported by masses of infantry and cavalry; and along the fringes of the morass were extended riflemen, entirely secure from close attack, but sufficiently near the necessary line of approach to harass and gall the flanks of the assailing columns.

"A strong position," said Bolivar, as with his brilliant staff he rode up before the enemy's line, on the morning of the 26th of June, 1821. "A position which I fear we will have trouble in forcing."

"One which, nevertheless, we *must* force," curtly replied a dark-browed, square-built man in a general's uniform. It was General Bermudez who had recently entered Caracas, after its evacuation by the Spanish General Carrea.

"The fate of the republic hangs upon it," said General Paez, "but it must all be hazarded here. What are the General's thoughts?" turning to Bolivar with an expression about his haughty lip, in which respect but sparingly mingled.

"I hesitate to risk the fate of Colombia on a single throw," said Bolivar; but a murmur, only partially suppressed, ran through the crowd of officers about him, and warned him that he must advance at all hazards.

"Will the Commander-in-chief attack to-day?" inquired a swarthy, ill-dressed and sharp-visaged officer, riding forward. It was Sedeno, whose rude cavalry had become so celebrated throughout all lands.

"Yes," said Bolivar, slowly. "What is it, General Grahame?" he added, as he noticed Henry riding forward with a short, meanly-dressed man, who had guided him from Apure.

"This man," replied he, "whose fidelity I can answer for, says there is a footpath over the hills to our left, by which La Torre's right can be turned; and he offers to guide a detachment to his rear."

"Are you willing to trust yourself with him?" asked Bolivar.

"Perfectly," said Henry, "and can ask no greater favor."

"I will answer for him," said Paez, "and if you send a detachment under his guiding, I claim the command of it."

"You shall have it, sir," said Bolivar. "I will send fifteen hundred men, and among them (if you will lead them, General Grahame,) your present command."

"Nothing could be more agreeable to me," said Henry.

"I was about to ask the same order," said Paez, courteously bowing to Henry.

"You will march immediately, then," said the General-in-chief. "Take General Grahame's corps, the Sacred Squadron, and *Los Bravos de Apure*. Will that be enough?"

"I would ask that the English Battalion be added to the column," said Paez.

Colonel Ferrier, who commanded the corps mentioned—a regiment of foreigners, probably the most reliable corps in the service—was sent for, and ordered to hold himself in readiness for an immediate movement, with four hundred of his best infantry. Riding slowly back, Bolivar prepared his forces for the attack.

Artillery was first tried; but after a few discharges it became evident that the redoubts thrown up to fortify the Royalist position, protected them so completely as to make cannonading a mere waste of ammunition. The guns were silenced, and a strong body of infantry was

wheeled into a close column of attack. Advancing upon the pass, they were soon under the fire of the *tirailleurs*, along the borders of the morass, to whom they replied in straggling shots from the fringes of the column. This dropping fire continued and increased as the column advanced within range ; and very soon afterwards, booming out along the whole line, and sending up clouds of white smoke, the artillery opened on them—with, however, but little effect. Almost every competent artillery officer had retired from the Spanish service soon after the resignation of Morillo ; so that La Torre's guns were but ill-served and very slightly effective. Giving but little attention to the skirmishers who galled their flanks, the column slowly but steadily advanced to within musket range of the fortified position ; receiving here a heavy discharge of small arms, they returned it from the front and edges of the column, and according to their orders, slowly retired. They were immediately replaced by another column, which performed precisely the same movement, only advancing a little nearer the Spanish line ; thus compelling them to withdraw a battery of four guns, which had been advanced beyond supporting distance, in order the more effectually to rake the advancing assailants.

Their place was supplied, as soon as they had retired, by a heavy squadron of lancers ; and the infantry reforming in line, and leaving the road clear, Sedeno came galloping down with about one thousand of his *Llañeros*. Nothing could exceed the grotesqueness of their appearance. Clad, without a single exception, in white trowsers, without shirts or coats, and the places of these usually indispensable garments supplied by long *rebozos*, or blankets, their heads thrust through a hole in the centre, and the ends flying wildly behind them as they galloped forward—they presented an appearance truly peculiar. With all their tatterdemalion equipment, however, they were really efficient troops ; and as they came thundering down the road, with a speed which threatened to carry them entirely through the Spanish line, they were well calculated to confuse and terrify even better disciplined troops than those of La Torre. Throwing a battalion of heavy infantry across the road, Morales received the charge upon their bayonets ; and though they were firm and unmoved amid the tumult inseparable from a charge of cavalry, many were killed by the long lances of Sedeno's men. Hurling their lances where they were too short to reach the enemy, some of these fierce cavaliers drew their heavy sabres ; and clashing with the bristling bayonets, the sound of steel upon steel rang clear and musical over the tumult. But the line of infantry stood unmoved and firm—presenting a front of regularity, with advanced foot and steady eye,

each dark soldier held his bayonet sternly to the charge. Over the heads of those in front continually poured a stream of bullets—from the battalions closely ranked, and even *huddled* together in the second line. Finding it impossible to break the infantry, and having fulfilled his orders—to make a feint which was near becoming a serious attack—Sedeno drew off his men, and gave place to another still stronger column, coming up to the assault.

The hours wore gradually away, and the intermitting attacks still continued. Increasing in force and obstinacy, each successive column approached nearer to the enemy's line, and disputed the ground more pertinaciously. About noon General Bermudes headed a body of Mar-garitans, whom he had added to the patriot forces, and marched with his accustomed air of resolution along the now bloody road. Without firing a gun, and disregarding the fire in front and flank, he rushed with quickening pace directly upon the redoubt; and springing like a tiger, which he resembled, upon the parapet, his example carried his men in one body within the entrenchment. The first line was carried, and battalion after battalion was thrown into it, until it was effectually mastered.

Neither party now exposed itself much; but by constantly threatening a sally, and by massing body after body within the cover, Bolivar compelled the Spaniard gradually to concentrate almost his whole force upon this point. Having succeeded shortly afterwards in planting a battery upon the slope of one of the hills, but a few hundred yards from the key of the position, he dismounted Morales' battery of four guns, which had been obliged to retire; and Bermudes, seeing their situation, sent out a detachment from the left (what had been the right) of the captured trench, and seized and spiked the guns before they could be withdrawn.

In the meantime, the column under Paez forced its way with the greatest difficulty over deep-washed ravines and almost inaccessible crags. The route by which they were led was a mere goat-path, where the cavalry were compelled to march in single file, and along which the sharp flints penetrated the shoes of the infantry, and dreadfully lacerated their feet. Tearing off their shirts to bind them up, however, these indefatigable men pushed slowly forward. Having gained the summit of the ridge, they caught a distant view of the plain beneath; but to avoid the chance of being seen, the cavalry were ordered to dismount, and thus leading their horses they began the descent. The road now became more practicable; and descending rapidly towards the plain, about noon they halted within the cover of

a thick grove of palms, and awaited the signal to sally into the plain. Henry was placed in the van with his guerillas, supported by Colonel Ferrier, with the English battalion, and followed by the two squadrons named above.

One man had been left on the summit of the hill, which could be seen from the road, whose duty it was, when he saw Paez formed in the valley, to hoist a red flag as a signal to Bolivar. Another flag in the captured trench answered the signal, and the soldier waved his banner to the ambushed party far beneath him.

"Forward!" shouted Paez; and with the speed of an arrow driven from the bow, Grahame's squadron thundered down upon the enemy's rear. On issuing from the grove which had concealed them, they found themselves upon a level plain about three hundred yards wide: this extended to the right of the Spanish entrenchments, and led them directly upon the masses of infantry collected around that point, now simultaneously and furiously attacked in front by Bermudes and his Margaritans. Across this *plateau* the speed of the assailants became terrific, and being joined by the battalion of Apure, whom Paez vainly endeavored to restrain, Henry fell suddenly, almost before his approach was known, upon the enemy's rear. Crashing and plunging among their disordered ranks, the wild mountaineers bore down all opposition; and breaking through the third and second lines successively, they fell with fury upon the first, now hotly engaged both in front and rear. Scattered and broken by the impetuous passage of the cavalry through their disjointed lines, the infantry still strove to repair the confusion; but the English battalion coming forward at quick time, with levelled bayonets, were down upon them with overwhelming steadiness, before a single formation could be effected. Entirely routed, the mass of infantry which had supported the extreme right, fled in confusion to the rear of the cavalry under General Morales. That officer, however, jealous of La Torre, and dissatisfied with his appointment by Morillo, thought this a convenient opportunity to avenge himself upon a man who had been lifted by favoritism alone, above the heads of himself and more able men; and in open defiance of several orders to that effect, refused to charge. Even to the earnest solicitations of his own officers, his answer was a decided and angry negative; and leaving the infantry to sustain the fight, he slowly retired from the field. One squadron alone, disregarding his orders, attempted to charge the English, but finding themselves charged in turn by the Sacred Squadron, they were forced precipitately to retire, broken and disordered.

As soon as the signal had appeared upon the hill, Bolivar had ordered a final attack upon the enemy's position ; and having accumulated a large body of reserved infantry in and along the captured trench, he now hurled them against the Spaniards in front, while Paez suddenly fell upon their rear. Rushing impetuously forward, they overleaped the second trench, and were soon fighting hand to hand with the hard-pressed royal infantry. The second and third lines had given way before Grahame's charge, and the first, though reinforced by a body of troops brought hastily up from the left, began slowly to retire. Collecting the remainder of his cavalry, and leaving Henry with the English battalion to prosecute his successes, Paez joined his forces with those of Sedeno, and fell with irresistible fury upon the struggling mass.

La Torre had committed an irretrievable blunder in wedging almost his whole force in the narrow pass, where the least confusion must soon become inextricable ; and this oversight now gave Paez an advantage which he was not slow to improve. Falling suddenly upon one or another side of the mass, wherever they attempted to deploy or to reform, he drove them violently together, while the infantry poured into them an unbroken fire from two sides of their triangular formation. Rushing upon them, and cutting them down wherever the least break appeared, Grahame's cavalry rode round the bristling but helpless mass, followed by all of Bolivar's mounted men, without order or arrangement. Battalion after battalion broke and fled, all the artillery was abandoned, and the last hope rested upon the firmness of the infantry. Nobly did they answer to the expectation. The battle was indeed lost ; but they still presented an unwavering front. Succeeding, at last, by efforts seldom made except by the Spanish infantry of past times, in forming a square, they slowly retired across the plain, defying every attempt to confuse or break them.

The army was what, in the pompous language of military gazettes and despatches, is called "completely routed"—that is, a great many of them ran incontinently away, a goodly number were killed and wounded, and the really valuable remainder retired from a field which the fortune of war, and the incapacity of their General, had made it impossible for them to hold. La Torre collected the infantry who had composed the square, and, with Morales' cavalry, commenced a retreat. All the artillery, baggage and camp equipage, with about a thousand prisoners, fell into the hands of the victors. On the same evening Bolivar pressed forward, and driving the royalists before him, entered Valencia in triumph. La Torre continued his retreat all night, and, at

last, reached Puerto Cabello, in which strong fortress he dejectedly shut up the remainder of his shattered forces.

The battle thus won, and the cowardice and incapacity of La Torre, decided the fortunes of the struggling Republic. That General, shutting himself obstinately up, as we have said, and refusing to send assistance to his subordinate officers in the province, retained the royal forces in Puerto Cabello, until, by sickness and desertion, their numbers dwindled to a mere handful, and the Spanish cause upon the Main was completely lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several years passed rapidly away, during which Grahame remained in the service of the Republic. But the war was over; he needed more stirring scenes; and though a reaction had commenced in his nature, and the morbid sensibility of his character had, in a measure, given way before advancing years, inaction made him unhappy. He left the service, and returned to Kingston.

It is in vain to follow his wanderings further. The scenes through which we have traced him had done their work of correction. He was a changed man—not only older, but wiser. He was changed, we have said—the purpose for which he had wandered, was already effected—one looking into his heart would have seen it. But he did not yet feel it; and it was, perhaps, the only remaining vestige of his morbidity, that he took no note of the changes within. Here we must leave him—unsettled, indeed, and still adrift, but drifting towards a better purpose, and promising to become stationary at last.

Let us return to those we have so long neglected.

## BOOK IV.

"Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap."—WINTER'S TALE.

"But say, I prithee, is he coming home?"—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"For time at last sets all things even."—MAZEPPO.

### CHAPTER I.

"The long self-exiled chieftain is restored."—LARA.

"He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime."—IDEM.

#### EIGHTEEN YEARS!

To the citizens of C——, as of all other places, they had brought many changes. But with all of these, material to our story, except one, the reader is already acquainted.

Except that upon the houses, as upon the faces of the citizens, the effects of years might be traced, the city presented, at the time when our narrative returns, almost the same appearance that marked it nearly twenty years before. Many new buildings had been erected indeed, but they were chiefly in the suburbs—private residences of men who had prospered in trade, and retired upon their gains. The street leading out towards Grahame's estate had, however, been extended by a row of business houses; and the noisy waves of traffic now broke upon the very limits of his grounds.

The older part of the town was as we left it, with the addition here and there of a larger or a finer building, the fruit of successful business, which had replaced its time-worn predecessor. The old hotel, which, in the younger days of the growing city, had enjoyed a just celebrity for the comfort and even elegance of its entertainment, had been enlarged and remodelled, and now bore the same relation to its former self, that the pompous alderman bears to the quondam spruce merchant.

In front of this Hotel, one bright evening, in the latter part of May, 1830, sat several groups of gentlemen, enjoying the early summer air, under a row of shade-trees on the outer edge of the wide pavement. Here was a noisy group of young men merrily talking

and laughing, and indolently puffing clouds of smoke into the still moonlit air. Here might be seen a sedate couple conversing in low tones beneath one of the trees; and there, another, promenading slowly up and down in front of the wide hall-door. Within was the usual bustle of such places; and through the open windows might be heard the jingling of glasses at the bar, or the loud laugh of the drinkers, as they jested over their cups. On the opposite side of the hall was the reading-room; and standing at the rows of desks, or reclining upon the sofas, were numerous persons glancing over the newspapers. Servants were running hither and thither in the usual confusion of such a place, and occasionally ushering in the guests who arrived by coach or car.

Immediately in front of the door, within the light of the hall-lamp, sat two young men conversing in guarded tones. The taller of the two was distinguished by a dark eye, handsome and expressive face, and an air which denoted the man of talent, a little tinged by the eager spirit of genius. The other, though not so tall as his companion, had still a commanding figure; and his face, though somewhat sinister, was expressive and attractive. The former was Genevese Calton, the son of our friend of former years. The other was what is called "a promising young man"—that is, one, the promises of whose youth are too extravagant ever to be redeemed—Charles Overton, by name, and by occupation a student at law.

"How long has Grahame been absent?" asked Overton. They had been speaking of the extension of the city towards Henry's property; and from this the transition was natural.

"A few months over eighteen years, I think," said Genevese.

"Where is he now—do you know?"

"I do not. His last letter to my father was dated at Rio Janeiro, near two years ago. I wrote to him in reply, but have not yet heard from him."

"What is the story about him in connection with Miss Preston?"

"She is said suddenly to have retired from society on his departure, while she was very young and universally admired. Her beauty now sufficiently attests the singularity of the resolution. But whether his departure and her seclusion were in any way connected, I cannot say. I believe they were intimate, and if I recollect aright, it was surmised, just before he left, that they were to be married."

"His departure must have taken everybody by surprise, then."

"It did; and the gossips were at fault for a long time—though I believe they finally settled upon some obscure story about a pledge he

had given to his father, never to be married. The only reliable facts about the story are their intimacy, his departure, and her seclusion."

"She must have been very beautiful when young."

"She was. I remember her, I believe, before Grahame's departure. She is beautiful now—for time seems to have dealt very kindly with her. She is of course not so cheerful and airy as she was eighteen years ago; but even now she is more beautiful than many at seventeen."

"Is there not a strong resemblance between her and Mary Pindexter?"

"I have often thought so; but when I attempt to trace the features I have always lost the resemblance."

"I believe it is principally in the expression. Is not Mary an adopted daughter of Mrs. Poindexter?"

"Yes—adopted in Washington. Her father was a clerk in one of the Departments, named Doyle, who died within a week of his wife, and thus left Mary destitute and alone."

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of a stage coach, which drew up at the door. A middle-aged man, with bronzed features and dark eyes, stepped out upon the pavement. He cast a glance down the street and then up at the building, as if striving to recall it to his memory. His gaze rested for a moment on the young men; and then as he turned away they recognized the erect carriage and assured step of the experienced traveller, with not a little of the air of the soldier. He was firmly built and well proportioned—his person being thus in unison with a face which, both for its features and expression, struck the young men as very remarkable. Its beauty, however, consisted chiefly in the calm, proud and yet sad expression of features not otherwise handsome or regular.

"I have seen that face before," said Calton, as the stranger entered the house.

"It is not one easily forgotten, I would suppose," replied his companion.

"It would not surprise me much," continued Genevese, slowly, "if he were the subject of our conversation but a moment ago."

"Grahame, do you mean?"

"Yes. It has been many years since I saw him, and Time must have changed him—still I would not be mistaken if that were he."

"Did you not say it was his intention never to return?"

"No. My father has told me often that he would return at some time—but when, he did not know, nor do I believe Grahame himself knew."

"Well, his movements *have* been very much like those of a man who does not know his own mind, I must admit." The supercilious tone in which this was said, would have given a close observer a clear insight into his character.

"His movements," said Calton, firmly but gently, "have been somewhat erratic; but I believe no man better knows his own mind than Henry Grahame. My father travelled with him when he was very young, and was his intimate friend afterwards; and from what I have heard from him, I have formed an idea of Grahame which is anything but that of a man either objectless or abandoned."

"Perhaps so," said the other, indifferently. "Here he is now. He seems to be seeking some one."

"It must be he!" said Calton, musingly. The stranger was accompanied by old Parker the landlord, who was speaking as they came out.

"He was here a few minutes since," said he.

"Whom do you seek?" asked Overton.

"Mr. Calton," said Parker, and Genevèse rose.

"Ah!" said Parker, "this is the gentleman—what name shall I give him?"

"None—none at present," said Grahame, in the rich, mellow tones which time had only strengthened, not deepened. "Will you be good enough to walk up stairs with me, Mr. Calton? I will supply the omission there."

"I believe I can supply it here, sir," said Genevèse, "and no man could more readily command me than yourself."

There was a tone in Calton's voice which Henry recognized as that of his father; and the quiet, but earnest bearing of the man, equally denoted his identity. Henry took his hand, and pressed it warmly. There was a kindness and dignity in his manner which won the young man's heart.

"Who can he be?" said Parker, as they disappeared within.

"Henry Grahame, I believe," said Overton.

"Henry Grahame!" exclaimed the corpulent old man. "Henry Grahame! and I not know him! But I believe you are right, after all. Well, well, well, well! this is a strange world!" And with this comprehensive reflection, the old gentleman waddled in.

In five minutes (more or less,) it was generally known (at least within the Hotel,) that Grahame had returned at last.

## CHAPTER II.

"And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes, long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long."—COLERIDGE

On the same evening, and about the hour of Grahame's arrival, a group of five persons occupied a neat parlor in a large, though unpretending mansion, on the same street with the residence of Harry Pindexter. That gentleman was himself seated at the front window, talking in low tones with his brother-in-law, our ancient friend Everley, now grown fleshy and bearing the appearance of a respectable man in the prime of life, who was prosperous and contented. The cares and excitements of an active political life had somewhat shaded Harry's face; but there was still to be traced the placid expression of significant meaning, belonging to his earlier years. He was also in the prime of life, handsome and intellectual, and bearing the *prestige* of a rising name. He had now been a member of Congress for many years; and having risen to the Senate, bade fair to acquire a life estate in that body. His talents, equally effective in the open contests and secret intrigues of political circles, had made him indispensable to his party; while the readiness and power with which he wielded his pen made him feared by even those of his enemies whose insignificance protected them from his public assaults. The insinuating address, the suavity and kindness of his manners, had also contributed in no small degree to attach those who were already his friends, and to win many of those who were not.

A short distance from the gentlemen were seated three ladies, two of whom we have seen. Olivia, now Mrs. Everley, was much changed; and though the dignity she had always exhibited might be said to have softened into sadness, her face still wore an expression of contentment: and it was plain, that whatever cause had produced her union with Everley, his gentle disposition had won an affection which is often the growth of wedlock. She had married him as a step of deliberate expediency, to escape from the fancies which haunted her. But she knew he loved her, too; and she had married him with the full determination so to demean herself as a wife, as for ever to exclude the suspicion that his love was not as warmly returned as it was devotedly given. The effort for a time thus to fulfil the strictest duties of her station, with-

drew her mind from unpleasant memories; and the lapse of years justified her utmost hopes. Everley was kind, forbearing and gentle; and in his character she found a congeniality for which she had never dared to hope. She had never conceived a *passion* for him: perhaps, had she done so, her happiness now would have been less complete. But the round of identical interests, producing sympathy and unity of feeling, had gradually blended the separate currents of their lives into one stream; and the habit of constant association and contact, where there was nothing positively repellent, had produced a congeniality which but a few years sufficed to kindle into a sober but strong affection—often more lasting than the warmer feeling of youthful love.

Near Olivia, her head resting upon her hand, and her eyes wandering out of the window, sat Eliza Preston. Time had doubled her years since we last saw her; but one who had known her at both periods would not have supposed that more than one fourth of these years had actually been added to her age. She was evidently older, however; but the sad expression which combined with the paleness of her countenance made it even more interesting than when we first saw her. The light of her eye, eloquent of long-cherished hope, redeemed its expression from despondency; and her voice had all the clearness and richness of her younger years, with none of its youthful lightness. She could smile, too,—even cheerfully, though composedly, and only for a moment. Yet, there was even in that evanescent smile, evidence that her heart was not broken,—that the balm of a contrite but hopeful spirit had preserved her from utter desolation. Although repentance with earnest thought had softened and subdued the strength of her spirits, there was still in her heart a mine of trustfulness and capacity for endless happiness. Her form yet preserved its fulness and propriety of contour; and the roundness of her waist and the symmetry of her bust were as conspicuous as in her younger days.

She turned her face at a remark from Olivia, and her eye rested upon the subject of their conversation. Seated at the piano was a young girl, just entering upon womanhood, the light of whose beauty was the only ray of youth which had ever shone into the childless home of Poindexter. It was his adopted daughter—adopted by a fancy of his wife, when a mere child, and reared to be the beautiful creature now before them. Just turned of her seventeenth year, she presented all the attractions of form and face we admired in Eliza Preston—to whom she bore a strong resemblance. She had the same large blue eye, the same rich, brown hair, with the same symmetrical

form which had first attracted Grahame more than eighteen years before. The same trustful spirit marked the play of her flexible features—and in her merry but thoughtful laugh, there was the same sunny guilelessness.

She was running her fingers carelessly over the keys and looking absently at the poetry of a song at which the book on the rack was open. She slowly struck the notes of the music, and poured forth in the rich tones of a mellow voice the simple but affecting words of one of the songs then admired. The graceful form, the white fingers which played over the not whiter keys; the expression of her sunny but now subdued face, and the tremulous tones of her voice—as in strains perfectly in keeping with the language she poured forth its melody and pathos—formed an impression so unique in its combination, that it seemed that if either were withdrawn the character of the music would not be complete. A shadow crossed her face—like the reflection of a fleeting cloud on the surface of a tranquil lake—and disappearing as the enthusiasm of feeling deepened in the song, a ray of magical beauty illumined her changing features, and seemed to shine in golden beams from the fountains of light within.

“How beautiful she is!” said Olivia.

“Beautiful indeed!” sighed Eliza, and she turned her face again to the window.

“Mary,” said Harry, as the notes of the song died gradually away, “that is a new song; is it not? I have never heard it before, have I?”

“I think not, Pa,” said she, rising, “and if you had you would probably have forgotten it. You and Uncle Charles are so immersed in politics that I fear you will forget it even now. Do,” she continued, seating herself upon an ottoman and leaning upon his knee, “do let us talk of something else now—only a little while—politics are so musty!” She took a pamphlet playfully from Harry’s hand and threw it upon the table beside him.

“I thought you were something of a politician yourself,” said Everley.

“O! yes! I am sometimes—when I can find any one as ignorant as myself. But you and Pa fatigue me—”

“Because you do not understand us—is it not?”

“Precisely—you pique my vanity by going beyond my depth. Now Mr. Overton never troubles me in that way.” She laughed gaily at the inference.

“And how is it with Mr. Calton?”

“He never talks politics to me,” said she, with a blush.

"So I thought," said Harry, drily; and he resumed his pamphlet." She arose and approached Olivia and Eliza."

"You are incorrigible, I believe," said she; "I'll go and talk to aunt Olive."

"What is it, dear?" said Olivia, looking up.

"O! nothing—only these gentlemen will not give up their musty politics even to talk to *me*—isn't that bad taste?"

"Come here, then, Mary," said Eliza; "we are not politicians."

Mary seated herself beside Eliza and listened to her soft, sweet voice, with a veneration which soon dispelled the levity of her manner a moment before. She entertained for Eliza not only the warmest affection—produced by many years' experience of her kindness of heart—she also felt a subduing respect, which without restraining yet moderated her voice and qualified her words whenever Eliza was present. The latter had become an inmate of Olivia's house when Mary was yet a mere child—and even before that time she remembered her as one who always spoke kindly to her, and looked upon her with unconcealed interest. Years had gradually strengthened her affection; and after she became an inmate of Everley's house she learned to view her in the same light with Olivia. Eliza had even manifested the deepest solicitude in all that concerned her; and for the past five years had watched her budding beauty almost if not quite with the anxiety and pride of a mother.

"Who can that be?" said Olivia, as the bell was rung.

The question was answered by the entrance of Mr. Overton, whom we have seen at the hotel, when his companion was called away.

"I called at your house," said he, seating himself near the ladies and addressing Mary, "and being told you were here followed you."

"So I see," said Mary, smiling.

"I hope," continued Overton, turning to Harry and Everley, "I hope I shall not interrupt your politics, gentlemen?"

"We are not in fear of that," said Everley, "when we have Mary for a shield."

"She is shield enough to protect any one from my attacks," said Overton.

"That's rather an equivocal compliment, Mr. Overton," said Mary.

"I wish I knew how to make it less so," he replied.

"I'll tell you how—by not repeating it," she said, with a gaiety which blunted the point to all but himself.

"Mary does not seem to like compliments," said Olivia. "I hope her aversion is not produced by satiety."

"It is, however," said Mary, quickly; "satiety is not long coming when the compliments are not agreeable in themselves."

"It is already present when that is the case," said Overton, and the subject was dropped. The young man turned to Poindexter.

"Did you see Henry Grahame at New Orleans?" he asked.

Eliza had hitherto paid no attention to the conversation; but she turned at the name, and her face bore a color which only that name could call up.

"Yes—he was on Jackson's staff," said Harry. "Why?"

"I had heard something of the kind," Overton replied, "and was conversing about him a few moments ago, when the coach rolled up and out stepped the very man himself."

"Grahame returned!" exclaimed Harry.

"I suppose it was he," continued Overton; "Calton recognized him when he arrived, and I left them together at the 'National.' "

"He is not much changed, then," murmured Eliza, as if speaking to herself. Her paleness deepened, and her head drooped upon her breast. She gazed upon the floor unconscious of all around—unmindful of the presence of others—and thought only of the fruition of her hopes.

"At last! At last!" she murmured, almost inaudibly. A tear rolled down her cheek and fell on Mary's hand upon her lap. The latter started as she felt it, and drew Overton away to the piano.

"Had you not better retire, dear Eliza?" said Olivia, pressing her arm. She looked up vacantly—but recovered herself, and rising, walked slowly from the room.

"At last!" she exclaimed again, as she gained her own apartment, and sank into a chair. She gave way to a flood of gushing tears—tears of joy—the first she had shed for many a year. Trustful as ever, she thought not of the changes time might have made in him she loved; without a doubt of again seeing him, and being again happy in his love, she allowed her tears to flow without restraint.

For an hour she thus remained, then raising her head with clasped hands and streaming eyes she exclaimed—

"Father, I thank thee! I am again happy!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On Grahame's departure, Eliza had at once withdrawn from all society, refusing every invitation, and denying herself to every visitor. She went immediately to her father and revealed her troubles to him. She reserved no part of the whole truth—her love, her ruin, her refusal of Henry's hand, his reasons for departure, and his promise to

return. She dwelt so hopefully upon this promise, and seemed so perfectly bound up in the one anticipation, that the stricken parent caught a ray of her sanguine spirit, and hoped for her ultimate happiness. She communicated her resolution of concealment, for his sake and Henry's; she unfolded her plans, crude and impracticable as they were. For herself she cared nothing if she lost him; but with him, she could preserve her self-respect. She felt that it would be unjust to Henry, to her father, and to herself, to give the gossiping the knowledge of a frailty which would only delight their malignity; and she felt that if a shade were cast upon her reputation even on Henry's return, she would be compelled to reiterate her refusal of his hand; she was resolved to be his, unspotted by the sneers of the world, or never to be his at all. Neither did she wish to impose upon the world, but resolutely secluded herself even sooner than her more worldly father wished, and commenced a patient waiting for Grahame's return.

This resolution could not be said to be the result of either very calm or very deep reflection; it was rather an instinctive solution of the problem before her, worked out amid sobs and tears, by her purity and self-abasement. Hope, too, may have entered into it—a hope which Henry's promise to return had prevented from dying. The details are not necessary to our story—suffice it that she was successful in her attempt, and that the breath of scandal was never blown upon her name.

Time rolled on; her father died; and she became an inmate of Everley's house. Olivia was trusted with her secret, and with a charity which unfortunately one woman seldom feels for another, she understood her blamelessness, and forgave the frailty. With her, she had now lived several years, comparatively happy; surrounded by all that luxury and elegance required, she still looked to the future as the source from which her happiness was to flow.

That Future was now Present.

## CHAPTER III

ISABELLA.—“At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGELO.—“At any hour 'fore noon.”—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

CALTON accompanied Grahame up stairs without farther remark. “I believe you already know who thus intrudes upon you,” said the latter, as they entered the room; “I forbore mentioning my name there, because, before my return becomes known, I wish to learn something about the situation of affairs here after my long absence.”

“I am sorry,” said Calton, “I did not know your desire before; for, as I recognized you, I mentioned the fact—”

“It will make no difference,” said Henry; “I presume you can give me all the information I desire.”

“Before I proceed to do so—I may not have another opportunity soon—” said the young man, “I wish to express my gratitude to you, to whom my father informed me I was indebted for education and the means of acquiring a profession. I want to make this expression now, for to you I owe all I am or can hope to be.”

“The best evidence you can give of gratitude,” said Grahame gravely, but kindly, “is to improve the opportunities thus given you. But you owe me nothing. You once did me a service far greater than any I have rendered; and though my wilfulness prevented my profiting by it, the debt was renewed and increased by your father, whom I loved above all men on earth. The debt is on the other side, my young friend.”

He spoke gravely and feelingly; and taking Calton’s hand, continued—

“I will not insult you by offering to repay in mere gold a debt of gratitude which I owe to your father; but, remember, if you are ever in difficulty, I still owe you more than I can ever repay.”

“Still,” said Calton, “you must allow me to say how much gratitude I owe you, independently of my father’s friendship.”

“Well, well; but now let me know something about what has transpired during my wanderings. I have heard nothing since your father’s death.”

Calton, who had succeeded his father in the trust some three years before, entered into various details unnecessary to our story. His long absence had left his estates to enhance in value; and this increase had

been assisted by the smallness of his own drafts upon it. The elder Calton had managed it judiciously and safely; and the younger seemed not to have fallen below his father, either in vigilance or ability.

"And you think yourself my debtor," said Henry, after Calton had finished his statement. "To the attention of your father and yourself I am indebted for not only wealth, but even for the possession of competency."

"I have only followed my father's directions," said the young man.

"When your father died, Genevese," said Henry, "God reclaimed a soul, not only well fitted for the management of worldly affairs, but full of the warmest impulses and best promises of our nature."

Calton made no reply, but the glance of gratitude was answer more eloquent than words. A few moments were given to reflection and memory, when Grahame broke the silence.

"Tell me," said he, "of other things. What of Harry Poindexter?"

"He has been one of our senators in Congress for several years, and has been married to your cousin, Miss Murray, I believe since your departure."

"Has he any children?"

"He has an adopted daughter only; a beautiful girl, too, about seventeen."

"Who were her parents?"

"I do not know. All, I believe, that is known to any one here, is, that she was adopted in Washington, and is the daughter of a clerk in one of the departments."

"His sister, Olivia, is married too, is she not?"

"She was married some six years ago to Charles Everley. They have no children either; but there is a lady living with them whom you may recollect—Miss Preston."

"She is living with them?" said Henry, thoughtfully.

"Yes, and has been for several years; you seem to have heard of it."

"No; I only anticipated it. Is she much changed?"

"Not at all within my recollection. She is older, indeed, but time has made little change in her appearance."

"What was the state of her father's affairs when he died?"

"About, I presume, as when you knew him. He died wealthy."

"And how did people account for her sudden seclusion?"

"It created, my father has told me, a good deal of gossiping at the time. But I think it was generally attributed to your departure."

"Was her reputation ever assailed?"

"Never. She has always been considered pure as an angel."

"And so she is—so she is, and has ever been!" he exclaimed energetically; and rising, he paced the room in silence. His face bore the only marks of agitation Calton had seen during the conversation, but they passed rapidly away.

"At what hour will you be at leisure to-morrow?" he inquired, suddenly re-seating himself.

"At any hour you appoint," said Calton.

"I would be glad to have you accompany me around my property, to see such tenants as are yet alive. If you can spare me the time, I will call for you at nine."

It was arranged accordingly, and Calton left him. At about the same hour with Eliza, he retired to rest; and, like her, he did so with a heart lighter than it had been for many years. He was again in the home of his fathers, and the sunshine of his waking hours shed a halo over his dreams.

---

## C H A P T E R I V.

"Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,  
And bless thy future as thy former day."—BYRON.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the following morning, Grahame drove up to the door of the old office, and, as in days of yore, was ushered into the back room, where Genevese was sitting in the same place occupied by his father so many years before. He was in almost every respect what his father had been at his age; and as Grahame entered, he thought that but little fancy would be necessary to imagine that time had been going backward instead of forward, and that his old friend, grown young again, now sat before him. With all the many features of his father, Genevese had also those minute peculiarities of movement, look, and expression, so often contracted by children who are much with their parents. His father had been handsome—eminently distinguished by the air of gentleness which mingled with the firmness of his features. In addition to these traits, Genevese had also an enthusiasm, which sorrow had already subdued in his father when we first knew him; and which, alas! the hard experiences of life are but too well calculated to subdue.

"You see I am punctual," said Henry, as he sat down and pointed

to the clock ; "your father was always so, and to him I owe my own habit."

"He has often told me," said Genevese, "that punctuality is the essence of truthfulness, and that he who is not punctual is not conscientious."

"True," said Henry. "The habit of disregarding our promises will lead to the habit of failing in their redemption ; and he who will not regard truth in small things, will soon learn to dispense with it in greater."

"And," added Genevese, "he who is not truthful, has lost all that is valuable."

"Yes," said Henry, "even ordinary happiness. He who is not truthful is not trustful, and without trust there is no happiness."

"Yet, it is perhaps better not to have too much trust," suggested Genevese.

"It is better," said Grahame, decidedly. "But let us adjourn our discussion to the carriage."

They took their way up the street, along which Grahame had not passed for many years. They passed Poindexter's, and busy memories thronged his mind, as he recognized the unchanged garden. He looked up at the window where he had seen Olivia on the morning after the attack upon him eighteen years before. Leaning out of the window was a form of exquisite beauty. Henry's gaze was riveted by the freshness of her blooming youth, and he laid his hands upon the reins to slacken their speed. Genevese bowed deeply and kissed his hand, while a deep flush crimsoned his face. The gesture was returned timidly, but decidedly ; and Henry thought that even at that distance he could see the flush of Calton's face reflected in hers. She withdrew from the window, and Grahame looked inquiringly at Genevese.

"She is the adopted daughter of whom I told you," said the latter.

"How like Eliza, as she was long ago—long ago!" Henry murmured.

"Many think she resembles her even now," said Genevese. But Grahame was busy with his own thoughts, and they rode for some distance in silence.

"You love Mary Poindexter?" said Henry, abruptly breaking the silence.

Calton looked up, surprised ; but replied without hesitation :—

"I do : I feel I need not conceal it from *you*."

"And your affection is returned?" Henry continued, thoughtfully.

"She says so—and I believe her—nay, I know it!"

"When are you to be married?"

His countenance fell as he replied :

"We have not Mr. Poindexter's consent. He is a scheming, worldly politician, and designs strengthening his family interest by giving her hand to some higher aspirant, whose name may bring him support."

"You have then attached yourself to the other party?" said Henry, after a pause.

"Yes—and have several times met Harry in public discussion. I fear the contest has left a sting in his heart which it certainly has not in mine."

"And will she submit thus to be bartered away?"

"I think not—I hope not," said Genevieve, earnestly. "But gratitude will prevent active disobedience—she will not marry me if she does not marry another!"

"Have you ever had an explanation with Poindexter?"

"Never; but his wife has given Mary to understand what she is to expect. Poindexter always treats me with the utmost cordiality when I call—"

"He is not changed then," said Henry, slowly. "What house is this?" he asked, as they approached a large and elegant but unpretending mansion of stone.

"It is Mr. Everley's—built soon after his marriage."

This dwelling then contained her whom he had so long loved, and whom he had so deeply injured! As they passed up the street he kept his eyes fixed upon the house. A window blind was thrown open and a form leaned out to adjust the fastening. It was Eliza! He laid his hand again upon the reins, and gazed upon the image that had been with him in many changing scenes. There was the same grace, the same look of purity, but saddened and softened. Her face was paler, but if possible more beautiful in its maturity, with the same rich, brown hair of her glowing youth. The symmetrical waist, the rounded neck, the full bust—all were there! It was the dream of his exile and wandering—the form he had seen in the shadows of moonlight in tropical climes—the spirit which had floated on the sighing breeze, and whispered to him in the deep forest. It was the embodiment of the visions of his youth—the incarnation of all the lovely he had ever known or dreamed; and he gazed with a warmth which even his youth could not have excelled. Gradually their horses stopped. She looked up and their eyes met. From her face beamed the love,

the hope, which years of suffering had not subdued. Her lips parted, and she uttered his name.

“Henry!” she murmured; and in the stillness of the morning the word came floating to their ears. “Eliza!” he answered; and the love of their youthful years was again felt and known! At a sign from Grahame, Calton drove on.

“Not now—not now!” he murmured, almost inaudibly.

“I have seen him again!” exclaimed Eliza. She leaned her head upon her hand and tears of joy rolled down her yet youthful cheeks.

Grahame covered his face with his hands, and they rode on in silence. The dark periods of his exile vanished from his memory. He recalled the early years of love, but he avoided the recollection of after times—he thought of the sunshine under which his affection had grown, and saw not the shadows of the clouds upon the horizon. Or if he thought of them at all, it was only to enhance the radiance that now shone upon his heart—by the power of contrast to heighten the bliss of the present and the future. When he looked up the expression of stern reserve was gone from his face; and in its stead was a sympathy with all around him, which only happiness can produce.

They were just turning into the avenue which led to the home, where so much of joy and so much more of bitterness had marked his early life. The summer sunshine was playing in purple and golden light over the landscape—the thousand birds upon the trees beside them were loading the air with their warbled songs, until the very sunlight seemed tremulously vocal. A sighing breeze, laden with the perfumes of summer, waved the branches and bent the grass; mingling like the whisper of an angel with the songs of birds, singing a welcome to the returning wanderer.

Before him, surrounded by the stately trees under which he had reclined in his boyhood, stood the home of his youth. The windows were open to admit the breath of summer, and the door thrown back seemed to invite the entrance of the exile. The same massive portico cast its shadow upon the worn stone floor, and rested upon the columns now stained by the blasts of many winters, against which he had leaned. The same stone steps, now crumbled by the hand of time, led them upon the portico.

They entered the open door and passed into the drawing-room. There, precisely as he had left them more than eighteen years before, stood the antique Gothic chairs, the heavy, carved tables, the rich, low ottomans, and the deep, luxurious sofas. There hung the heavy mirrors in which he had marvelled to see himself reflected when a boy,

—there stood the old-fashioned mantel-ornaments, and above them still hung the portraits of his parents. They had been taken a few months after their ill-starred marriage, and the softening influence of time had but too appropriately tempered the radiance of their faces. Henry stopped before the portrait of his mother, and gazing, thought how the happiness she had then felt, had been blasted by the very means she had taken to secure its permanence.

As he stood rapt in thought, a slow step came along the hall ; the door was darkened, and transfixed with astonishment, Margaret, the nurse of his youth, gazed upon his motionless figure. She was still the kindly and sweet tempered woman of an earlier period ; and though her hair was white and her cheeks a little sunken, the affection of her mild, blue eye was not dimmed. She had come into the house nearly forty years before, and looked upon Henry almost as a son. He had given no intimation of his return, and his first notice was the scene before her.

Henry turned his head. " Margaret !" he exclaimed, and springing towards her, took her hand in both of his, and gazed into her gentle face, while a throng of recollections crowded his already burthened memory.

" Have you come back to stay with us, Henry ?" she asked, gently.

" Yes, Margaret ; I have been away too long, I shall go no more."

• " Thank God !" she said, fervently. " And why have you stayed so long away ?"

" It was necessary, Margaret—yet not because I did not love those I left behind. But I will not leave them again. Sit down here and tell me how time has hung upon you ? You are not so much changed as I expected to find you." He led her to a sofa, and seating himself beside her, gazed into her face almost as he would have gazed into the face of a long-lost mother.

" Time has been kind to me," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes. " I have lacked nothing but your presence to make me happy."

• " You must have been lonely—the house must have appeared deserted ?"

" It was lonely at first," she replied. " But I have lived in it for forty years now, and even its loneliness is companionship. I was here when you were born, and I expect to be here when I die." She drew his hair back, as if he were still the boy she remembered. " But," she continued, " I fear you will be lonely ; you have been wandering so long, you will soon be wishing to travel again. If you only had some one to keep you—some one younger than your old

nurse, who could be a fit companion for you—I would be at ease, then."

"Well, well, Margaret," said he, smiling, "your wish will soon be gratified."

"God bless you!" she exclaimed, fervently; "and God bless her too! for she must merit His blessing if you can love her."

"She does, Margaret—she does. But I want to see the house now, for I must return to town soon."

"You are not going to stay in town!" she said, in alarm. "Everything is ready for you here, for I have been expecting you a long, long time."

"I will return then, to-night," said he, and they proceeded to examine the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Grahame returned to town, upon his table he found many cards left by persons who had called in his absence; and among them that of Harry Poindexter.

"Mr. Poindexter is in the parlor awaiting your return," said the servant. A moment afterwards the door was thrown open, and the ancient rivals stood in each other's presence. Many years had elapsed since they had met; but each had preserved his identity so perfectly, that even in a crowd either would have no difficulty in recognizing the other. Harry advanced and extended his hand.

"Welcome home!" said he, warmly, but with perfect propriety. "I could not leave the house without seeing you, even at the risk of annoying you."

"A cordial welcome is an annoyance only to a churl," said Henry—somewhat stiffly, Harry thought—but it was not his cue to notice it, since Grahame shook his hand warmly.

"True," said Harry, "and none who know you will fear a repulse, unless he be conscious of deserving it."

"Be seated," said Grahame, suddenly recollecting. "I have passed so many years among barbarians that I have almost forgotten the common civilities of life."

"You have passed through many scenes, if all we have heard of you be true," said Harry. "You were with Bolivar at Carabobo, I believe?"

"Yes. But though the Colombians are uncivilized enough, it is not to them that I apply the epithet—I mean acquaintances of an earlier and a later date."

"We have had no news of your movements for several years."

"The last six years," said Henry, "I have spent among the wild

scenes of the interior of South America, and among the islanders of the Pacific."

"And are your wanderings now at an end?" asked Harry.

"I hope so," said Grahame. "I returned with the intention of spending the remainder of my life in the land where it began."

"I am truly glad to hear it," said Harry, earnestly. "But I am forgetting part of the object of my call; my wife, who by the way is your cousin, is expecting you to dinner. I was so sure that you would not refuse me, that I left a notice to the effect that I would return at two with you."

"I shall be most happy," said Henry; and the conversation turned to other topics. Soon afterwards Poindexter looked at his watch, and suggested that they proceed to his house. As they passed out, the reputation of Poindexter, and curiosity to see a man about whom they had heard so much as they had of Grahame, drew all eyes upon them.

"Is not that Henry Grahame?" asked a farmer-like man, with gray hair, who stood on the pavement, as they drove away. On being answered in the affirmative, he walked away, muttering to himself:

"Riding with Harry Poindexter! Well, well; he forgets sooner than I do!"

"What's that you're muttering to yourself, Bob?" asked another, who overtook him, and laid his hand on his arm.

"I see Henry Grahame and Harry Poindexter riding together," said the first.

"And old Bob Dawson thinks that strange—and mutters about it, does he?" replied the other, with a laugh.

"Indeed he does!" said Dawson; and disengaging his arm, he walked slowly down the street.

In the meantime Grahame and Poindexter reached the residence of the latter—passing first into the room where many years before we saw one plotting against the other's existence—so strange are the coincidences of life! They remained here, however, but a short time; when Harry led his guest across the hall into the old drawing-room.

## CHAPTER V.

"Things such as these are ever harbingers  
To trains of peaceful images."—KEATS.

SITTING directly before him as he entered, was Mary Poindexter.

Dressed simply, but elegantly, her posture was eminently calculated to set off the roundness and graceful symmetry of her form. Sitting upon an ottoman, she leaned upon the end of a sofa upon which her arm rested, listening to Mr. Overton, who was as much her slave as she could have wished. She seemed pre-occupied, however, and though she listened, one might have doubted whether she understood. As the door was opened and Henry appeared, she rose from her seat and received his salute. He gazed at her a moment with the interest which her great beauty might have accounted for, and then turned to Mrs. Poindexter. She was grown matronly and somewhat fleshy—but in her air there was an expression of high breeding and a dignity not observable when the reader first transiently saw her. Henry advanced towards her, and taking her hand, kissed it with manly grace. She exhibited the self-possession proper to the wife of such a man as Harry Poindexter, and led him to a seat.

"It is long since we met, indeed," said she; "near twenty years."

"Only a little more than eighteen, I believe," said Henry; "but that is long enough to make us rejoice the more that we meet at all."

"Indeed," said his cousin, "for several years I had despaired of ever seeing you again. We heard so much of your recklessness among the Colombians, that the announcement of your death would not have surprised us in the least. For the last three or four years we have not heard of you—pray, where have you been?"

We will not trouble the reader with the answers to the same questions so often asked. He replied to her as he had to others, and on her excusing herself he took a seat beside Mary, who had been attentively listening to his conversation with her mother.

"I have so often heard you described," said Mary, in the course of the conversation that ensued, "that I believe I would have recognized you unannounced."

"But no one here," said he, "has seen me for fifteen years."

"True—but we know in what scenes your life has been passed; and

allowing for the changes time and such a course would produce, I believe my idea was very near what I see and heard described."

"It is always pleasant," said Henry, "to know one has not been forgotten at home. But tell me who remembered me so vividly as to describe me?"

"Aunt Eliza," said she, "has often told me of you—but many other persons remember you well—though none, I think, so well as she."

"And who is Aunt Eliza?" asked Grahame.

"I call her aunt, because she appears almost like a mother to me. I mean Miss Preston."

Henry's head drooped upon his breast, and a tear started in his eye, which he walked to the window to conceal. Mary had seen it, however, and a new light began to dawn upon her.

The silence was broken by Poindexter.

"Mary," said he, "can you not end this pause with the piano?"

Without reply, she seated herself at the instrument, and poured forth one of those simple ballads whose pathos and beauty have now unfortunately given way to a style merely artificial. Her voice was sweet, though not powerful, and the song was well suited to its mellow tone. Henry turned and approached her. He had observed, when he first saw her, the strong resemblance she bore to his first love; and now again in her voice he recognized the same tones which had charmed his younger years. In conversation the similarity was not so observable; but in song it was so like, that had he shut his eyes, he might have dreamed that the stream of time had rolled back, and he was again listening to the voice which had first met his ear in this same room more than eighteen years before. He fixed his eyes upon the window through which he had stepped when he met her upon that memorable night; and as he heard those tones he almost thought the years of his exile had been only a dark dream, and he was again young and happy. But the song ceased; and he met her flushed face turned towards him with a look of ingenuous inquiry. He resumed his seat and joined but slightly in the warm compliments showered upon her by Overton.

"So Aunt Eliza appears almost like a mother to you, does she?" he said.

"I love her," replied Mary, "just as well as if she were really so."

"Do people think you resemble her, or is it only my fancy?"

"Many say I do; I hope they are right."

"Why so?"

"Because, resembling her, I could only be beautiful, and, what is better, good and kind."

"You certainly resemble her," said Henry, smiling; "and I believe your inference is correct: one who resembles her, must be all you say."

"Thank you," said she, warmly. "I knew you would say so—every one thinks so who knows her. To be called like her, is the highest compliment one can receive."

"You are enthusiastic, Mary," said Poindexter; "but you ought not to speak thus before Overton—even the sweetest song may pall by frequent repetition."

"How do you make the application to Mr. Overton?" she asked.

"He means," said the latter, "that you are in danger of hearing constant parallels between yourself and Miss Preston."

"That song would never pall to me," said she, emphatically.

"You would wish it sung sincerely, I suppose?" said Henry.

"It would be an insult otherwise," she replied; and the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Poindexter, and the announcement of dinner.

"I will secure you without further ceremony," said Mrs. Poindexter, taking Grahame's arm; and followed by Overton with Mary, they entered the old dining room—an elegantly furnished apartment, in which the reader witnessed the altercation between Harry and his sister many years before.

The dinner passed as such dinners generally do, and deserves no special remark. Harry and his wife were perfectly *au fait* in all that pertained to the duties of hospitality. Long experience in society had made his manners even more easy than when we last saw him; but his ease did not degenerate into want of dignity, nor his politeness into burthensome civility. At first the conversation was rather constrained, owing, in a great measure, to Grahame's abstraction, which he in vain endeavored to throw off. He was seated opposite to Mary, and in spite of his efforts to the contrary, his thoughts continually dwelt upon her strong resemblance to Eliza.

Poindexter, however, who was, as in former days, a consummate master of the art of conversation, gradually drew his mind off the subject, and interested him in discussions of the condition of the Republics among which he had been wandering. He was surprised to hear Harry express sentiments, which, in their depth of thought and breadth of liberality, denoted not merely the mind of the politician, but powers and principles fit to adorn the character of an enlightened

statesman; and interested in spite of his pre-occupation, he entered warmly into the speculations about the destinies of these mongrel communities. Harry had allied himself to a party in politics whose views had obtained and deserved the name of extended—some thought extravagant; and from habit, even his hard mind had become somewhat imbued with their enthusiastic spirit. He spoke eloquently, and evidently sincerely, of the admiration which the progress of free institutions excited; and indulged in a strain of anticipation which, although visionary, was attractive, and did honor to his catholic sympathies. Henry had, hitherto, viewed him as a mere man of the world, whose opinions and actions were all based upon expediency and availability; and as far as these things affected Harry's personal interests, the view was a correct one. But in the mind where it appeared that all was narrow if acute, and selfish if powerful, there was a fund of at least seeming enthusiasm, which led him to appreciate every noble effort for freedom, and which painted in glowing colors the destinies of new-born commonwealths. Henry was an enthusiast himself; and though years of exile had dampened his ardor, and familiarity with the countries had lowered his anticipations of their destinies, he was still tinctured with some of the transcendental sentiments of his youth. When he returned to the drawing-room, it was with a much better opinion of Harry than he had ever before entertained. How much of this effect was to be ascribed to Harry's quick perception of character, we must, of course, leave to conjecture.

Soon after the dining-room was vacated, a note was handed to Mrs. Poindexter from Olivia, requesting that the whole party would take tea with her. Overton alone excused himself; and a few minutes before sunset, they all proceeded to the residence of Charles Everley.

At the door they were met by Olivia. Henry recognized her, and stepped forward to take her hand. A slight tremor might have been observed in her movement as he did so; but it was only the last tribute to the love she had once felt, but had finally conquered. She had now met him, the trial was past, and she had prevailed.

Let not the young and gay laugh when we say the middle-aged and even the old may feel the affections of youth. Years may have cooled the ardor of their love—time may have healed the wounds of earlier days; but we are conscious that even among the middle-aged there are memories that partake of the nature of feelings; and sometimes a quiver of the lip, or a tremor of the hand, may denote that

though the freshness of youth is departed, it has not taken with it the remembrance of past affections. Olivia had loved Grahame with the strongest, the only love of her youth. The attachment she now felt for her husband was the edifice of years built upon the ruins of that love. It needed but this trial to confirm its strength; and let no one deem it strange or evil, when we say, that that tremor, slight though it was, was the manifestation of the pang produced by the separation of the soul of love from the body of memory. It was gone. Let none say that she was even for a moment false to her vows, because as it went she felt for the time less happy; because the going out of that ray, which years had not sufficed to quench, left her heart darker than it had been. It was only for a moment. The thought of her husband, his kindness and her duties recalled her wandering fancy; and a moment afterwards she was the scrupulous and devoted wife she had striven to become.

"I am truly glad," said she, "to see you again, Mr. Grahame; but we have had to wait a long time for the pleasure."

"You cannot be more glad to see me," said Henry, "than I am to return; and my absence has been as distasteful to me as to my friends."

"We may hope, then, that your travels are ended?"

"That is my present resolution," replied Henry.

"I shall not be alone in rejoicing to hear it," said Olivia, leading the way into the parlor. "Walk in—you have not forgotten Mr. Everley?"

"O no!" And the two gentlemen shook hands.

"Where is Aunt Eliza?" Mary asked. "I'll go seek her."

"Stop, Mary," said Olivia, "she will be down directly."

Seeing Grahame's eyes rapidly survey the room, she guessed his meaning.

"You will see her very soon," said she, in a low voice; and left him and Everley conversing. They were soon afterwards joined by Poindexter, and their conversation had continued a few minutes when Olivia re-entered.

"Mr. Grahame," said she, "you have recently returned from abroad—will you let me consult your taste a moment?"

Henry rose and followed her into the hall. She led him down a few steps, and stopping at the drawing-room door, laid her hand upon the lock.

"I thought it would be better thus," said she, opening it; "walk in."

She closed the door after him, and he found himself once more alone with Eliza Preston.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

" 'Tis long since thou and I have met."—SHELLEY.

" Oh ! there is joy above the name of pleasure !"—COLERIDGE.

WITH her head slightly thrown forward, eyes sparkling and lips parted, Eliza stood leaning upon the table in the centre of the room. She was about to meet him upon whom the hope of her life had rested for near twenty years ; upon whom depended the fate of her future. It was not strange that she trembled.

She had never doubted that when they met it would be as they had parted ; she had trusted implicitly and resolutely to his truth and to her own destiny. But now the crisis had come ; and for the first time she feared that absence might have been more powerful upon him than upon her. It was not doubt that she felt, but a vague apprehension of the desolation that would be hers if he no longer loved her. But even this feeling vanished as she met his eyes, fixed upon her with the same ardor with which they had beamed in years long past ; and as he sprang towards her, she threw herself into his arms with the same unhesitating confidence that had characterized the interviews of their early love.

" Henry !" she exclaimed ; and hiding her face in his bosom she nestled there as in days long gone by. " God is good to me !" she whispered. " You have returned to me—and I am happy !"

" Yes, Eliza," he said ; as he led her to a seat, " I have returned to you—and I, too, am happy. You will not be unhappy any more ?"

" Let me, oh ! let me hear you say you are mine, and will not leave me."

" I am yours, Eliza—and will never leave you again. If you do not wish it, you shall not be alone any more." He softly kissed her flushed cheek.

" O ! I have been alone, indeed !" she exclaimed. " Through all these long, dreary years I have been all alone ! But a voice has always whispered that you would come back, and now I see I was not wrong to believe the voice—that I was not foolish to trust you."

" You were not, indeed !" he said.

She hung upon his arm and listened with the rapture of earlier years to the earnest, passionate pledges he poured into her ears. The long-restrained tenderness of her heart gushed forth in a happiness almost childish. There was a clearness in her voice, even through her sobs, and a brightness in her eyes, even through her tears, which she had not shown for many a year. The flood of joy had erased the footsteps of years, and upon the tide of the present she floated back to her youth. The spring of her life had not presented a beauty more radiant than beamed now from her face; and the graces of her girlish form were re-produced by love.

She had remained thus a long time, when gently raising herself, she looked timidly into into his face and whispered—

“Our child!” Henry gazed eagerly at her.

“Where is it?” he softly asked.

“There!” said she, pointing to the parlor; “Mary,” and hiding her face in his bosom she twined her arms about his neck.

“Does she know this, dearest?” asked he, in a voice sunk almost to a whisper.

“Oh! no! how could I tell her of her mother’s shame!”

“Does any one know the secret?” he persisted.

“No one, but Olivia—she knows it—only. God has blessed us, Henry,” she continued, “much beyond what we had right to expect.”

“He has, indeed, Eliza!” said Henry, fervently. “Let us strive to deserve his goodness—let us thank Him from our hearts, and pray Him to give us His blessing for the future.”

Grahame was not what is called ‘a religious man;’ the stirring scenes through which he had passed, had in a great measure shut out such thoughts from his mind. But there is not a man living in whom there is no natural piety, and “the adoring sense within,” will always seek to rest upon a higher power. He had never thought, nor did he now think, that God had placed him upon earth only because it was not a proper place for him; nor did he deem it his duty to neglect the obligations imposed upon him by his position in the arrangement of Providence, in order to enwrap his reason in a distant dream. But he did feel that there was a guiding Hand, to which the mercies of his life were to be ascribed; and he felt thankful for the blessings that were his, to the fountain of inexhaustible Love. He felt that his adoration was due to Him, who had led him safely through so many perils, to bring him at last to a haven of rest; and he was especially thankful that the offspring of his youthful error, had been so cared for

by beneficent Providence, that its degradation should not be a blight upon the happiness of its erring parents.

They were silent for several minutes—their heads bent forward in an attitude of humility, for which there was but too much reason. Peace settled upon the spirit of each! There are times when joy is too deep for utterance except in the language of devotion; and prayer though silent, inarticulate, can still subdue the turbulence of the deepest emotion. As Eliza raised her head there was a calm radiance in her face which denoted the serenity of the spirit within.

"Tell me all, Eliza," said he, when they were again seated; "let me hear the whole history."

We will not attempt to give her words—but relate as connectedly as possible what she told him in a voice low, tremulous and frequently broken by sobs.

She had secluded herself from society in order that she might the better protect her reputation. She had wished to do this because she felt that with a blasted name she could never be his. She was too truthful to impose upon society, and she lived only for him. So extreme, perhaps we may say so romantic, was her truthfulness, that after the lapse of years, when it became necessary upon her father's death, to seek protection, she would not avail herself of the asylum that Olivia offered her, until she had first confided to the latter the story of her misfortunes, and then left her to decide whether she would repeat her kind offer.

Her father's acquiescence in her wishes was assisted in an equal degree by his worldliness and his affection. And though he knew that even publicity could not now add to her misery, he perhaps calculated aright when he anticipated a subjection of her sorrow by the hand of time, which would make the finger of scorn truly an affliction. Disregarding, therefore, the affection which even necessity could not conquer or reconcile, he separated the unhappy mother and her offspring, and committed the latter to the care of a distant relative, the wife of a clerk in one of the departments of State. She was childless and possessed of a kind nature; but her husband, with other well-concealed vices, was addicted to gaming. Mr. Preston had deposited an amount of money with them sufficient to defray their additional expenses for many years; and trusting in the honesty and prudence of Mr. Doyle, he had not thought proper to secure it otherwise than by the obligation implied in the trust. In an evil hour this money had been withdrawn from its investment, and staked upon the gaming table. It was lost; and the infatuated man had nothing but

his scanty salary, and was burdened by an additional source of expense. Mistaken conjugal fidelity had prevented his wife from informing Mr. Preston of the fact, and he supposed his arrangement successful.

Misfortune and dissipation soon afterwards brought the gambler to the grave ; and his wife attending him with a devotion which his conduct had never deserved, contracted a disease which carried her off within a week of her husband's burial. Poindexter, being a member of Congress, was, with his wife, then in Washington ; and the destitute condition of the child, then about five years old, having been brought to the notice of the latter, her kind heart at once prompted her to adopt her. She did so ; and the first notice Mr. Preston had of his trustee's death was the story of Mrs. Poindexter. Correctly deeming the child as well, if not better provided for, than it could be by any efforts of his, he yielded to necessity and left it with them.

That forlorn child had now grown to be the lovely woman we have seen ; she had grown up under the eye of her mother though she knew it not ; she was Grahame's daughter and Eliza's !

"And now, Henry," said she, as he closed, "I have told you all. We have been blessed beyond our deserts—at least, I have, Henry, if you have not. I have thought deeply of all this : the early years of your absence went away in agony and wretchedness. But we are now happy again, Henry—we will not part any more—will we ?" She leaned her head fondly upon his shoulder.

"No, Eliza, we will not. You have suffered too much already. We must be married ; and together we will certainly be happy."

"But, ought we not to see *her* happy first ? Have we a right to be happy when our child is not so ?"

"And is she not ?" he asked, in surprise.

"Far from it," Eliza replied. "Mr. Poindexter has been very kind to her ; but he now wishes to control her affections. She loves Genevieve Calton ; and yet her gratitude to Poindexter will prevent her thwarting his will, even in this."

"Calton told me something of this, but he did not tell me whom Harry wishes her to marry."

"A Mr. Evans, a Member of Congress, whose talents are his only recommendation."

"But this must not be," said Henry.

"I knew you would say so. We must prevent it, even if we have to claim her as ours. Yet it would be a fearful trial," she added.

"It would, indeed !" he said ; "we must avoid it, if possible. You

have too dearly paid the penalty of my fault to suffer more. I will speak to Poindexter."

"Can you have any influence with him to that end?"

"I think so—I will try," he answered, and continued: "When we have secured her happiness, Eliza, we will be at liberty to seek our own. You will not refuse me again?"

"No, no; I could not if I would, Henry. I will be yours in the sight of the world, as I have always been in the sight of God."

"Let us return to the parlor, then; they are waiting for us."

She returned his embrace with an ardor which is felt only by those who love; and gazing into his face in the dim twilight, her eyes again beamed with the affection now chastened and subdued, that had characterized them in earlier years. The day was dying gradually out, and through the open window they could see the golden western sky, from which the sun had disappeared. As Henry looked upon the rainbow hues of the glowing horizon, he thought of the change now come over his own firmament—the change of the rising, not of the setting; and fervently praying that the radiance of this summer evening might shine on to the days of the future, he kissed her glowing cheek, and rose, with his arm still encircling her waist as they walked to the door.

"You seem to have found an old friend," said Mary, as they entered.

"Yes," said Eliza, "we have not met for many years."

"And," said Henry, "we now meet to part no more."

"Thus," said Poindexter, thoughtfully, "are all things compensated: the sunshine is the brighter for the storm that is gone, and the joy of the meeting is in proportion to the length of the separation?"

---

## CHAPTER VII.

"I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you."—*MEASURE FOR MEASURE.*

At the tea-table Grahame was seated between Eliza and Mary. He was, however, engaged in conversation with Poindexter, only occasionally addressing a remark to Mary. In his manner towards her there was a kindness and interest, which, though marked, no one could have mistaken for any other feeling than the natural interest of an

elder in a beautiful and artless girl. She spoke to him freely—with a frankness for which she found it difficult to account.

How various—how interwoven with all the relations of life, are the concealments of society! In every memory there is some image whose existence the world cannot suspect; and even between those whose connection seems most remote, there is often a mutual secret guarded with jealous watchfulness by each. How many youthful errors—lapsings from the rule of dignity or virtue—exhibitions of weakness or frailty, lurk in ghost-like indistinctness in the secret annals of every community! Secrets which the world has no interest in knowing, and, therefore, no right to know—secrets of long-repent ed error, the disclosure of which could do no private or public good, could only bring misery to the persons exposed. Such passages ought not to be the sport of idle and indifferent tongues; and if there be a social crime deserving more complete reprobation than any other, it is making such sacred things the shuttle-cocks of malignant comment. The worst pest of society is the whispering gossip; and the gibbet is as richly the meed of the social jackall as of the murderer.

There, in the midst of a circle, only one of whom knew the relation in which they stood, were Henry and Eliza, and upon his right sat the link between them. Pure as the snow upon the highest Himalaya, though abased and repentant, Eliza thought of her position; but peace had long ago been spoken to her heart, and she looked forward with anticipations bright, as if she had never sinned, to the days for which she hoped. A few hours seemed to have obliterated the scanty traces time had left upon her cheek; and now she seemed almost as youthful, and quite as beautiful, as when Henry first knew her. The clear ringing sound of her voice, and the spirited brilliance of her conversation, indicated that the change visible upon her face had extended to her heart.

Soon after their return to the parlor, Calton was announced, and as he entered, it was evident to Grahame, who was observing Mary, that Genevese had not misrepresented the state of her feelings. She paused in the middle of a sentence, and seemed to forget that she had been speaking; and though her countenance did not materially change, Henry could see in the sudden glance of her quick eye, that no name could have interested her more than that announced.

Genevese, however, after saluting her in a manner which his truthful nature tinged with the love he felt, turned, and seated himself near Olivia.

“ You have forgotten me, I believe,” said Henry; “ you have not

even finished the sentence you were speaking when Mr. Calton entered."

"I was thinking—you must pardon my absence," she said, blushing; "I am sometimes very absent—a weakness, I believe—"

"Yes," said Henry, in a low voice, "a weakness of the heart. Do not blush," he continued, "Eliza has told me all."

"All? Already? And what has she told you?"

"That you love Calton; and Genevese himself told me that he loves you."

"I do not understand—but I cannot tell a falsehood—at least, I will not."

"You love him, then?" said Grahame, leaning very near her. She looked up in wonder.

"Do not think me impertinent," he continued, "because I speak of things which do not seem to concern me."

"I am sure," she said, quickly, "you would not seek to open my heart from mere idle curiosity."

"It is not, indeed, any such feeling that prompts me," said he, gravely. "Genevese is the son of the dearest friend I ever had. He is, himself, all that his father was—good and true, honorable and wise. And you—you will be surprised—but Eliza has interested me very much in you, too."

"Aunt Eliza is always praising those she loves," said Mary. "Every one loves her, too."

"She is worthy of all the love she can receive," said Grahame. "But let us speak of Calton. Mr. Poindexter opposes your marriage with him, does he not?"

"He has never said so," she replied, no longer withholding her confidence. "Indeed, he never speaks of him to me, but my mother says he wishes me to marry Mr. Evans."

"And you do not wish to do so?"

"O! no!" she exclaimed; "anything before that! Even if I had never seen Genevese, I could never consent to that."

"And you do wish to marry Genevese?" pursued Henry. "Do not think me indelicate," he added; "for if you love him, you do wish to marry him."

"I do love him," she replied, "and always will—yes, I do wish to marry him. But," she continued, "I ought not to indulge that feeling, for, though my father has not said so, I know he wishes me to conquer it. I fear I am becoming ungrateful."

"The fear carries with it its own refutation," said Henry. "But

you ought not to conquer it—it is unreasonable in Poindexter to wish you to do so. Even gratitude cannot be expected to make such a sacrifice. But cheer up—you shall be happy yet—I believe I have some influence with Harry, and I will exert it for your benefit."

"Oh! if you could only get him to consent—" she stopped.

"I will try," said Grahame; "do not despond; all will be well yet." And rising, he gave place to Genevese, whom he saw approaching.

"The latter seated himself beside her, and addressed her with the gentleness of manner always indicating the state of the heart.

"How are you pleased with Mr. Grahame?" he asked.

"O! very much!" said she. "Even more than I expected. He has just been speaking of you, too, in a manner to make me love him already."

"I have no reason to fear the expression of his opinion, I believe—"

"Indeed you have not. He loved your father, and says you are much like him."

"He could not have paid me a higher compliment, nor, I fear, one less deserved. So, he has won your confidence already?"

"Completely—unreservedly," she replied. "I cannot explain it—I cannot even describe it—but there is something about him inexplicably attractive. I do not wonder that Aunt Eliza loves him—he is so gentle, so kind—"

"If I did not know better," interrupted Calton, smiling, "I might suspect a warmer feeling than admiration prompting your expressions."

"You know I am always enthusiastic, Genevese," said she; her voice fell, and from her eyes beamed ineffable affection, as she added: "in my love for you, above all."

There were too many persons near to allow him to respond as he wished; but his tone as he replied, showed that he fully appreciated the beauty and spirit of the declaration.

"And yet," said he, "you will not allow your love to overcome a mere scruple of delicacy. But I will not press you on this subject—I will be satisfied with your love."

The joy called up by her words faded from his face. She leaned towards him, and whispered—

"We may hope for more, Genevese. I would not offer groundless encouragement; but I feel more hopeful this evening, than I have for a long time."

"Have you any reason—has your father changed—?"

"No, no—not that. But Mr. Grahame says he has some influence with him, and will exert it in our favor; and he seems too good to say so idly."

"He is," said Genevese; "he would make no pledge he cannot redeem. If he says hope, we may do so safely."

"I am drawn towards him by some inexplicable trust," said she, musingly. "I feel stronger since I talked to him, though it was only to-day—as if a new support had been given me."

"But if he should not succeed, Mary? If he should fail?"

"Let us not think of it, Genevese—let us trust in him. You know it grieves me to say so; but without my father's consent we cannot be married. You could not love me if I were ungrateful."

Calton's reply was prevented by Everley's inviting her to the piano. No further opportunity occurred to speak to her, and at an early hour he rose to depart. Grahame did the same.

"You will let me see you again to-morrow?" asked Eliza, anxiously.

"Yes," he replied, "not only to-morrow, but every day." With a thankfulness she burned to express, she sunk back as he turned to Harry.

"At what hour," said he to the latter, "will you be at leisure to-morrow?"

"Whenever you choose to call," said Harry.

"I will do so at eleven, then," said Grahame, and they separated.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Speak, I am bound to hear."

"Still harping on my daughter."—HAMLET.

GRAHAME entered the town on the following morning, a few minutes before the hour of his appointment. He went immediately to Calton's office, and was shown into the room where Genevese sat.

"When shall I deliver up my trust?" said the latter, as soon as Henry was seated.

"I wish you to retain it a short time," replied Grahame, "until my mind becomes settled in my new life. I have now but a few minutes to spare, Genevese, and those I want to occupy in ascertaining your feelings towards Mary Poindexter. I am about to call upon Harry for the purpose of conversing with him on the subject, and before I do so,

I want a distinct declaration of your intentions, should he consent to my wishes." Calton looked surprised. "Do not think me impertinent, my young friend," continued Henry; "I feel the interest I express, both in you and in her. I feel towards you both as towards my own children—and this feeling and my present mission give me a right to make this inquiry."

"You have that right, my dear sir," said Calton, "as a friend of my father, if in no other character. My desire—I may say, my *first* desire—is to secure Poindexter's consent to our marriage. You can understand me when I say I love her above all things—for you already know how pure and lovely she is. I am already bound to you by obligations I can never cancel—and if you can confer this happiness—"

"You owe me nothing, my young friend," interrupted Henry. "But I will not undervalue the service I may be able to render you. Pure and good as she is, no happier fate could be yours, I am convinced, than union with her."

"My heart is set upon it," said Genevese, "and I cannot be happy otherwise."

"Be of good cheer, then," said Henry, rising; "I will exert all my influence with Harry, and I do not think he can refuse me."

"Mary thinks you cannot fail," said Genevese, "but she is always—"

"Enthusiastic," said Grahame. "True—but in this instance she is right. You shall marry her, if you both wish it—mind, I say *shall*."

Calton looked at him in surprise. But he knew Grahame was not the man to make such an expression lightly, and he hoped accordingly.

"I must leave you now," Grahame continued; and issuing from the house he stepped into his carriage, and was soon closeted with Poindexter.

Harry was seated in the same room, at the same hour of the day at which he had long ago conspired the destruction of his present visiter. Extending his hand cordially, he showed him a chair, and awaited his communication. Grahame was too straight-forward, and the subject lay too near his heart, to allow of his keeping him long in suspense.

"I have requested this interview," he said, "to converse with you on a subject which, for reasons I need not fully state, is very near my heart."

"If I can serve you in any way," said Harry, somewhat formally, "you can command me to the extent of my ability."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Henry, "for I had apprehended some difficulty. But, not to detain you, I may state at once that your adopted daughter, Mary, is the subject, in connection with Genevese

Calton. The latter is the son of my oldest and best friend, as you know; he is everything one could wish—eminently fitted to make her happy—like her, noble, generous and kind-hearted—and, above all, he loves her with a fervor which I know she returns. It is to fulfil a promise voluntarily made to each of them, that I now speak of it."

"Your character for disinterestedness," said Harry, coldly, "is so well known, that no one could suspect you of any but the purest motives."

"It would be much safer," said Henry, calmly, "for any one who should entertain such a suspicion, to lock it carefully in his own breast."

"Your reputation for courage," said Harry, in the same tone, "is as well established as your disinterestedness."

"I hope," said Henry, "the evidence of my courage will gain no accession of strength from the present meeting. My mission is eminently a peaceful one."

"And it shall be met in a peaceful spirit," said Harry. "But you must forgive me if I express a little surprise that forty-eight hours should not pass over your head, after your return from an absence of near twenty years, before you express a desire to amend or alter the fixed arrangements of a family with which you were never familiar, and which did not even exist as a household when you went away."

"Harry Poindexter," said Grahame, rising and confronting him, "there is no occasion for disguise between you and me. You are aware that I know you well, and you know me well enough to be quite sure that I would take no step of this sort without good reasons, *nor without a certainty of success*. I appear before you as a suitor for another—who loves and is beloved by one whom you wish to barter to a soulless profligate, for his paltry political influence. In common with all true men, I have a right to demand that this sacrifice be spared."

"You speak haughtily, sir," said Harry, coolly, but still overawed.

"Not more so than I feel," said Henry. "I would wish to be calm on this subject, and to speak as coolly as possible; but I cannot bear to think of the traffic of a heart's affection for doubtful or even certain influence."

"Have you no other interest in this matter," asked Harry, "than such as arises from your general disapproval of such arrangements?"

"Yes," said Grahame, "I have. More, I cannot say."

"Mr. Grahame," said Harry, after a few moments' thought, "I injured you once; and though it was partially atoned for and forgiven, I feel that I still owe you reparation. Your heart seems to be set

upon this matter, and if it be as you represent it—if Mary really loves him—your desire shall be gratified. I am convinced, however, that it is a mere romance—and that a few weeks or months at most, will conquer it. If it should prove so, you will pardon me if I consider myself not bound to observe your wishes—nor,” he added, somewhat stiffly, “to credit your hasty conceptions of the character of any one to whom I may think proper to give her hand.”

“I am content,” said Henry; “if she does not love him—or if her love will vanish in a day—I am content that you bestow her hand as you can, with her consent. All I want is your consent to her union with Calton, if she desires it.”

“That you shall have,” said Harry, “on the conditions I have named and one other—that he shall not urge it till she shall have passed her eighteenth year.”

“How old is she now?” asked Grahame.

“Seventeen in January last.”

“Very well,” said Henry, “I may then assure him that no obstacle will be thrown in the way, other than this delay?”

“Yes, unless it come from Mary herself.”

“It is settled then. And now, Poindexter,” said Henry, approaching him, “it is due to you, as Mary’s adopted father, that I assure you that I have not taken this step without good reasons, and will state what those reasons are. You have reared, educated, and been a father to this child, and therefore possess a father’s rights—though only such. At some future time I will satisfy you perfectly—let it suffice, now, that I would not interfere in a matter which apparently concerns me not at all, or but slightly, without motives which are not only unimpeachable, but if stated, sufficient to satisfy even the most scrupulous.”

“I am sure of it, sir,” said Harry, “nor did I suspect you of a wish unduly to disturb the peace of my family. I acquit you of impertinence, even without your assurance.”

“Let us say no more of it then, at present,” said Henry, “at some future time I will satisfy you more fully.”

“In your own time,” said Harry; “I am satisfied already.”

“Meanwhile,” said Grahame, holding out his hand, “let us be friends. You have imposed an obligation upon me, the full weight of which you cannot know—far outweighing any injury you ever inflicted.”

Harry took his hand in some surprise.

"I am at a loss," said he, "to understand how, but I gladly accept the proffered friendship."

"I will explain hereafter," said Henry, and soon afterwards took his leave.

As the door closed upon him Poindexter threw himself into a chair.

"So much for my folly!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Thus do our mistakes recoil upon our own heads!" (Thus in the eyes of the unscrupulous is every fault a "folly," and every crime a "mistake!") "Honesty, after all, is the best policy; and though the honesty which is mere policy may be questioned, yet it is generally as successful as the genuine principle—and that it is quite as desirable. I conspired to take the life of this man, and now he has a power over me that compels me either to submit or renew the conspiracy. He is determined upon thwarting me, and—" he leaned his head upon his hand and thought. "It is better so, perhaps, after all," he said, looking up and ringing a small bell. A servant answered.

"Tell Mary I wish to see her," said he, and the servant disappeared.

But a few moments elapsed before the door was timidly opened, and his daughter threw herself into his arms. She was attired in a loose morning-dress of white, which displayed her form to admirable advantage. Hanging in light folds about her person, it exhibited rather than concealed the symmetry and fulness which distinguished her. Rich and negligent curls, thrown back over her round, white shoulders, left her face uncovered, and formed a striking contrast with the deep brown of her hair. In her eyes beamed the grateful affection which marked her manner, and a slight flush of excitement overspreading her face gave them a humid expression, relieved from languor by the deep meaning of her countenance. There was a charm about this lovely girl, which even the cold heart of Harry Poindexter could not resist: and he loved her with an affection that astonished himself. It was not strong enough entirely to overcome his constitutional selfishness; for he had already planned an alliance which promised instead of happiness to her only influence to himself. But still he loved her; and this morning he was more than usually disposed to look kindly upon her. When she threw herself blushing into his arms, his heart smote him for the selfishness of his desires. Kissing her white forehead affectionately he seated her upon his knee.

"Mr. Grahame has just left me, my dear," said he, encircling her waist with his arm. "He spoke of you, and informed me of your

love for Genevieve Calton. Why have you not told me of this, my daughter?"

"Oh! father!" she exclaimed, hiding her face in his bosom; "I thought you would—I was afraid—"

"And of what were you afraid, my dear?" said he, gently raising her head.

"I did not want to disobey you—I would not do so!"

"And you were afraid," interrupted Harry, "that I would forbid your seeing him; you were afraid I would not consult your happiness—was it not so?"

"I did not doubt your love, dear father—indeed I did not; but mother told me you would not approve—that you wished—"

"She was mistaken," said Harry, gravely: "I wish only your happiness, Mary, if I can secure that, it is all I desire."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him fondly and passionately.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "if I had only known this, how happy I would have been!"

"You know it now, my girl," said Harry, "and must try to be happy."

"I am—I shall be—I am too happy!"

"But now," said Harry, "tell me all, my daughter—do not keep back anything—you can trust me now, can you not?"

"Oh! father!" she cried, "I would always have trusted you had I known your love! You are too good to me—better than I deserve."

"No—no, dearest," said he, tenderly, "you must not reproach yourself, it is I who have been to blame. I should have inquired into this long ago. But you can forgive me now, Mary?"

"Forgive you, father! how could I blame you!" She again threw her arms around his neck and covered him with caresses.

"Tell me now, Mary," he said, gently disengaging her arms, "tell me now all you feel and wish."

She raised her head, and throwing back her curls in masses over her shoulders, looked earnestly into his face.

"I love Genevieve," said she, in a low voice "too well to hope to overcome it, I cannot help it, father; he is noble and good and kind—I cannot help loving him, even if I do wrong."

"You have done no wrong, my dear," said Harry, "except in not telling me before. Why have you not told your mother?"

"She knew it, father, and feared it would not please you—and so I was afraid to say anything to you about it."

"Well, dearest, I have been to blame—we will not misunderstand each other again. Mr. Grahame says Calton loves you and wishes to marry you—do you desire the same?"

"Yes, father," she replied, blushing, "I cannot be happy in any other way."

"When do you wish it—now?"

"We would be happy if we only had your approval—we could wait—"

"I had thought," interrupted Harry, musingly, "that it would be better to delay it until after your eighteenth year. But when it is once understood that you are to be married at all, the sooner it is consummated the better. Delays are always useless and often injurious."

She leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept tears of heartfelt joy. She had not hoped for this and the reaction was proportionably happy.

"I can never, father," she said—"no delay could diminish my love—and Genevieve, I am sure, will always love me as now."

"You shall marry him then, my dear, whenever you wish."

"How! Oh! how shall I ever be grateful enough!" she exclaimed,

"Never mind, my daughter," said Harry, rising; I must go down the street, now; and in the mean time, put your fears at rest—you shall be happy."

She embraced him again and retired from the room.

The dexterous and cold-hearted may thus work the warm and generous to unqualified devotion; and nothing calls forth the affection of a pure heart like the reproach of want of confidence.

How many a hapless girl has been led, under pretence of proving her confidence, to acts which could not leave her unstained! And how many a villain has counterfeited wounded feelings when his victim hesitated to go another step in her career of frantic trust!

## C H A P T E R I X.

GRA.—“This is Othello’s ancient, as I take it.

LOD.—The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.”—OTHELLO.

• **P**ERHAPS it would not be extravagant to say that Grahame was now happier than he had ever been—even in the first days of early love. He was certainly calmer, and it is only quiet waters that are deep and strong. In the turbulence of agitated feelings—when the mind is excited by hopes and fears—there is no quiescent assurance to give our bliss time to sink deep into the heart. The flutter of fancy which love creates in its earlier stages, makes depth which requires calmness, scarcely possible. The happiness which arises from a consciousness of duty performed, or which is founded upon a hope that has had time to ripen into a certainty, is the only satisfactory feeling we can have. One may love and be beloved, and yet, at times, be extremely unhappy; and whatever may be the chaos of beautiful images which love flashes before the imagination, they are, in most cases, but “festers of the fancy,” and, by reason of their intangibility, are wholly unsatisfactory. But to love, add years of sorrow—let the love be undiminished—then withdraw the clouds from the firmament, and that love will gild life with colors that we feel can never fade. Let the love of early life be erring—then let the hand of time soften the regret without diminishing the feeling—let the lover seek his own forgiveness by earnest effort to repair the consequences of wrong, and even if he be but partially successful, a happiness, which springs from conscious rectitude, will pervade his mind and brighten his hopes. There will be but one drawback upon his peace—the sight of the consequences of his error, which he witnesses, but cannot amend. But add this also—let success crown his efforts at reparation—let repentance be exempted from reproachful faces, and the blessedness of his life becomes complete. The peace that settles like the dew of the summer night upon the withered heart, far exceeds in expansive power, the more turbulent and acute, though less satisfying feeling of youth.

So it was with Grahame. He had loved, and been happy; he had erred, and been miserable; he had become a wanderer, sorrowing deeply, but, as he feared, unavailingly; he had returned chastened, sub-

dued, and amended ; he had striven to repair the evil he had done ; he had succeeded in averting ill from the head of her to whom he owed so much ; and through one of the consequences of his early feelings, he had been enabled to secure the happiness of one whose life was another consequence of the same feelings. As he entered his own door, he did so a far happier man than he had been for many years.

"So," said Margaret, as he sat down to dinner—"so you expect to bring the old place a mistress soon?"

"Yes," said Henry ; "how do you like the prospect?"

"It will make but little difference to me," she said ; "but on your account, I am glad of your resolution. It will make you more contented. A companion of your choosing *must* be congenial."

"Of that I leave you to judge—Eliza Preston is the lady in prospective."

"I suppose," said she, smiling, quietly, "I ought to be surprised—but I am not. I have known for years of the bond between you ; and, Henry, you will forgive *me* the impertinence when I say, I thought you did wrong in leaving her at all."

"Perhaps I was wrong," he said, thoughtfully, "but, Margaret, she would not marry me then."

"Would not marry you!" exclaimed the old lady ; "when your departure was the only cause of her sudden seclusion ! How inconsistent!"

"Not at all," said Grahame. "She knew of my promise to my father, and would not consent to have me break it."

"But, Henry, when you loved her, and wished to break it, she must have known it could no longer have force to bind you!"

"She was young then," said he, quietly, "and her ideas of fidelity and truth were extravagant. She could not have devoted herself to a promise-breaker."

"But what is the difference now ? Time does not destroy an obligation."

"I believe there is no Statute of Limitation in matters of moral obligation," said he, smiling. "But time changes us, you know, generally for the wiser. She views the matter differently now—and does not think me bound by my promise."

"Neither *are* you," said she, decidedly ; "nor *were* you ever. He was your father, Henry—but he had unfortunately allowed the disappointment of his own extravagant expectations to make him take a false and distorted view of life ; and he was wrong, at all events, to

attempt to commit you to *any* course, even if his reasonings upon his own case had been correct."

"I have no doubt upon the subject now," said Henry, "and shall therefore be married as soon as Eliza will consent."

"Then I had better get the house in order," said she, smiling, "for you will not be long alone."

"Perhaps not," said he. "What is it, James?" to a servant who opened the door.

"A man says he wishes to see you very particularly, sir," said the latter.

A few minutes afterwards he left the table, and found himself in the presence of a man of rough but respectable exterior—decently dressed in the substantial clothing of a farmer. Henry recognized him at once, and stepping forward gave him his hand.

"Dawson," said he, "I am glad to see you. How do you do?"

"Thank you, sir," said our old acquaintance, "I am very well, and very glad, too, to see you at home again. You have been away a long time."

"True, Dawson; but I shall not travel again."

"I am glad to hear it, sir. But I called upon you to ask a favor, if you can spare me a little time."

"Certainly," said Grahame; "state it, and if it is within my power you may be at rest."

"It is strange," Bob could not help saying, "that I should be asking a favor of you, when I once attempted to do you so much injury?"

"Do not think of that, Bob," said Grahame. "You have repented of that long ago—and at all events, I have forgiven it."

"I have repented it, indeed, sir—"

"And besides, Bob," Henry continued, "it was another who moved you, and not your own evil heart."

"And you have forgiven him too, sir?" said Bob.

"Yes—O, yes! He is a changed man, I think; and whether he is or not, it is not for me to bear malice. How long," he continued, "have you been living here? I thought you had left the country."

"I have left the country twice, sir," said Bob, "but returned each time. I have been living at the old place now three years."

"A tenant of Poindexter, then?"

"Yes, sir; and it is about that, that I want to speak to you. I do not like to live as Poindexter's tenant, and wish to leave the place. He may be a changed man—I hope he is. But he once did me a great injury, and so long as he has power over me I do not feel safe. He

may tempt me again, and if I should refuse, as I certainly would, he might deprive my family of the comforts they now possess."

Grahame reflected a moment, and replied :

" You are right, Dawson, and I am glad you spoke to me. I do not know what the situation of my property is—but as soon as possible you shall have a place, at all events."

" Thank you, sir—thank you!" he repeated, as if the words but inadequately expressed his feelings—as indeed they did. " Mr. Calton informs me that Barton is about to leave the Wood farm vacant; and if—"

" You shall have it, then, Dawson, if he leaves it."

" Thank you!" he said again, rising. " My friendship can be of but little value to you, Mr. Grahame; but if I can ever do you a service, you shall command me, at any rate."

" I shall be the greater gainer, I fear, Dawson," said Henry; " I shall secure a good tenant and you but an indifferent farm."

" It is quite sufficient for me, sir," said Dawson, and departed, sincerely grateful, and full of good resolutions—which he kept.

" How many a man," said Henry, thoughtfully, " has been reclaimed by kindness, to whom severity would have been worse than temptation!"

Soon afterwards he ordered his carriage, and drove to Everley's.

---

## C H A P T E R X.

" The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."—RUTH.

WHEN Henry entered the drawing-room he found Eliza alone. By one of those accidents common among sensible people, the rest of the family had betaken themselves to other parts of the house; and Eliza, unconscious of the reason, found herself the sole occupant of the room. She was engaged in reading; an amusement which had long been to her something more than mere pastime.

Reclining in the negligence of home, her posture showed in all its beauty the faultless symmetry of a form, which years had failed in the least degree to sharpen or derange. She was neatly attired in a thin dress of the purest white, which hung loosely round her form, and fell in careless folds upon the floor. Her hair was arranged in heavy Madonna plaits in the mode of the period, and in its rich profusion almost hid her face and neck. An air of peaceful repose hung

over her whole figure—and motionless in the stillness of evening and the retirement of the room, one might almost have taken her for a piece of statuary—so calm was the expression of her attitude.

The color of her cheek was, however, renewed, and fresh, almost as when we first saw her—and the last few hours seemed to have carried her back to seventeen. Still, about her face there was an expression of suffering past—as we can see, even in the unbroken serenity of the summer sky, when the storm has floated away, some traces in the very depth of the azure of the cloud that is gone. As the serenity of that sky would not be so deep had no storm purified the vault, so the peace of her face would not have been so serene had she never known sorrow. Thus does the evil enhance the good—thus do our sorrows deepen our joys. Wisely is it ordered by Providence that there shall be mourning—because without it there would be no rejoicing. Wisely has he sent evil into the world—for without its ministry we could never grasp the good.

She did not look up as Henry entered, and passing across the room looked over her shoulder. He was surprised to find her reading Fenelon's "Telmaque." Leaning over her he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and as she sprang up placed his arm around her waist and seated himself beside her.

"How stupid I was," she exclaimed, "not to look up!" Her voice had all the richness and lightness of early youth.

"O no! not stupid!" said Grahame, smiling; "but interested, perhaps, in the handsome son of Ulysses."

"You saw, then, what I was reading?" said she. "Are you not surprised to see me with a book I have not opened till now since my school-days?"

"I *was* a little surprised," said he; "but it is a fine book."

"That is not all," said Eliza. "I feel so young again, since you have returned to me, that I have been all day doing things I have not done before for years. 'Telmaque' is an old school companion—and in my new happiness I could not neglect the friends of my girlhood."

"And do you really feel younger than before I returned?"

"O! yes!" she replied, "By many, many years! I am really as young in feeling as when reading this book was my most serious employment."

"Is there no drawback—nothing wanting to your happiness?" he persisted.

"Nothing—at least nothing but certainty that it will not cease. I

cannot be happier, even united to you, Henry; but perhaps I may feel—”

“ That you are more secure of your happiness, and therefore happier ?”

“ Yes—that is now all I lack. Mary told me your intercession with Harry was successful, and that she is to be married immediately.”

“ Immediately !” said Henry. “ He did not promise me that.”

“ He has promised her at all events—and now when I see you happy I shall have positively nothing more to wish for.”

“ And when will you make me so ?” he asked.

“ Whenever you wish ; to-morrow if necessary. But I would rather see Mary married first—we must not be selfish, you know.”

“ How could one avoid it, to possess you ?” he exclaimed, fondly.

“ You must not flatter me, Henry,” she said. “ I fear I shall be vain enough of my husband without compliments to inflate me.”

“ And should not a husband be vain of his wife ?” he asked.

“ He ought to love her—and then all else will be right.”

“ Then,” said he, “ all will be right with us. But you have not answered me—when shall we be married ?”

“ At the same time with Mary,” she replied ; “ sooner if you wish.”

“ No, no—I do not wish it. Let it be as you say ; we ought to see her happy before we think of ourselves. I hope none of us may ever know sorrow again.”

“ I shall not, I am sure ; nor shall you, Henry, if I can prevent it.”

In conversation like this they passed several hours ; when promising to spend the evening with her, he left her. He went first to Calton’s office, and then with Genevese to the —— Hotel.

“ Have you heard from Mary ?” inquired Henry.

“ No—but Poindexter called upon me this evening for the purpose of ascertaining my wishes. He said he was sorry any misunderstanding had arisen ; that you had called upon him and given him the first information he had received of my attachment to Mary ; that he knew it was suspected, but that he had never had any reason to believe it ; and he regretted it had not been explained to him sooner—since it would have saved to Mary and me a great deal of uneasiness.

“ I was grateful to him,” continued Genevese, “ of course ; but much more so to you ; because I happened to know that he was better informed than he admitted, and had taken his measures accordingly.”

“ Well, well,” said Henry, “ it is all right now.”

After ordering and drinking tea, they left the hotel—Genevese to repair to Poindexter’s, Henry to Everley’s.

## C H A P T E R X I.

“ ————— Why might not a man love a calf as well,  
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son!”—THOMAS KYD.

MR. OVERTON had been at Poindexter's an hour before Grahame and Calton left the hotel.

We are too near the end of our story to elaborate a character so new to our readers; but in the short account with which we will have to content ourselves, his violence and treachery will be sufficiently apparent. Circumstances had thrown Calton and him together in such a way as to cement a friendship, (at least on the part of the former,) which their opposite character and identical pursuit scarcely promised. Overton had been educated by Poindexter, whose interest in him no one had ever been able to explain. He had taken him into his house for a short time while he devoted himself to the law under Harry's auspices; and treated him as a son in every respect, excepting the eternal relation. He was now about to enter upon the practice, for which it was supposed his talents peculiarly fitted him.

Calton and he were fast friends; but they had mutually avoided explanation upon a subject equally near to the heart of each—the love they had both conceived for Mary. They both avoided speaking upon the subject,—each for the same reason—because the suit of each was equally unpromising, though from different causes. She had long before rejected Overton's addresses, though gently and kindly; and his own violence of feeling had betrayed the fact. This, however, he did not know; and blaming her for allowing such a thing to transpire, he exhibited both the heat of his temper and his talents for declamation and denunciation, in commenting upon his suspicion.

“ No man,” said he, “ feels like proclaiming his own misfortune, especially if it be a misfortune of the heart. Such things are sacred and should never be made a bye word upon the tongues of indifferent people. And the lady who does not preserve the strictest secrecy where she has been loved unhappily, shows by unfeeling and promiscuous confidence that she does not deserve the love that has been offered to her. A man who offers his hand to her he loves, offers to pledge his life and all his prospects for his devotion; he is moved by a fee-

ing which, however unrequited, no woman possesses the right to outrage by making it the staple of sewing societies and tea-parties. By doing so, she not only betrays confidence but repays love with treachery, but proves beyond dispute that she possesses neither the truth nor the delicacy necessary to the character of a *lady*. So far from countenancing an impertinent inquiry upon such a subject it is a duty she owes to him who has loved her, and to her own delicacy and honor, to regard all such impertinence as insulting, and every such inquiry as an attack upon her self-respect. If she cannot requite the love that is given her, let her not make it the subject of idle gossip; for in doing so, she indicates invariably one of two things: either, first, that she regrets the decision she has made, and has thus been false to herself as well as to another; and now seeks consolation in the obscure advice of those, who, being strangers, cannot appreciate her position, or who, being enemies, will rejoice to have an opportunity of injuring him whom she thus makes the subject of malignant scandal: or, second, she proves beyond dispute that she is not worthy of the love she is thus capable of degrading; and that he whom she has injured, so far from being unfortunate, has escaped from an union with one who could not have made him otherwise than miserable. The heartlessness which glories in a perfidy is far preferable to the maudlin sentimentality, which is perpetually weeping crocodile tears over the errors it has nevertheless not the force of character to repent of and retrace—the treacherous levity of a designing coquette is far more respectable than the milk-and-water character, which has neither stability in affection, delicacy in feeling nor strength of self-respect—which is continually guilty of atrocious falsehood, and yet has neither resolution enough to dismiss a regret which vanity retains, nor honor or dignity enough to shut in its own bosom the secret which it is treacherous to reveal!"

But this indignation had been spent long ago: and Overton had been in the parlor on the evening of which we speak, more than an hour—impatiently awaiting an opportunity to speak with Mary alone. Her kind and feeling manner on a former occasion had left him room for hope; and he was determined now to renew his suit. Poindexter's withdrawal at last gave him the opportunity.

"Mary," he commenced, approaching her as soon as Harry left the room, "Mary, you cannot have mistaken the meaning of the words I have often used to you and your silence gives me ground for hope that"—

"That what, Mr. Overton?" she asked calmly, as he hesitated.

"I know," he commenced again, "that your feelings are not fixed

upon me ; but I have hoped that, by acquainting you with my attachment, I might at last secure your love and—”

“ Pardon me for interrupting you,” said she, laying her hand on his arm. “ I must deal candidly with you, as I hope I have always done. You honor me with a love which I have no right to—”

“ Do not say so !” he exclaimed ; “ listen to me ! only listen !—”

“ No, no, Mr. Overton,” she interrupted him, gently but decidedly. “ It would not be proper to listen to protestations which I cannot return—I have no right to listen when I cannot reply as you wish.”

“ Oh ! Mary !” he exclaimed, passionately. “ Do not condemn me unheard !”

“ I do not condemn you,” said she, gently ; “ far be it from me to condemn any one ! But it would not be right—I cannot listen.”

“ Mary, believe me, Mary, you shall hear nothing but the purest and—”

“ You misunderstand me,” she again interposed. “ I know all you would say, and I do not fear your saying anything improper. But I feel that it is my duty to prevent your saying even what you wish.”

“ But, Mary, will you oppose mere cold duty to the fire of the heart ? Will you allow mere duty to freeze up your heart against love, warm and devoted ?”

“ You speak wildly, Overton—I must not listen to you. And you misapprehend me, too—you are wrong when you think I will not listen to you, only because I do not love you.”

“ Why, then, oh ! why will you not hear me ?”

“ I cannot,” she said, earnestly. “ I must not. It would be unjust to you, unjust to myself, and treacherous to —,” she stopped. He sprang to his feet.

“ You do not mean that you love another !” he almost screamed.

“ I do,” she said. “ But be calm—you frighten me. I am sorry, very sorry—”

“ Be calm ? Sorry, very sorry,” he repeated, slowly. “ Your sorrow is calm—yes, very calm—but, Mary, I cannot be calm !” He spoke with great violence, though slowly, and almost in a whisper. and as he ceased, sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Mary was distressed ; the situation was entirely new to her.

“ Mr. Overton,” she said, gently and soothingly, “ believe me, I regret this—I am sorry ; I would be sorry to injure any one. But I can not, I cannot love you—my heart is already given to another. I do not insult you by calling myself your friend, when you ask more !

friendship ; but I would be heartless if I did not feel for your distress. Indeed, indeed," she earnestly asseverated, " I do feel what I say."

He lifted his eyes to hers. They were full of tears ; but forth from their depths shot a glance which meant more than love—as the flash of lightning, through the gentle summer rain, which descends to refresh and renew, betokens the wrath of the yet distant-thunder-cloud. Any one who had seen Harry Poindexter in his deadly moods, would have said his counterpart was here. But his words were calm, and his manner subdued.

" Forgive my violence, Mary," he said ; " I was foolish—I ought to have known this. Forgive me now, and I will try in future to avoid such passion."

" I have nothing to forgive, Overton," said she, gently. " It is I who am to blame. I ought to have understood you sooner, and saved you this sorrow."

" No, no, Mary," said he, still calmly, " you are too good—I do not, I cannot blame you. I alone am blameable for my folly."

Both were silent for some minutes. She was recalling the many occasions upon which she now thought she ought to have understood him, and prevented his incurring this misfortune. He was running over in his mind the various persons whom he thought it probable she might love ; and he immediately settled upon his friend, Genevese Calton, as the probable solution of the mystery.

" So you love Genevese, do you ?" he said, after a pause of some minutes.

She had been agitated, and did not remember whether she had named Calton or not ; and it is probable that, had it been otherwise, her feelings at the moment would have led her to make the same answer.

" Yes," she said, calmly, " I do love him—have loved him long ; and we are to be married in a very short time. Forgive the pain I cause you, Overton ; it is due to you to tell you—it would not be right to conceal it from you."

" You are an angel!" he exclaimed. But he muttered inaudibly, and the deadly expression of his eye was communicated to his mouth.

" To be married, very soon," he repeated, in a muttered tone. " It shall not be, by God ! If I cannot possess her, he shall not!"

He walked to the piano, as if to overcome his emotion, and when he turned again it seemed that he had succeeded. A moment afterwards the door was opened to admit Calton.

As Overton returned his salutation, no trace of his recent excitement was visible, except a certain curl of the lips, which Calton did not ob-

serve. He advanced to the chair beside Mary, and sat down without speaking to Overton, otherwise than merely in recognition. In the presence of Mary he had no eyes and scarcely any words for any one else. A deep flush overspread Overton's face, and a keen flash shot from his eye. There are moments in almost every man's life, when even a departure from over-punctilious politeness will raise a storm in his bosom which a gross insult could not at another time produce. So was it now with Overton. His passions distorted his vision, and gave to the slightest things a hue of jealousy. He felt far more bitterness towards his friend than even a few minutes before—and as the latter seated himself beside Mary, and he could discover the pleasure with which she received him, his heart was more steeled in hate than ever. Externally, however, a moment sufficed to make him calm again; he advanced quietly to where he had been sitting, and entered into conversation.

"It is reported," he remarked, naturally and easily, "that Mr. Grahame and Miss Preston are to be married. Can you tell me how it is?"

"Already!" said Calton. "I did not suppose he had been home long enough to give rise to such a report. But I suspect the gossips are right for once."

"I presume," said the other, carelessly, "it is only anticipation founded on old stories."

"Old stories, Mr. Overton?" said Mrs. Poindexter, entering at the moment. "I hope you are not repeating any 'twice-told tales'; they are always dull."

"If they had only been told twice," he replied, "they would probably not have been so well known. I was speaking of the 'old story' about Mr. Grahame and Miss Preston."

"O! yes! I suppose it is revived now?"

"At all events, it is reported they are to be married—and Calton thinks the report well grounded."

"Mr. Calton ought to know—at least, enough to make him what is called 'good authority.' But this room seems very warm—I think it would be more pleasant in the garden. Will you not all adjourn thither?"

"I will," said Overton. Mary half rose to join them, but a look from Genevese decided her to remain. Overton and her mother passed out.

"Why do you wish to leave me?" said Genevese, half reproachfully.

"I do not wish to leave you, Genevese," said she, giving him

hand ; "I am but too happy to remain with you always. But—" she stopped.

"Why do you hesitate?" he asked. "Is there any reason why we should not be together alone?"

"No—oh! no! But—I cannot explain as I wish. Mr. Overton—it is selfish—in short, I thought we ought to follow them." She was embarrassed.

"But why, Mary? What has Mr. Overton to do with our going or staying?"

"I do not know—but I do not like to give pain to any one, and it looks unfeeling to stay here when—when—" She stopped again. Genevieve was surprised, and looked so. But when he thought a moment of her character, he began to understand her. It was because staying would look like triumphing over Overton's misfortune; and he understood her scruples at once.

"Overton loves you, then?" he said; "and you have rejected him?"

"It is his secret," said she, "and perhaps I ought not to betray it. But you have guessed aright. I thought it would be selfish to forget so soon the pain I have been obliged to inflict."

"You are right, Mary; always trust thus to your feelings, and one so pure as you are can never go wrong."

"Thank you, dear Genevieve," she said, fondly; "but you ought not to commit yourself—perhaps a time may come when you will not think me thus infallible."

"Never!" he exclaimed eagerly. But she placed her hand playfully over his mouth, and prevented his making what promised to be extravagant protestation.

"Come, come," said she, "you must not exaggerate. Let us follow mother and Mr. Overton, and, for once, deny ourselves a selfish pleasure."

On entering the garden they found her mother and Overton seated upon a stone bench that ran along one side of a summer-house, shaded by the thick summer foliage of a grape-vine, entwined upon the lattice-work.

"We had concluded," said Mrs. Poindexter, making room for them, "that you were afraid of the night air, and had just settled ourselves for a cozy chat."

"If we disturb you," said Mary, "we will go back."

"O! not at all," said the elder lady. "Sit down and we will spare you a portion of our wisdom—can we not, Mr. Overton?"

"Certainly," he replied; "wisdom is not so precious a commodity, that we need be selfish with it; and, besides, its value is generally determined by the number of believing hearers." The tone in which this was said attracted her eyes to his face. But the light was too dim and uncertain to allow her to see the scowl of his brow. The conversation took another turn.

"I see in the 'Courier' of this evening," said Calton, "an announcement of the death of Senator Ewing."

"That will leave a vacancy to be filled by Executive appointment, will it not?"

"Temporarily," he replied, "until the meeting of the Legislature. But in this instance, I presume that body will confirm the Governor's selection."

"Whom do you suppose the Governor will appoint?"

"Colonel Townsend is the only prominent candidate, I believe."

"That will leave his district open for you," said the old lady.

"He could never avail himself of the vacancy if it existed," suddenly said Overton, who had, until then, been silent. They looked at him in surprise, as he hastily arose from his seat, and thrust his hand in his bosom.

"Why not, Overton?" he asked, smiling. "Do you think I will meet with any very serious opposition?"

"Not if you canvassed," he replied, stepping closer to Calton, "but that you shall never do."

"Shall not do? Did you say shall not, Overton?" asked Calton in surprise.

"Yes; shall not! SHALL not! SHALL not!" He almost shrieked, and at every word he plunged a dagger which he had drawn from his breast into Calton's side. The first blow produced a deep wound in the left side, which at once disabled him; but not satisfied with this, the assassin struck him twice more, each time inflicting a dangerous wound. The blows were too sudden to be parried, and Calton sank bleeding to the ground.

"God of Heaven! what is this!" exclaimed Mrs. Poindexter, and attempted to arrest the last blow. But fury had given the madman almost supernatural strength, and the force of his arm stunned her, while it drove the knife deep into Calton's side. Mary was too much appalled to speak: in silence she gazed with clasped hands.

"Revenge is sweet!" hissed the murderer, as he passed her, and fled from the scene. Springing over the low garden fence, he hurriedly into the street. Grahame and Eliza were coming slow

along the moonlit pavement. Her eyes were withdrawn from the ground by the hasty footstep which passed them.

"Let us hurry on," said Henry; "something must have happened."

The scene that greeted their eyes as they entered the summer-house was fearful in the extreme. Calton was stretched upon the ground, the blood flowing profusely from his side; Mary had twined her arms frantically around his neck, and now lay insensible beside him. On the bench where they had all been sitting, sat Mrs. Poindexter, endeavoring, with her head resting upon her hand, to recall her wandering senses. Grahame's wanderings had familiarized him with scenes of blood, and he, therefore, retained his presence of mind. Lifting Mary from the ground, he gave her into Eliza's arms. Calton he placed upon the bench, and set about stanching the blood.

He opened his eyes, and heaved a deep, painful sigh.

"Who has done this?" asked Henry.

The answer confirmed his suspicions, but Calton's state claimed his immediate attention. Although he had been wounded but a few minutes, he was faint from pain and loss of blood.

"Eliza," said Henry, "can you leave Mary for a moment? Mrs. Poindexter," he continued to that lady, who was just beginning to comprehend what she had seen, "will you not take charge of Mary? Eliza, call Poindexter, and tell him what has happened."

Eliza was shocked and bewildered, but Henry's voice re-called her, and she resigned Mary and hastened to obey his direction. Harry never lost his presence of mind, and always comprehended at once what was necessary. He despatched a servant who answered his bell, for a surgeon, and handing Eliza a pitcher of water which stood upon his table, told her to return to the garden.

"Will you not come with me?" said she.

"I must attend to Overton first," said he calmly, and she left him.

When she entered the summer-house again, Henry had partially succeeded in stanching the blood, and was waiting for assistance.

"Mary," Mrs. Poindexter was crying, "Mary, do you not know me?"

Mary gazed vacantly at her for a moment, and then, as if the whole scene suddenly flashed upon her, sprang to her feet.

"Where is Genevieve?" she wildly demanded. Her eyes fell upon his form stretched upon the bench. "Oh! my God!" she exclaimed, "he is dead!"

"No, no, my dear," said Henry, "not dead—I hope not likely to be, either."

She came close to him, and looked earnestly into his face.

"Will he recover?" she asked. "Can he live? O! tell me, will he live?"

"I think so," said he. "His wounds, I hope, are not mortal."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently. Soon afterwards servants entered with lights ushering in Dr. Gordon, the surgeon. He proceeded to dress the wounds in silence. When he had finished,

"There is no occasion," he said, "for alarm. The wounds are severe, but not mortal. He must now be removed to the house—an hour hence it might be dangerous."

"In the meantime, Poindexter, as Eliza left him, opened a secretary, and took from it a large roll of bank notes; putting them in his pocket he left the house, and walked very rapidly down the street.

"People must be mistaken," he muttered, as he passed along. "I have the reputation of excellent judgment and unerring sense; and yet I not only do very stupid things, but my very offspring?"—he was silent, as if even his thoughts might be read. "The fool," he continued, after a pause, as if too full of disgust for silence—"The fool! why could he not take more certain means, if he needs must be an assassin!" Perhaps his conscience touched him on the arm; for he stopped, and whatever he thought, said no more. He had walked several squares when he suddenly stopped in front of a door which was flanked on each side by several tin signs—"Notaries Public," "Attorneys," &c., &c., and entered the dark hall. Passing two or three doors, he knocked at one which opened into a room where he perceived a light.

He knocked at the door and called, "Harry!" No answer was returned, and he repeated the name, adding, "You can open to me with safety. I only want to see you for a moment."

"Is there any one with you," asked Overton, from within.

"No—no; nobody at all; open the door."

The door was cautiously opened, and Poindexter stepped in. Overton had been tumbling his wardrobe over in evidently hurried preparation.

"I see you are getting ready to leave," said Poindexter, coolly. "Have you any means of support, or any money to pay travelling expenses?"

"No," said Overton. "But I cannot stay—"

"Of course," said Harry, indifferently, "you have done a very stupid thing, and must flit. I have an interest in your getting away without being arrested, and have provided for you accordingly. If

you will take my advice you will be beyond the limits of this town in half an hour, and without the bounds of the country in a fortnight." As he spoke he handed him the roll of notes, which Overton took, and looked at in surprise.

"But how—what interest can you—" he began.

"Never mind," said Harry, "I have interest enough to afford you the means of escape; and I have not interest enough to wish ever to see you again."

"But," said Overton, still looking bewildered at the notes, "I do not understand—"

"You are wasting valuable time," coolly interposed Harry. "Some peace officer may cut your journey short."

This hint seemed to recall him.

"Well, Poindexter," said he, "I do not understand all this. But I am not the less obliged to you, and shall not forget the obligation."

"You had better forget all about it, perhaps," said Harry. "But you must be gone." He extended his hand, which Overton wrung forcibly; and, in five minutes afterwards, the latter was riding hard for the nearest port. Harry took his way calmly, though somewhat rapidly, homewards.

"Poor Margaret!" said he, almost aloud, "she may meet her son in a very different land from that of her birth. I hope he will not follow this up, however." And with this very virtuous wish, he entered his own door.

Overton, then, was the son of Margaret Selden and Harry Poindexter; and this is the reason why he did not wish him to fall into the hands of a peace officer! Let us join Harry in his wish, for we will see his son no more.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

"At the last,  
Do as the heavens have done; forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself."—WINTER'S TALE.

Two months passed away without any important event. Calton was still at Poindexter's, slowly recovering. The uncertain light of the summer-house had prevented the blows from taking deadly effect. Upon the assurance of the surgeon that the wounds were not dangerous, Mary had recovered her composure, and quietly, but ear-

nestly, devoted herself to nursing her lover. Scarcely ever absent from his bedside, she anticipated all his wants, and tenderly administered every restorative. Gradually recovering from the stupor into which pain and loss of blood had thrown him, he received with grateful pleasure the attendance of one whose delicacy and affection were so conspicuous.

There is nothing so trying upon love as sickness; and the least selfishness is apt to make the monotonous routine of attendance even upon one we love, sometimes irksome. But the best point in Calton's character was his want of selfishness; and Mary had inherited from her mother a complete abandonment of self, and an entire devotion to the object of her interest. The tenor of life since she had been under Mrs. Poindexter's care had enabled that amiable woman to foster and develop the generosity of her disposition. Calton had loved her before Overton's attack; but when he saw her day by day, and week after week, devoting herself with patience and affection to him, he felt that the most beautiful of her traits were but just appearing; and gratitude arose in his heart to strengthen the love that was there before. She had loved him, too, with a fulness of devotion, of which this was but the natural language. But we all become attached to the objects of our care, precisely in proportion as we are enabled to manifest our kindness; and as she added action to feeling, she felt the interest which attaches to the protected and cared-for, and became more entirely his than ever.

During the interval we have named, efforts had been made to arrest the assassin; but as Calton's recovery became certain they were relaxed, and he was suffered to make his way quietly out of the country. He had not been seen since the evening of his attempt; and, as time elapsed, it became certain that he had effected his escape. To those who had long entertained suspicions of the connection between him and Poindexter, the fact that the latter discouraged the measures taken to arrest him, furnished proof of their truth. But it was not susceptible of clear explanation, and Harry was not a man to betray his own secrets. Calton, likewise, as soon as he was able to hear what was being done, requested that no further steps might be taken; and Overton was thus suffered to go unmolested upon his exile, with whatsoever peace he could find.

This affair had compelled Grahame to take charge of his property; and in the pursuits thus forced upon him, he found a calm enjoyment, which gave better promises for his happiness than could have been found in the course of his life for many previous years. New duties

came upon him ; and in their discharge he found a stimulant well suited to assist his mind in recovering its healthy tone. Almost all the time not thus occupied, he spent in the society of Eliza. He found in her all the qualities of her younger years, chastened and subdued into calmness and consistency. Her long seclusion had enabled her thoroughly to store and improve her bright, though thoughtful intellect, by intercourse with books, while it had left to her contemplations all the freshness of youth. Contact with men had not hardened her feelings nor distorted her mind ; and in her imaginative, though subdued conversation, there was a charm as of a spring morning, tinging all her fancies, and giving them a glow which cannot belong to those formed in the school of the world.

There was nothing sad in her heart or in her manner ; Grahame's return had dissipated every cloud. She looked back, it is true, upon the one error of her life with regret and condemnation ; but about this feeling there was nothing morose or gloomy. She had shed bitter tears of sorrow and repentance ; but for this suffering she had given her gratitude to God, because she recognized in it the punishment and atonement for her early error. She did not, indeed, think the atonement was yet complete ; and if Henry had never returned, perhaps would have thought it never could be. But she was the more happy with him, because she believed the period of suffering had been given, to prepare her for duties, the faithful discharge of which would outweigh the crime for which she wished to atone. In the moment of love, when the brightest creature might have sinned, she had fallen ; that moment's transgression had been followed by long years of suffering and sorrow. She felt abased and self-reproachful. But Time had at last brought consolation. Who shall blame her if she was now happy ?

We are fallible creatures, subject to thousands of temptations. There are, however, natures which have not, and, therefore, cannot appreciate the warm and noble qualities which are sometimes the strongest allies of over-mastering temptation. They look with morose condemnation upon all frailty, because they have not the ardent natures, the genial sympathies or quick affections which weaken us in the hour of trial. Of what merit is the temperance of the man to whom intoxicating liquors are unpleasant even in taste ? Of what worth is the peaceable bearing of him who has not spirit to resent a wrong ? What praises are due to one whose passions lead him to no excess ? It is virtuous to resist temptation, and in this only does the virtue lie. The starving wretch, who sees a loaf within his reach,

and takes it not, is more virtuous than the pampered child of wealth, who rolls by in his carriage, and has no wants to tempt him. Many have not fallen because they have never had a temptation to resist ; and many are more virtuous than those who have resisted, even though they have fallen at last. Who, then, shall venture to condemn her who has fallen in a moment of innocent confidence ? And who shall say that years of sorrow and repentance may not atone for a momentary weakness ?

---

During Calton's illness, another event had taken place. One of the Senators in Congress from that State had died, and the Executive had filled the vacancy by the appointment of the member from Poindexter's old district. This left another vacancy, and writs of election were issued to fill it.

Calton's zeal and capacity had so distinguished him, while his gentlemanly deportment had so completely disarmed opposition, that a very small effort on the part of Poindexter, who, though belonging to a different party, was all-powerful in the district, sufficed to secure his future son-in-law's nomination. He was accordingly chosen by the party-convention ; and the large majority which Poindexter's management had prevented becoming unwieldy, made his election certain. He was unable to appear in the canvas ; but warm and able friends had represented him, and combining with Harry's influence, had given him an overwhelming majority. The whole affair was managed by Poindexter, who thus consoled himself for the loss of influence consequent upon the failure of his project of marriage for Mary. Calton was not a man to disgrace any position. On the contrary, the power he had shown in casual debate, the calm, clear tone of his intellect and the urbane manner of his intercourse with men, eminently fitted him for the post thus assigned him.

He learned his nomination and his election at the same time. Without hesitation he acquiesced in what had been done for him by his friends ; and as he gradually recovered devoted himself assiduously to the preparation necessary to the efficient discharge of his new duties—an example which we would recommend to the favorable consideration of every one who finds himself similarly situated.

All parties wished that his marriage with Mary should take place before the time of his departure for Washington ; and it would be superfluous to say Mary did not dissent. He had, therefore, completed his arrangements to be married, and to set out immediately for the scene of his new duties ; and, at the same time, Grahame and Eliza

were to consummate the happiness so long deferred. The latter had entirely recovered her cheerfulness—all the clouds that had so long hung upon the horizon were dissipated and gone. Grahame, too, had cast aside the gloom of his former manner, as the darkness had been dispelled from his heart. The calm thoughtfulness, indeed, that had distinguished his youth, still tinged his manner; but he was far happier, because more certain of his fate, than he had been even in the spring of life. In the marriage with Eliza, he saw not only an act of justice to one whom his errors had injured in by-gone years, but the only course that could at once obliterate the evil and supply the good for which he had so long been searching.

All, therefore, was prepared; and a day late in October was fixed, upon which the double nuptials were to be solemnized.

---

### CHAPTER XIII.

"How can eternal punishment be due  
To temporal offences—to a pulse  
Of momentary madness?"—FESTUS.

"I do," Grahame responded earnestly to the solemn question of the man of God. The ceremony was finished and the lovers of many years were at last united. As the benediction was pronounced, Henry bent his eyes upon her who was now his forever; and his earnest gaze was met by a glance of that holy confidence the crowning proof of which she had just given.

"My husband!" she murmured, and her voice was agitated by the depth of her happiness. "My husband!" In those words were compressed the hopes of a life.

"At last!" he whispered. "Your sorrows are ended at last. Let us hope that the good man's prayers may be answered."

The few friends assembled now came forward to congratulate them. But Grahame stopped them.

"Not yet," said he; "we have another duty to perform first." And whispering to Eliza, "Our daughter, dearest," he drew her towards the other end of the room where Calton and Mary were already waiting to be united. With the bloom of youth deepened by excitement, Mary hung upon the arm of her lover. He was slightly paler than usual, from his recent illness; but in all other respects he had com-

pletely recovered. As he stood beside the beautiful creature whom he was about to call his own, he appeared the personification of manly tenderness and beauty. He was eminently handsome, the softness of youth had departed, and the exercise of a brilliant mind had formed and given expressiveness to his features. Mary was nearly eight years his junior, and she seemed to hang upon him with proportionate meekness and reliance. In his character there was nothing forbidding; and towards him her bearing was that of the most implicit faith.

As Grahame and Eliza approached the ceremony commenced. The latter gazed with eyes full of tears upon her unconscious daughter. She hung more heavily upon Henry's arm, and when the ceremony was complete, she looked up into his face with a countenance radiant of ineffable happiness.

"Mary, my daughter," said Harry, advancing and kissing her, "I suppose we must give you up, now—you are no longer ours, alone."

"But I am still yours!" she exclaimed, and threw herself into his arms.

"Come, my dear," said he, gently disengaging her arms, "you must receive the kind wishes of your friends."

Eliza advanced and silently pressed her to her bosom. A momentary pang shot through her heart when she reflected that she could not call her daughter; "but it would not make her happier," she thought, and the pang was past.

Grahame came next and gently kissed her cheek.

"It is to you that we owe this," she whispered.

"No, no," he replied. "You owe it to your — to Mr. Poindexter." He, too, was pained that he could not claim her for his daughter. But he, too, dismissed the regret when he thought of her happiness. "It is one of the consequences of my error," he thought, and was resigned.

The company now crowded round, and soon afterwards they adjourned to the supper table; where happy spirits and light jest soon wreathed every face with smiles.

Only a few of the most intimate friends of the parties were present, and all display was avoided. Poindexter and Calton were to set out on the following morning for Washington; and Henry and Eliza were to proceed to their own home on the same night of their marriage. It was equally the wish of each, thus to spend the first months of their married life. Grahame's long wandering had rendered him averse to

further travel; and Eliza's habit of mind, induced by long seclusion, equally fitted her for domestic enjoyment.

Having spent an hour or two after supper in conversation with their friends, Grahame ordered his carriage, and Eliza and he arose to go to their future home. Quietly bidding Harry and his wife farewell and fervently pressing Mary to her bosom, she exacted a promise from Olivia to see her soon and was handed to the carriage. Henry followed her, the door was closed and the carriage was in motion. Alone with him upon whom all her hopes depended, in the first fruition of her happiness, she threw herself upon his bosom, and wept profuse tears of silent, unutterable joy. He folded his arms around her and inwardly repeated the vow he had so recently taken. The carriage stopped. He stepped out and received her in his arms.

"This is home, dearest." She looked up at the windows lighted for their reception, and returned the embrace so warmly given. Margaret met them at the door and kissing the warm cheek of her new mistress, led them into the house.

Youthful error had shadowed their lives for many a year; but at last the cloud was vanished, and they were happy.

---

Let not the uncharitable carp at us, because we have not made the punishment of an error unduly severe. Let it not be laid to our charge that by giving them happiness in the end we have weakened the sanctions that should bind us to virtue. The purest and the best may sometimes commit great errors. Nay, human nature is so organized that the very qualities which *make* them the purest and best, in a moment when the balance is lost, may be the very sources of the worst errors—errors into which even less estimable, because colder, people would never fall. But will it be said that human nature is so depraved that in order to uphold the duty of unsullied lives we must inflict a penalty entirely disproportioned to the crime?

When unduly heavy penalties are inflicted for faults of daily occurrence, the importance of punishment is often forgotten in sympathy for the transgressor. And when a simple lapsing, the result of a weakness of which none of us are unconscious, is visited with a retribution too severe, the natural tendency of human sympathy is to forget the crime in the suffering of the criminal—to deprecate a punishment to which each one feels he may himself at some time be liable. The force of the example is lost—even if the example be made—in the severity of the law.

Grahame and Eliza had sinned ; but we are not of those who think that such a fault may not be expiated ; nor do we believe that the best way to secure virtue is to hide the justice in the terror of the punishment for transgression. In our courts of justice, more malefactors every year escape the measure of punishment which they really deserve, from the fact that juries are averse to inflicting a penalty too severe for their crime, than from any other cause whatever.

Those social crimes which meet with the severest punishment, are precisely those at which people are frightened, because each one feels that he, too, might be guilty of the same ; and the pharisaical spirit of those who have never fallen, because they have never been tempted, does more injustice than the whole power of the really virtuous can ever correct. Let the guilty be punished ; but let the penalty be proportioned to the crime, lest the objects of punishment—example and amendment—be lost in the pity you excite for the oppressed object of your indiscriminate code.

---

## CHAPTER LAST.

“ ‘Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,  
But stories somewhat lengthen when begun.”—BEEPO.

ON a calm summer evening, about two years after the transactions related in the preceding chapter, Grahame and Eliza were seated on the porch in front of their home.

The sun had just gone down ; and tingling, with the wealth of his beams, a few golden-fringed clouds which hung upon the western horizon, he seemed to send back, even after he had disappeared, a farewell glow, to give promise of his return. A light breeze was blowing ; and—as if glad to escape the fetters which the sun had thrown over it while his rays yet rested upon the earth—played joyously around the columns and dallied fondly with the flowers and vines depending from their frames. They were so seated as to catch each breath of this sweet southern air, as it sighed over the fields or came in soft music through the trees.

Henry held in his hand a letter which he had just read ; and over his face hung a light cloud, arising from a deep, though calm regret. Conscious that in the occurrences he regretted, there had been nothing for which he could reproach himself, his feelings were those of sorrow for

another, not of self-accusation. The letter was from Lavara, and was dated several months before its receipt.

The friends had never met after the tragic fate of Carlota. When he left Bogota, Grahame had gone down the Magdalena to Santa Martha; thus avoiding a city in which he had spent so many happy days, but with which were connected so many gloomy memories. In his subsequent wanderings he had never met a single individual whom he had ever known before. He was therefore totally ignorant of all the circumstances subsequent to his landing at Kingston on the memorable night of Carlota's death. Nor was he destined ever to know the whole truth; for by a perusal of that part of Benito's letter referring to her, it will be seen that he speaks of it as if Grahame were not ignorant of the facts. We will give such portions of the letter as immediately concern our object:

"Carthagena, April 16, 1832."

"**MY DEAR FRIEND GRAHAME**—I have just learned where a letter will reach you. A young man of the name of Overton (about whom, *en passant*, there is something very strange both in mind and demeanor), informs me that you have returned to the home of your youth. From what he says, I infer, that, like myself, you have, long ere this, found a refuge from restlessness, in the bosom of one who concentrates all the rays of your desires and affections. If you are as happy as I am, and if coming years shall accumulate blessings to you as they have to me, in a continual stream of happiness, like me you will soon have but one regret—that you did not seek that refuge sooner. After that sentence I need not add that revolving years have only made me more and more thoroughly satisfied with my lot—more and more happy that I was led by the hand of love from the midst of tumult and war and bloodshed. We are surrounded by our children—four in number—and in the gradual development of souls which we have been instrumental in bringing into the world, find an employment and a pleasure. Margaret joins me in my good wishes, and says you are the only one of the citizens of the United States whom she cares to see.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The mention of your name by Lieutenant Overton (I forgot to say he has a commission in our navy), recalled so many old scenes through which we have passed together—so many recollections pleasant and painful, that for an hour I have been occupied solely in *remembering*. The battles, marches, watches, skirmishes, and retreats

we have seen and fought together—the pleasant summer evenings we passed together among the mountains of Antiochia, and the subsequent stirring scenes on the plains of Casanare and Apure, have all passed in review before me. The commencement of our acquaintance in your own land—our voyage across the Gulf with our Carlota, so bright and young and beautiful—and her untimely fate; I have thought of them all. I have just returned from a visit to her grave—she lies under the green foliage of the large plantain in the corner of her mother's garden; and I am now endeavoring to commit to paper, for one who bore an active part in the scenes I remember, the thoughts and memories re-called by the mention of his name.

"I am much older than I was when we parted, and I hope much wiser than when we first met. The larger part of my faith in the world is now centred in my domestic circle; and I fear my sympathies are not much more extended. Time and experience have dimmed my enthusiasm, and subdued my spirits. But I am candid enough to admit that they have also better fitted me for the serious duties of life. You never entered very deeply into my extravagant feelings; and I recollect you always smiled incredulously at my Utopian theories. But even your moderate trustfulness would now seem extravagant—nay, unless men in your country be more enlightened and better than they are here, you have ere this learned to abate even *your* belief in human nature.

"I have known many pure and loveable, but with always the living exception now looking over my shoulder, they have all passed away. Carlota is gone—withered in the first bloom of spring, by a premature frost, too fragile for the world into which she was born. So with almost all else that I valued when we were young together—note, I say "almost." The form of Liberty, then as pure and lovely to me as Carlota, I can no longer summon before my imagination. In her stead have come injustice and wrong, tyranny and oppression. My country, which I vainly hoped might one day become happy and free, is ground to the dust by the heel of the instrument of her deliverance—the tyranny of the Liberator is scarcely preferable to that of the elder despot.

I have long since, as you know, retired from public life, to the arms where alone I have been able to find peace. Disgusted with a despotism which I could not ameliorate or change—sick of the duplicity of the most immaculate of my country's governors—I have resolved to spend my life in that retirement. The men of the present day partake of the vices and degradation of their rulers; and public affairs

are as distasteful to an honest man as the despotism that has corrupted them."

" This letter has made you sad, Henry," said Eliza, as he folded it and bent his eyes upon the ground.

" Read it," said he, handing it to her; " it is an example of how exaggerated enthusiasm produces disappointment and misanthropy. Lavara expected too much—thought men better than they could be and now believes them worse than they are."

" And Carlota ?" she asked.

" He writes that she is dead," he replied. " Perhaps it is better so. She was far too good and pure for the circumstances in which she was placed." He covered his eyes with his hands and was silent.

" And is it the lot of all who are pure to be miserable ?" asked Eliza.

" Are you not happy, Eliza ? All that are pure are not unhappy."

She placed her arms about his neck with the same fondness she had shewn when they first loved; and kissing him with the warmth of early years, she rested her head upon his shoulder, as if the first days of union were not passed. He took the letter from her hand and folded her in his arms.

And thus we must leave them. Such as they were then they are now. Their happiness may be more subdued, but it is not deeper—the repose of advancing years is as full of affection as congenial minds and mutual confidence can make it.

To make our story complete, we should follow out briefly the subsequent lives of the most noted of those with whom we have journeyed.

Poindexter is still a prominent man in the eyes of a public which measures his heart by his talents. Cold, scheming and selfish, he has still secured in public opinion a place extremely high. Standing upon a secure footing of popularity, he presents in his history a signal example of the almost unfailing success which heartlessness meets when guided by mind. With all his success he is, however, a disappointed man ; he lacks the quality which alone enables talent to secure a success which satisfies its aspirations—he is deficient in *moral worth*.

Talented, he is ranked as a genius ; specious, he is believed to be sincere ; energetic, he is thought earnest ; fluent, he passes for eloquent ; declamatory, he appears to be feeling ; polished, he is taken for kind and generous. Bold and self-possessed, consistent from policy : dexterous, dictatorial and positive, he bids fair to hold his

present position to the end of life—*never to rise higher*, because none but true men can be completely successful. The strongest argument in favor of a future state of retribution and rectification is the moral confusion we see around us; and Harry Poindexter may thus have done some good, by furnishing another argument in favor of future judgment; but no other good has he ever done, or is he likely to do.

The history of Bolivar presents another example of the same truth; but his life is too well known to detain us. In the sacred name of Liberty he perpetrated acts of despotism almost unparalleled; wearing the cloak of patriotism he was at heart a tyrant. Claiming the distinction of a soldier of freedom he was timid and weak, if not actually a coward; and pretending to be his country's Liberator, his whole life affixes upon him the name of her Enslaver. He, too, was a disappointed man—as all selfish men must ever be.

Calton, much to Poindexter's dissatisfaction, after his second term in Congress retired from public life. In the congeniality so conspicuous between them, he and Mary have hitherto passed through the trials of life with no shadow to darken the serenity of their domestic hearth. In the bosom of a family which possesses and justifies their warmest affection, they bid fair to pass unmolested by misfortune to the end of life.

THE END.







